

ARMAGEDDON

A Book of Poems

BY

GEORGE DEUEL POTTER





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Book P66 A7

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GEORGE DEUEL POTTER

Armageddon

A Book of Poems for Everybody

Allegory, Satire, Wit,
Humor, Pathos

BY

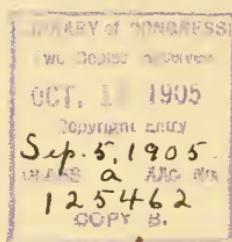
GEORGE DEUEL POTTER

FIRST EDITION.

1905

A. B. Farnham Printing & Stationery Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

PS2649
P66 A7
1905



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1905

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

I was born December 28th, 1825, in the town of Hartford, Licking County, Ohio. By my earliest recollections, we lived on a farm in the backwoods and I remember seeing large flocks of wild turkeys crossing our field. Deer frequently came in sight of our cabin, also, as I well remember. One day a large grey wolf came into the dooryard, and was cracking some bones which had been cleared from the table. I, thinking it a neighbor's dog, struck it with a stick. It growled and snapped at me. I was frightened and yelled. As my mother lay sick in bed, the hired girl came to the door, and she being frightened, screamed. Father, alarmed, came running from his work in the clearing, but on his approach the wolf ran away. I remember hearing him say, "It is a wonder that it did not kill the child."

My parents were both of English extraction. My great grandfather, William Potter, was born in England in 1730, came to America when a young man and married a young woman named Nancy Davis. They both died of the plague in Baltimore in 1780. My grandfather, William Potter, was born in Fredericksburg, Baltimore County, Md., August 28th, 1767, and died in Jackson County, Ia., June 24th, 1853. My grandmother was born in Queenstown, Queen Anne County, Md., April 28th, 1777, and died in Jones County, Iowa, October 24th, 1865. Her maiden name was Rachel Horner. My father, Nathan Potter, was born October 29th, 1795, in Baltimore, Md., and died in Jones County, Iowa, August 3d, 1879. He was a soldier in the war of 1812; served two terms, first by enlistment and then as a substitute. He was a pensioner in his old age, at six dollars a month. My mother, whose maiden name was Fanny Deuel, was born in Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York State, October 5th, 1805, and died in Hartford, Ohio, June 1st, 1832. Her ancestry extends back to the landing of the Mayflower in 1620. My mother's death seemed a great calamity to me and I mourned her loss for years. I was in my seventh year when she died.

My parents were both godly, taking turns in leading family worship, the whole family kneeling in prayer and concluding by rising to sing. I was the middle one of five children, two sisters older, and a brother and a sister younger. I am the only surviving member of that little group that gathered around our frugal board in that one-room home. It seems but yesterday when looking back to the times when we joined in

our innocent childish sports and gleeful mirth. Blessed, happy, golden days, untarnished by guile of riper years and unalloyed by worldly cares; days never to return; and so my course is on and upward.

Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Faith answers, yes, and Hope responds, we surely shall.
I have five half brothers and three half sisters yet living whom I love dearly.

After my mother's death I was taken to grandfather's, which was my home for over three years. At that time my father married and I was taken home again to live. My grandparents were kind to me, but firm in their discipline, making no false promises nor threatenings either. Our parents had taught us to be obedient, truthful and mannerly. And so now it was easy for me to obey orders and I seldom incurred their displeasure. They were pious and attended to family worship regularly. In their devotions they sang as well as prayed. On the first evening when they sang I wept, and when they asked why I cried I answered, "Because mamma is dead and I can never hear her sing again." Grandfather said, "She sings a new song now." I did not understand his meaning at the time, and so afterward I went to the cemetery, which was near by, expecting to hear her sing, but was disappointed. Then they told me she was up in heaven where we would go when we died, if we were good. I then said, "I don't never want to die." I was then told that we must all die; which made me feel sad. One day, while lying on the lawn viewing slowly moving clouds, I fancied that I saw her in the clouds in her blue dress, and went and told grandmother. She then said that my mamma was dressed in white and lived in God's house, bade me be a good boy and I would go to her some time. I then resolved to be good, which I supposed consisted in obedience, good manners and truthfulness.

One day I said to a playmate, "I would not tell a lie for a hundred dollars, would you?" She replied that she would for that amount, saying that God could forgive her for one lie. That was a novel thought to me and I remember pondering and querying over it. I was not at the time a conscious sinner and did not know the penalty of sin nor the condition of pardon at the time. Grandfather's house was a stopping place for the preacher, where the weary itinerant always found a hearty welcome. When I was in my eighth year I was sent to open the gate for the departing itinerant, who was on horseback, when he put his hand on my head, uttering some words of prayer for me. I never shall forget the indescribable feelings of my heart, which was filled with emotions of tenderness and love. And my heart clave unto him as David's did to that of Jonathan. No other's hands were ever laid on my head,

although I have been doing evangelistic work for over fifty years as a layman.

In my boyhood days I was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit under the preaching of God's word. In social meetings I was often so blessed with feelings of love that I could hardly keep still and often wished the class-leader would call on me to testify, which I now think would have proved a great blessing to my soul. And here let me say that I never doubted the reality of religion or the truth and inspiration of the Bible in my life, not even before my conversion and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and I attribute my early convictions to the consistency and uprightness of life in our home.

But coming West at the age of sixteen, with an uncle who was not a professor of religion at that time, and there being no religious meetings for a time, I fell in with worldly associates, which was cause for remorse and repentance. But after a time the itinerant came and held meetings, which I attended and sought God in the pardon of my sins and was restored to God's favor. I there renounced my worldliness and Christ came into my heart by His Holy Spirit and became exceedingly precious to my soul, which filled me with love to everybody and gave me a longing desire for the salvation of precious blood-bought souls. I saw the way of salvation through the atoning merit of Christ. I longed to tell it to all mankind but was hindered by the lack of a collegiate course of training, which I deeply felt the need of and I thirsted greatly for it. But not seeing my way clear in that direction, I betook me to the reading of God's word, and was soon convinced of the need of a deeper work of grace. And nothing can exceed the longing of my soul I had for entire heart purity. Some seemingly good people opposed me. But the truth had found a place in my heart. And I desired it more than life itself. When God gave me this great blessing of perfect love I found it was what I needed to give me potency in the work (the enduement of power from on high). But let me here say the idols of my heart were willingly torn away (habits and everything) and that forever. I now found my usefulness greatly increased and was enabled to go on with greater freedom and power and it became more than my meat to go from place to place to declare the glad tidings of salvation through Christ Jesus.

The Lord has gone with me and has blest and crowned my labors with success where others had failed, even though they possessed advantages which were denied me.

Besides doing evangelistic work I have preached as a supply quite frequently, and always with more or less success, because I leaned hard on God. I am or ought to be pretty well suited to pioneer life. I was born in the backwoods of Ohio in 1825. I came to the then new territory of Iowa in 1842, where I lived with an uncle in those wilds until I was twenty-one. I then married and settled down until 1854. We then moved to the frontier in Blackhawk county, where we lived

one year and where we had sickness. There death entered our home and took our darling Alvina, a bright little girl, aged two and a half years. This was a hard stroke. We then, in 1855, came to the territory of Minnesota, settling on the outskirts of civilization, in Rice county. Here we found a niche into which I seemed to fit. Traveled and preached three times each Sunday, with appointments from six to fifteen miles apart. I also attended many camp meetings where I was blest and was made a blessing to many; for God sent a revival with me everywhere I went. Here I labored till after the Indian outbreak, at which time we moved to Waseca county, where I served as a supply under Elder A. G. Perkins. We removed from there in 1864 to McLeod county. Here a vast field opened up to me and I labored exceedingly until 1871, at which time I moved to Renville county. Here, as in all other places we found a large field for usefulness. In a short time six preaching places were established and, with the assistance of Brother Alva Kennedy, of blessed memory, as many classes were organized in as many communities. As the country was settled our field of labor expanded, so that I had to preach from three to four times on Sunday, and often on week day evenings also, in order to feed the little flocks gathered into the Saviour's fold. Let no one think that this work was irksome to me. Far from being a task or burden, it was my delight and glory even more than my meat and drink, to cheer and encourage the disciples and call sinners to repentance. I am now in my eightieth year and infirmities are weighing upon me. But still life seems too short for the work which I love and to be laid on the shelf is the hardest thing I have known.

Taking a retrospect of the past and looking over the various fields of labor in Minnesota, it seems that I have been a traveling local preacher in the counties of Rice, Steele, Waseca, McLeod, LeSueur, Meeker, Renville, Todd, Pope, Grant, Wilkin, Traverse and Itasca beside transiently in Iowa, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

Many have been the vicissitudes of my life amidst changing circumstances; losses of property and bereavements have been frequent. With intervals between their deaths, four lovely daughters have died, besides a loving wife, who has gone through suffering to her reward. Some unavoidable difficulties and trials I have had. I have been misunderstood, misrepresented and misused,—at times by those I loved. These things grieved me. I will not dwell on them for God has so overruled them for His glory and my good that I now have no reason to complain. What seemed calamities at the time, have proved to be blessings in disguise. Though I must soon lay my armor down, I rejoice in the fact that so many young men with superior qualifications are entering the field to carry on the blessed work of spreading scriptural holiness over this and all lands. When I read Daniel xii, 3, I feel like shouting from the tops of the mountains.

We suffered many privations in our frontier life. Our homes were rude structures made of logs and covered with

boards which I had split out with a frowe. Our floors were puncheons which I hewed out with a broad-axe. Our furniture, with the exception of the few things that we could take with us over exceedingly bad roads, were home-made bedsteads, cupboards, etc. A part of our seats were benches and stools. Being far from market and stores, we had to dress plainly and to wear home-made clothing, and were glad to get that.

Though we always had enough to eat through the kind providence of God, we often lacked variety and had to resort to game and fish for meat. Several times we were brought into circumstances where it looked as though we should come to want, when some unforseen providence would bring us out into a broad place. Many times we have been agreeably surprised with the turn of things, while I went steadily on with the work in hand amid adversity as well as when prosperity attended us. On a time my Sunday pants gave out and there was seemingly no way of replenishment, when suddenly the thought occurred to me that I knew how to tan hides. I then took two large buck skins, dressed them to a velvety softness and, assisted by my wife, made myself a pair of buckskin pants which fully met the emergency and were well adapted to the frontier of those pioneer times. Here let me say that I am compelled for the sake of brevity to pass over many interesting incidents of my life, but will mention a few of the many, some occurring in each place where we have lived, which, for many years, was on the frontier in Minnesota.

Some trying circumstances we had, in which our lives were endangered. Wintry blizzards, indescribably fierce and wild, in which many perished. Tornadoes and wind storms, in which our house was unroofed twice; the first time in Rice county, the whole top was blown from our little dwellings, and the wind continued to blow for some time, the rain pouring down in sheets as I never saw it before or since. Several times the wind lifted the structure, and then let it slowly down again.

While the mother, with her children crept beneath the bed
and stayed,
I held my arms against the walls with all my might and
prayed.

And since our lives were spared, from falling too the house is
stayed.

I think my hanging on just then, and my fervent praying, paid.
Do you think not? I ask, why not?

While living in Rice county a blight struck our wheat so that we were brought into straightened circumstances. Since then our crops have been twice destroyed by grasshoppers; four times by hail,—three times in part, the fourth time entire. Twice we suffered heavily by fire. Among the critical circumstances and accidents I will tell a few: On a time, as I was driving in the night, my sled slewed off from a mill-dam, and struck my head against a post, knocking me out of my wits for a time. In 1872 I had my right hand crushed in the gearing of a machine so that it had to be amputated. My wife also

suffered some accidents which were very severe. Once she was thrown from a buggy, fracturing her right shoulder. This was the cause of much suffering. At another time the team ran away, upsetting the vehicle and causing internal injuries, which caused a tumorous growth. This shortened her life.

Many years ago two of our small children were playing near a watering hole when the little one fell in. The other one gave the alarm; I ran and by an almost herculean effort, rescued her.

While living in McLeod county, having business on the opposite side of Cedar lake, in order to save a long walk, I procured a skiff and started to cross, the weather being fine. But when out in the middle of the lake a storm of wind came down, which put me in jeopardy, and having no ballast, the wind caught the front end of the boat, tossing it in the air. As I attempted to go to the front to hold it down, the wind lifted the hind end in the air also.

Thus, while the wind its antics played,
I paddled with my might and prayed.
(Self preservation, the first law)
My helplessness and danger both I saw,
And keenly felt the need of aid.
The storm soon passed; 'tis my belief
Prayer drove it off and brought relief.
Let toilers on the sea of life,
'Mid adverse winds and wave of strife,
When stormy clouds obscure the shore,
Look up and ply faith's trusted oar.
No storm can drive us to despair
While faith doth ply the car of prayer.



INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

In writing these poems I had not the remotest thought of making a book. The work would have been in part, at least, along different lines from these. My life, however, has been too busy for such a thought. Neither had I any thought of being a poet. Although I have frequently written compositions in rhyme, I never did so with intention of publishing them. But since these pieces have accumulated to the extent of a volume, my friends have persuaded me to publish it, and I now have decided to do so, Providence permitting. These poems have been suggested by various circumstances, and have been written at intervals,—sometimes of considerable extent, while at other times they have come in clusters, just as the spell took me. My principal work as a preacher has been as an evangelist. Finding the saloon the greatest hindrance to evangelism, I have leveled my heaviest guns at its stronghold and hiding place, the license system, in story, dialogue, and satirical allegory. Under the similitude of dreams

I have sought the licensed den to hit,
And those who vote to license it.
Those dreams make peoples' actions speak
The things which they have not the cheek
With their own tongue and voice to tell;
From housetop makes them loud proclaim
What guilty lips have hid with shame;
Truths satan blushed to hear in hell.

The book speaks for itself on the saloon question, with no uncertain sound. In conversation with a senator, he remarked that there were other issues. To this my answer was and is,—that there are no legitimate issues but what can be attended to by sober men without one licensed saloon.

As this book is a collection of the greater portion of the poems which I have written on numerous topics, during the last twenty years of my life, its contents, I trust, will be helpful to sincere minds. It will be amusing as well as instructive, especially to the unsophisticated and fair-minded reader. While the writer makes no pretensions to learning, and might be easily criticised; yet all classes may find its sentiments ennobling; its morals pure; its advice safe; its teaching both rational and scriptural. And although not a learned work, yet educated people of fair minds will avoid severe criticism. Should anything appear childish the reader will remember that not a line of this book did I write previous to my sixtieth year. The reader will find that I have noticed to a limited extent, the changes in church customs, and that I have briefly chronicled passing events in the history of the world,—although I have not alluded to the war in the far East, which most people are familiar with. But in most part I have been getting together and arranging what I had written beforehand rather than adding new matter which would be cumbersome. Trusting that God's blessing may attend it for good, it is dedicated to the cause of temperance, justice and civic righteousness.

G. D. POTTER.

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MY MODE OF PREACHING,

With comparisons, is illustrated in the following lines.

The man-made preacher rattles off
Some stuff which he has wrote;
I take God's word, the Spirit's sword,
And preach without a note.

His subject to embellish, he
Quotes Bryant, Scott and Pope;
I warn poor souls from wrath to flee,
And preach without a note.

His flowery sermonette he'll preach,
Puts on a handsome coat.
I dress in plainest garb, you see,
And preach without a note.

In stylish suit he must appear,
On this he seems to dote;
His manuscript knows how to read,
Keeps bowing to his note.

It is the devil's trick, indeed,
In trickery Satan dotes;
First gets the man to doubt God's aid,
Then fixes him some notes.

I preached off-hand, with Spirit's aid,
My sermons never wrote;
I gave the people Scripture proof,
And preached without a note.

I took the Spirit's sword, "revealed,"
Which apostles, prophets wrote;
That spirit, too, the Book unsealed,
So I preached without a note.

A bishop's sermon he will read,
Commits some parts by rote;
His manuscript spreads on the desk,
Then apes it off by note.

He dares not touch the sins of men,
But treats them as a joke;
He leaves the Saviour out of sight,
His eyes keep on his notes.

I point the narrow pathway out,
As plainly as I can,
And say to those who live in sin,
"Thou surely art the man."

He reads the novels—poets, too,
So he can Shakespeare quote;
He has the praise of men in view,
And reads it note by note.

I often read my Bible through,
So I its truths could quote;
I had the good of souls in view,
And preached without a note.

A lengthy pastorate he likes,
To get himself a name;
A better charge, or salary raised,
Now seem to be his aim.

I saw the beam in my own eye,
Saw not my brother's mote;
In love to souls so soon to die,
I preach without a note.

I preached without my mittens on,
And oft threw off my coat;
I often wept o'er sinners, too,
And preached without a note.

He is a smart, a witty man,
On witticisms dotes;
But when he undertakes to preach
He fumbles for his notes.

I'd tell how Jesus prayed for those
Who gambled for his coat,
And how He intercedes above,
And preach without a note.

Himself he seems to have in view,
His interests to promote;
Travels abroad, speaks high-flown words,
To make himself of note.

I tell poor sinners Jesus' blood
Will cleanse each sinful spot,
And give them joy and peace with God,
Thus preach without a note.

He borrows L. D.'s manuscript,
And from it often quotes;
He jabbers like a parrot then,
And sticks close to his notes.

I see what danger souls are in,
On life's sea in leaky boat;
So soon to sink to eternity,
So I preach without a note.

Whene'er he leaves his notes at home,
The folks soon see the joke,
When he gets up and hems and haws;
Can't preach without a note.

Our hero goes to Europe, too,
His kodak with him totes;
When he comes back to talk with us,
He has great piles of notes.

I go to God in humble prayer,
And all my burdens tote;
Then come inflamed by holy fire,
And preach without a note.

He is a temperance preacher, too,
Except 'tis when he votes;
He stands for whisky party then,
Despite his temperance notes.

Though he has been to college, too,
Much on that fact he dotes;
But he can't preach a sermon through,
'Thout manuscript or notes.

I'd read about the Saviour's sheep,
Then describe a sheep and goat;
I'd talk about the judgment day,
And preach without a note.

Yes, I'd preach about the judgment day,
Where must stand the sheep and goat;
Those bid to come, these to depart,
And I'd preach without a note.

Yea, I must stand and give account;
'Tis in the Bible wrote,
That all must stand before the King,
So I preach without a note.

And if I knew the judgment day
Was ever so remote,
Since life and time fly swift away,
I'd preach without a note.

So many souls asleep in sin,
While time is rushing by,
Awake, behold, the Bridegroom comes!
In love to them I'd cry.

Yea, I'd proclaim His power to save,
Who brings salvation nigh;
I would exalt His holy name,
And leave my own to die.

SEND THE STUFF.

(This poem is in part an answer to a sentence in a letter from Secretary Calderwood in which he wrote "Send the stuff," meaning my manuscript.)

I had a hearty laugh, you bet,
When your kind letter I did get;
Yes, it was funny, sure enough,
What you wrote me, "Send the stuff!"
I had a feast of fun to quaff,
And long and loudly I did laugh.

I might have took it for a bluff,
But knew you meant it kind enough;
Some might have thought it rather rough,
When you wrote me, "Send the stuff!"
I kept my temper, took it good;
I said, "'tis only Calderwood."

And he belongs to prohib. cranks,
He's turning things, I owe him thanks;
My rhymes may all seem tame to you,
But still they have a meaning true.
'Tis prohibition, plain enough,
Keep on writing, "Send the stuff!"

There's many homes in sad condition
Might be relieved by prohibition.
Then let us send it far and wide,
Let's spread it over land and tide;
Saloons are serving people rough,
Be quick to rescue, "Send the stuff!"

Many like beasts are in the mire,
Are sinking to perdition fire;
We must prohibit, if we'd save
Such people from a drunkard's grave.
Saloons are making many a tough,
We must prohibit, "Send the stuff!"

This prohibition, strong and pure,
For dramshops is the only cure.
Folks are needing legal suasion,
Send it strong, like Carrie Nation;
On saloons she's mighty rough,
To stop those hell holes, "Send the stuff!"

Yes, send it strong and hot and pure,
For dramshops 'tis the only cure;
'Twill open people's ears and eyes
To see and hear poor orphans' cries.
Saloons have served them fearful rough,
To stop their wailings, "Send the stuff!"

This book will make your duty plain,
'Twill make you feel your brother's pain;
Unless you close your eyelids tight,
'Twill surely make you vote aright;
And, if you do, 'tis plain enough,
Your vote will help us "Send the stuff!"

Send prohibition right along—
Send my lecture, book and song—
Send some means the homes to bless
Of those in squalor and distress.
They surely need it bad enough,
'Ere they perish, "Send the stuff!"

The bird that soars aloft and sings,
Most surely uses both its wings;
We sent our prayers, 'thout votes, and found
Our birdy fluttering on the ground.
Faith without works is dead enough,
We must use both to gain "the stuff!"

We sent our prayers, without our votes,
And found ourselves in leaky boats.
We used one oar alone and found
Ourselves a-circling 'round and 'round.
But now we use our sense with care,
We send our ballots with our prayer.
It now comes to us, plain enough,
God hears our prayers, He'll "send the stuff!"

Though while we wandered 'round and 'round,
Our ship had almost run aground,
We used both oars and now report
Our ship is coming into port.
Our voyage, though, is rather rough,
But, sirs, she's laden with the stuff!

Our stormy voyage is almost o'er,
From her topmast we sight the shore.
Our prayers are heard in Heaven's court,
Two oars will bring her into port;
And then we'll shout, "Enough! Enough!
We have a shipload of 'the stuff!'"

Her topsails soon will heave in sight,
Landsmen behold her colors bright!
Her motto, looming up so grand,
For God, and home, and native land.
We'll land her soon and scatter wide
The "stuff" she's bringing o'er the tide.
Our Carrie, on the joints is rough,
But prohibition brings the stuff.

Now, when I'd written this I fell
Into a trance for quite a spell;
I prayed and prayed, but only found
My prayers from brazen skies rebound;
Like one-winged birds, went hopping round.
An angel spoke out plain enough,
"Prayers 'thout votes won't bring the stuff."

It seemed I saw through brazen skies
The Lord, with hands on ears and eyes.
It seemed we'd sent up prayers for years,
And sent them, too, with groans and tears;
But naught received but doubts and fears,
It seemed our prayers were served quite rough,
For we had never got the stuff.

We then sent ballots with our prayers;
God took His hands from off His ears.
He shouted back through open door,
"You should have prayed that way before!"
He thundered then, "Enough! enough!
Your prayers are heard, we've shipped the
stuff!"

I roused me up from reverie then,
And went and got my ink and pen.
In headlines large I wrote for fun,
So folks can read it as they run:
"Prayers without votes are not enough,
You must send both to get the stuff."

A NEW KIND OF GRAIN.

My friends, come listen to me while I tell
You about a new kind of grain.
'Tis not a cheat, my friends, 'tis not to sell,
'Twas discovered in the state of Maine.
In any climate on the earth 'twill grow,
'Twill grow on any kind of soil.
My friends, if you this grain will only sow,
'Twill well repay you for your toil.
Though your estate be small or great,
Plow up the weeds and sow the seeds
Of legal Prohibition.
By ballots sow and it will grow
In sunny climes or banks of snow;
Your ballots are the sole condition.

'Twill never wilt 'neath scorching summer sun,
Nor winter kill in climates cold.
'Twill grow on any kind of land 'tis sown,

On newest land or land that's old.
'Tis not a nostrum, friends, to you I bring,
For you shall reap a hundred fold.
This grain of all the other grains is king
And worth its weight in solid gold.
By ballots sow and it will grow.
Plow up the weeds and sow the seeds
Of legal Prohibition.
In drouth or rain, will grow this grain,
Nor weary you, nor give you pain;
Your ballots are the sole condition.

My friends, go forth in all the world and sow;
Sow on the mount and in the vale,
'Twill more than soothe the weeping widow's woe,
And hush to rest the orphan's wail.
Broadcast it over all the land, my friends,
But first begin to sow at home.
With bursting bins 'twill crown you in the end
Then ship some o'er the sea to Rome.
This wondrous grain brings ease for pain,
Gives joy for sorrow, makes bright the morrow,
'Twill furnish bread and home and bed;
Save thousands from perdition.
Those who swagger at the bar and stagger,
Use the revolver and the dagger.
Your ballots are the sole condition.

My friends, in all the states this grain they need;
'Twill not impoverish you at all.
If you will send to every state some seed;
'Tis misery, friends, which makes the call;
'Tis plenty in Kansas, and Hawkeye chickens
On Prohibition grain do live.
Hungry Wolverines howl like the dickens
And Suckers are gaping to receive.
The want is great in many a state.
The hungry gopher chitters for Prohibition fritters.
Strew it hither and yonder—
Buckeyes seek, while Badgers squeak,
And squawks the Michigander.
Plow up the weeds and sow the seeds
Of legal Prohibition.
'Tis good to yield, sow all the field;
Old party leaders' hearts are steeled;
Your ballots are the sole condition.

Although our statesmen are not fools,
Yet they to demon drink have sold;
To pay their taxes and support the schools,
Have sold us for a bag of gold.
They take a bribe and call it revenue,
While in wealth and ease they revel.

They sell us, sell our sons and daughters, too,
To destruction and the devil.
Those weeds of evil sown by the devil—
Saloons now bristle like Canada thistles,
So thick they stand, they mar the land.
Plow up these weeds and sow the seeds
Of legal Prohibition.
Come now, at last your ballots cast;
Your votes will bind the demon fast
For ballots are the sole condition.

To get this wondrous grain we fondly thought
We need only to petition.
But nothing of our statesmen have we got
In favor of Prohibition.
We asked them and we humbly prayed
To let us by our ballots say.
The sovereign people by petition said,
Let us vote this slaughter-pen away.
But statesmen wise did close their eyes;
With lofty airs they snubbed our prayers—
Played many pranks and called us cranks;
So now we change position.
Turn prayers to deeds, we plow these weeds,
By ballots now we sow these seeds,
For ballots are the sole condition.

It gives old party leaders much trouble;
Distillers and brewers hate this grain;
Legislatures make the license fees double;
These all combine for the sake of gain.
You never can prohibit, they declare,
But will not let us try our hand
At voting to remove this den and snare—
This demon drink curse from our land.
While those who keep saloons like crazy loons,
'Gainst Prohibition scream, and party press doth
teem
With lies against our cause and favor license laws;
Against us takes a firm position.
Her columns full of lies put sand in people's eyes,
But by our ballots we'll arise—
For ballots are the sole condition.

In all our northern states, from sea to sea,
The Christian people want this grain,
But party leaders are afraid, you see,
'Twill take from them their license gain.
Fattened on revenue and license fees,
They shape the laws the votes to gain—
Of whiskyites and such a set as these.
But folks demand this wondrous grain;
Our northern land makes this demand.

Minnesota and Dakota
Against the leak of dramshops speak;
They take position and make petition
For legal Prohibition.
In each north state is felt of late
A grudge and greed to have this seed,
They say 'tis just the thing they need;
And ballots are the sole condition.

The children of the southern states, 'tis said,
Are hungry, and 'tis said, they cry
And whine about for Prohibition bread;
Must have it, too, or else they'll die.
The Georgia people seem to take the lead
In making whisky dens go dry.
Carolinias and other states, 'tis said,
Now seek this precious grain to buy.
'Tis good for all sections, no odds for complexions;
This grain will give vigor to white man or nigger.
With open mouth the sunny south
Now seeks to gain this sober grain,
By the adoption of local option.
Her land she scratches and sows in patches,
Plows up the weeds and sows the seeds
Of legal Prohibition.
This grain, like clover, will spread all over;
'Twill take deep root and stay forever
To bless our Yankee nation.

THE SNUFF VENDER.

Where no vision is, the people perish.—
Proverbs 29:18.

The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell
a dream.—Jeremiah 23:28.

Your old men shall dream dreams, and your
young men shall see visions.—Joel 2:28.

On a time in my life,
Being burdened with strife,
Many sorrows and cares on me falling;
My foes night and day,
Seemed to hedge up my way,
The flesh being weak, though the spirit is willing.

With labor and trouble,
My sorrows were double,
It seemed more than I ever could bear;
Seeing much evil,
Vile works of the devil,
I felt sad and oppressed with my care.

I felt sad, too, for others,
My friends and my brothers,
Whom I saw in the broad road to ruin;
Saw the traps and the gins,
Many pitfalls and sins,
What the license of liquor was doing.

Oh, I longed for some place,
Far away from disgrace;
Yes, I longed from my people to go
With the wayfaring men,
Where the gin seller's den
Could never drag people to woe.

Far away from these foes,
Which so stoutly oppose
My work, which is strict prohibition;
Yes, I longed for a field,
Where the people would yield
To my teaching with less opposition.

Yes, for wings I did sigh,
From my trouble to fly;
I would haste from the tempest and wind;
Far away would I rove,
In some regions of love,
To obtain better rest for my mind.

So one night in my dream,
Unto me it did seem
I had wings and could fly like a pigeon;
Dreamed I started away,
That I flew night and day,
Seeking rest in some far away region.

As I traveled through space,
Dreamt I came to a place,
Of a queer and a contrary people;
Every church in their town,
Dreamt was upperside down,
With a hole in the ground for a steeple.

As I went down a street,
Lo! what should I meet,
But a Sheriff dragging folks off to prison.
When I asked for the cause,
They replied that their laws,
Were wonderful strict against sneezing.

Dreamed I asked them again,
This strange thing to explain,
I so lately among them was landing;
Dreamt they stared with their eyes,
That I was not more wise,
But a fool without understanding.

Said all was plain enough,
That a vender of snuff
(They wept while they were telling),
Bribes those who make laws
To help forward his cause,
Bought a license of them and is selling.

Said, "He's living at ease,
While he makes people sneeze,
That his home is a palace, a mansion;
Said our statesmen defend
And call him a friend,
But confine those who sneeze in a dungeon.

Dreamt I looked further down,
In the streets of their town,
There saw infants and heard them a weeping;
Dreamt those citizens said
That their parents were dead,
These were torn from their couches while
sleeping.

Cast out for the reason
That their parents died sneezing,
That this vender had brought them to ruin;
Said the saints of that place,
Though they talked much of grace,
Upheld him in what he was doing.

Dreamed I said they should pray
God to take him away,
Since he causes the death of the people;
They said, "Our prayers don't rise
To the God of the skies,
But go down in the ground like our steeple.

"We are Christians," said they,
"And Jesus we pray,
That this wicked snuff vender may die;
But our ballot we give
That this vender may live,
Put in office and set up on high.

"By our ballots and prayers,
It most clearly appears,
We're a nation of contrary people;"
Said, "The folks of our town,
Are all upperside down,
As 'tis shown by our church and its steeple."

I was filled with surprise,
Doubted ears and eyes,
In regard to this contrary people;

I could scarcely believe
Or their story receive,
Till I went and looked down in their steeple.

There I saw all their prayers,
Which they'd offered for years,
'Gainst this wicked old vender of snuff;
That their prayers did not rise
To the God of the skies,
I dreamed it was all plain enough.

Dreamed my mind raised complaint
Against the contrary saints,
That I thought them a strange acting people.
I saw crocodile tears
On the cheeks of their prayers,
As with ballots they strove in their steeple.

Dreamed those contrary fools,
Like so many mules,
Needed scourging with horsewhips and bridles;
But a voice from the throne
Bade me let them alone,
Since, like Ephraim, they're joined to their
idols.

I endeavored to show
That much sorrow and woe
Would result from this legalized vender;
Though he promised much joy
To each man and each boy
Taking snuff, he's but a pretender.

I said, "Why don't you slay,
Or else drive him away?
And those statesmen who have such bad
graces
From their positions I'd rout,
And kick them clean out,
And put better men, too, in their places."

They replied that a few
Were a trying to do
The thing of which I was telling;
Said folks called them cranks,
But gave them no thanks,
Though the vender kept right on a killing.

Dreamed I looked all around,
And strewn on the ground,
I saw children in rags and in tatters;
Then I said I will try,
In this subject to pry,
I will search to the depth of these matters.

Dreamed my pathway lay plain,
And if Heaven I'd gain,
I the cause of the poor must consider;
As the Bible is true,
I've a duty to do,
In relieving the orphan and widder.

While this vender, the villain,
This scoundrel is selling,
A-hawking this death-dealing snuff,
These same streams of woe
From the fountain will flow;
Unto me this is all plain enough.

But I dreamed it out loud,
And there gathered a crowd
Of outrageous fellows around me;
Dreamed those who make laws
Aiding snuff-vender's cause,
Came forward and threatened to drown me.

Dreamed a million of people,
With prayers in their steeple,
'Gainst those orphans made a great shouting;
'Twas such a vast throng,
'Twas so numerous and strong,
That it almost set me to doubting.

I found trouble again,
My mind filled with pain,
I'd thought to have escaped from this trouble;
With my wings I'd took flight,
And fled from it all night,
But my dangers and sorrows were double.

What a sad state of things!
Dreamt I felt for my wings,
To fly from my trouble and labor;
Dreamt the voice of the Lord,
Did sound from His Word,
"Live not for self, but your neighbor."

"Stand firm in your place,
And trust God for His grace,
For the Lord is the king of all kings;
Keep working right on,
Till your labor is done,
And then He will provide you with wings.

"There's no place to be found,
In the wide world around,
So safe as the pathway of duty;
None so free from all strife,
Putting joy in your life,
Which will make it a thing of such beauty."

Dreamed this oracle said,
As he stood by my bed,
To console me and warn me of danger;
Said, "The devil sets snares
To catch folks unawares,
Watch your feet while a pilgrim and stranger."

Said the foes of my life,
Causing trouble and strife,
Came because I was fighting evil;
All those foes which arise
Look so big in my eyes,
I'd need faith while resisting the devil.

"Take the prophets," said he,
Looking sharply at me,
"For example of faith and of patience;
By faith lions they slew,
And did kingdoms subdue,
While they trusted in God for assistance.

"See how weak they became,
Oh, how blind and how lame!
When they doubted and stumbled and faltered;
Think how easy beset,
When with trials they met,
See how soon their condition was altered!"

"There is Jonah," he said,
"From his duty he fled,
But he got himself into trouble;
And if thou by God's grace
Hast been called to a place,
If thou leave it thy sorrow will double."

Dreamt I stretched my wings and flew to
my work,
Determined I never again would shirk
As long as there's wrong to righten;
Since wrong is wrong, and right is right,
What I find to do I'll do with my might.
Dreamed my grip on my sword I did tighten.

Dreamed I sharpened my sword and
bent my bow,
Determined that I myself would go,
And give this old snuff-vender battle;
I dreamed he was worse than a beast of
prey,
And should be slain or driven away.
'Gainst his house I made my arrows rattle.

What though this vender is bigger
than I?
He is guilty of crime and deserves to die.
Dreamt I knew he was wrong and I was right;
And though this vender was rich and
strong,
And gathered about him a wicked throng,
Yet I was determined against him to fight.

Dreamed there stood by my bed
An old prophet who said,
I will make thee thy dream understand;
Will the mystery explain
Of the snuff-vender reign,
In that far away contrary land.

So I bade to proceed,
For I felt in great need
Of learning why I was dreaming;
Asked him wherefore those laws
Aiding snuff-vender's cause
Said, "Please, sir, do show the whole meaning."

He said if I had been wise,
And had opened my eyes,
'Twould have saved me my travel and labors;
Said the people I saw
With so murderous a law,
Like the Gibeonites, were my near neighbors.

And those laws, if you please,
Causing people to sneeze,
Making babes homeless and paupers;
Cause this vender to slay
By night and by day,
To fill up their unrighteous coffers.

All this Pharisee people,
With prayers in their steeple,
Whose conduct is fraught with such evil;
Those who pray God to save
Their sons from the grave,
And whose votes send their sons to the devil;

And those men who make laws
To help forward the cause
Of this dirty and wicked old vender;
With their helpers, the crowd,
Those who shouted so loud,
'Gainst the orphans and for the pretender—

"All you've seen in your dream,
Which to you it did seem,
As it were in some faraway land;

All this contrary people,
With prayers in their steeple,
You can find in your own native land.

Said, "This wicked snuff-vender
Is the accursed bartender,
Who's as busy at midnight as noon;
And who ropes people in
To crime and to sin,
'Tis the demon who keeps the saloon.

"And the people who pray
To take him away,
Then vote to have kept in his station,
Are the very same people
With prayers in their steeple,
Who're for license all over the nation.

"And those babes in the street
Who have nothing to eat,
Are the children of drunkards," he said;
And those dead or in prison
Were so for the reason
They were doped till they're crazy or dead.

"And those infants which weep
Are the lambs of those sheep,
Which were slaughtered and shorn for their
fleece;
Led astray to their peril
Into fields that are sterile,
By those should have led them to peace.

"'Twere much better," he said,
"If such shepherds were dead,
Were all drowned in the depths of the sea;
When they vote for those laws,
Of their woes were the cause,
Jesus says "Ye have done it to me."

"From this teaching there flows
A vast stream of woes.
If such shepherds would once turn about;
If to principle true
Their whole duty they'd do,
They would vote this old bartender out.

"Go and shout to this people,
With prayers in their steeple,
Go tell them there's no other way
To make those prayers rise
To the God of the skies
But for Christians to vote as they pray."

So, having commission,
To proclaim prohibition,
I begun it that very same night;
Dreamt a few of the people
Drew their prayers from the steeple
With ballots, by voting aright.

Dreamed I saw those prayers flying,
As through glass I was spying,
Toward Heaven were taking their flight;
Saw the prayers of the people
Streaming out of the steeple,
Then I waked from my dream and 'twas light.

And, although it was day,
Cogitating I lay,
Soliloquizing of what I had dreamed;
I said, "The dream, it is true,"
Yet, what with it to do,
I was in quite a quand'ry, it seemed.

As I lay for repose
I fell into a doze,
And found myself wandering, it seemed;
As a pilgrim of God,
In the country of Nod,
Which bordered the land where I dreamed.

But was met and reproved
By a person I loved,
'Twas the seer which had stood by my bed;
Who warned me of danger
When I roved as a stranger,
Dreamed he looked at me closely and said:

"You have promised to fight
Against wrong day and night,
But I find you again as a rover";
Dreamed I felt much to blame,
So I answered with shame,
"To gain knowledge, I traveled all over."

"Your knowledge is ample,
Go and set an example
By constantly fighting this evil;
Now, go publish your dream,
Make it plain what you mean,
Tell the truth, thus shaming the devil.

"You must live by the day,
And must vote as you pray,
Before you go preaching to others;

Don't stroll idly about,
Causing people to doubt,
Remember that all men are brothers."

Said, "Now be a brave man,
And do all that you can
To save those who now are in danger;
You've not long to work,
And you've no time to shirk,
For you're only a pilgrim and stranger."

I dreamt this, then I did
Take my light, which was hid,
And set on the top of a hill;
Made it plain as the day
We must vote as we pray,
If the licensed saloon we would kill.

Now, when I had taken my rest,
And considered the prophet's request,
The sun in the Heavens was beaming;
I did what seemed wisest and best,
Arose from my revery and dres't,
And wrote down my dream with its meaning.

So, since I have told it to you,
I ask, "What are you going to do?
Will you vote for a license to sell
This damnable stuff to the people,
Thus lodging your prayers in the steeple
And dragging your brothers to hell?

"Or arise in your manhood's might,
To do what is noble and right,
By votes rout your prayers from the steeple;
Thus causing those prayers to arise
And go to the God of the skies
For a blessing to come on our people?"

I trust that with gladness you'll see,
And with candor acknowledge to me
That consistency a jewel you find;
And a blessing in having your prayers
Ascend to the All Father's ears,
And bringing sweet peace to your mind.

It surely will give you delight
When your prayers winged by ballots
take flight,
Leaving nothing but bats in your steeple;
When your faith is working by love
And your prayers ascending above,
Thus driving this curse from our people.

THE WAIF ON THE STREET.

A kind lady, 'tis said,
Got it into her head
That from toil she must seek recreation.
So strolled out on the street,
Where a waif she did meet,
And engaged in a quaint conversation.

As she met this bright child,
She spoke kindly and smiled,
In his chubby hand placing a penny.
Sweetly asked him how old,
Said, "Dear child, aren't you cold?"
But he answered, "Not now—hardly any."

"But was almost a-freezing,
'Till, like mamma, so pleasing,
As you gived me the penny you smiled.
'Tis as home and as friends,
That your smile to me sends."
Then whimpered this poor little child.

"You're cold, but look sprightly,"
Then his face kindled brightly,
As a tear stole down from his eye.
She said, "Poor little fellow!"
But her voice it was mellow,
"But then you're too manly to cry."

"I'm not cold," said the child,
"Since, like mamma, you smiled."
Then he whimpered a bit and cried;
Said, "Most people I find
Speak roughly, not kind.
You're first who spoke kind since she died."

"I could bear all I meet
From the boys on the street—
Yes, all that the worst of 'em do—
All the kicks and the cuffs
That I get from the roughs,
If folks would speak kindly, like you."

She asked him his name,
And he told her the same,
By remarking, "The folks call me Billy."
I'm not cold since you smiled,"
Continued the child,
"But I 'spose I look sort of chilly."

As the child she did meet
Trudged along in bare feet,
She asked him for his street and his number.
"Don't live no place at all!
Still, of night times I crawl
By that fence, 'neath that pile of lumber."

As this waif with her ran
She said, "Dear little man,
What is the name of your father?
"Folks says I'd a dad,
But he went to the bad,
And they say I had a good mother.

"They say she's now in heaven.
Ain't heaven away off up high?
For 'tis, I'm sort of believin',
Coz I've seed her, I think, in the sky.
I wasn't much more'n a baby,
From what people tell," said the child,
"Seems like I 'member her, mebbe—
And I thinkt of her when you smiled!

"'Pears my daddy was once all right,
So folks are a tellin' to me.
And I remember about him, one night,
Seems like, I set on his knee,
And it seems as my daddy was good—
Better'n any I ever did see;
That I hugged him as hard as I could,
And he was a braggin' on me.

"But folks are sayin', and I think
That daddy took a downward start,
When he went to them places of drink,
And it breaked my poor mamma's heart.

"And my mamma, that was so lovin',
Is gone to a place in the sky
Where I think'd that I seed her a movin',
One time when I was a-lookin' up high.
She's so high up I can't see her face."
In simplicity said this poor child,
"Somethin' moved in a cloud like her dress,
And I 'spect she seed me and smiled.

"How I wish I'd some one to love,
An' to smile like her on me;
And it was why I was looking above,
And trying my mamma to see,
But I've never seen, till today,
Anybody like her," said the child,
"Since them angels took her away,
Till you speaked so lovin' and smiled.

"'Spect she'll never come to me again,
'Coz daddy, he went to the bad.
Folks say that he fell into sin,
On account of saloons that they had.
Oh, if 'twasn't for them places of drink
My daddy would never went wild,
And my mamma'd be living, I think,
And be smilin' on me," said the child.

"What's a conference?" he said,
As he toss't up his head,
"Fer I 'spose the kind lady must know.
'Tain't a thing what is dead,
'Coz I heard what it said,
And I wish that you'd tell 'fore you go.

"'Tis a beast what can talk,
For out there on the walk
A feller told what the brute said.
And he went on a-tellin'
It hates places of sellin',
It must be alive—could it talk if 'twas dead?

"I'd like to see it, I think,
For to license places of drink,
It said right out loud, is a sin.
And if it's a beast or a bird,
I'm glad of this critter I've heard,
For it talks what I'm a-believin' in.

"Now, if 'tis parrot or ape,
Or whatever's it's shape,
If it can fly or stand up and walk;
Since it hates sellin' drink
I must love it, I think,
And I should like to hear the beast talk.

"If straight forward it walks,
And does just as it talks,
A great many people would have it;
But if it's like fellers I've met,
'Twouldn't stop sellin', you bet,
And then I should wish I'd not seed it.

"Still, it seems now to me
That it hardly can be,—"
(As tho' to himself he was talking)
"For I hain't ever heard
Of a beast or a bird
A going about and a jokin'.

"But if it's somethin' like folks,
It might be full of jokes
And in fun it might be a talkin'.
Still, if it hates sellin' drink,
As it talks, and I think,
Then the beast is not a jokin'.

"Oh! I'd like to find out
And to solve every doubt
Wish I could see what its doin';
For its work and its chips
Might speak plainer'n its lips,
As straws tell which way it's a blowin'.

"It might wear a preach coat,
Still fer license might vote,
Which'd be no use fer the nation,
Makin' doin's and words fight a duel
That might be just as cruel
As the saloon that killed my relation.

"There's 'nother thing I'd like you to
show,
For I s'pose you'd know all about it,—
And I'd like you to tell fore you go,
Fer I want to go and climb up it.
Show where Jacob's ladder comes down!
For I've hunted and looked far and nigh,

"Tryin' to find where it stan's on the ground,
Fer I'll go up, if its ever so high,
To find an' to see mamma's smile;
Yes, to see her I'll climb in the sky,
I'll go all the way, if it's more'n a mile.
I hain't found it and I can't tell why."

Said she, "The Bible will show us the way
To reach that beautiful home."
"Oh! can it make her hear what I say?
Is it a thing like a telephone?
Will it talk back after a while?
If so I'll go right now and speak
And I'll tell her I remember her smile
And remember she kissed my cheek.

"And I'll tell her, near's I can 'spress
How, when I was a lookin' up high,
I seed somethin' that looked like her dress
A movin' in a cloud in the sky.
And I'll ask if she 'members her child,
And if ever she hears me cry;
If she seed her baby and smiled.
When I seed her a movin' up high.

" 'N' I'll tell how folks kick me about,
And how I'm cuffed on the street;
How of nights I have to lay out,
And most all the troubles I meet;
And I'll say that I met with you here,
That you called me a dear little child;
How it set me to thinkin' of her
When you speaked so kindly and smiled.

"Then I'll say that I'm comin' to her
As soon as the Bible, that talks,
Tells me where to find Jacob's ladder,
As I'm a strollin' about in my walks;
And I'll ask my mamma to meet me
And be ready to help me up;
To be sure an' be lookin' to see—
For I'll be tired 'fore I get to the top.

"And I'll stay in the clouds when I get there
With my mamma in heaven, I think,
I don't ever want to come back here,
I wouldn't be lonely and sad—
For from what people tell me, I think
I'd not lost my mamma and dad
If it wasn't for them places of drink."

How this poor little feller
Now hates the drink seller,
And at the places of selling is mad!
And there's no one can blame
Him for doing the same,
Since they killed all the friends that he had.

And there's thousands of others,
Without fathers or mothers,
Whose condition in life is as sad,—
Without a friend or a home
In this cold world to roam,
Whose fathers have gone to the bad.

If we'd have Prohibition,
It would change their condition;
And if Christians should say so, we would,—
For there's no reason why
These in sadness should sigh
But that Christians don't vote as they should.



THE SHIP OF STATE.

I had a dream the other night,
In substance which was true;
By dreaming thus did better quite
Than most of people do.

I dreamed a ship was on the sea,
None ever was so great;
With sixty million souls on board
And untold wealth in freight.

In treasure she her owners cost
In blood and tears and gold,
Much more in bulk than any ship
I ever saw could hold.

A mighty prince her owner, too,
So all the people said,
Whose name is called Vox Populi,
Though fast asleep in bed.

This ship did proudly ride, it seemed,
As she sped o'er the wave,
And not a soul aboard her dreamed
They'd find a watery grave.

A little leak, but nothing more,
I dreamed some persons said;
Dreamed still Vox Populi did snore
Still fast asleep in bed.

At night a storm-like cloud appears,
It lightens in the west,
But none have apprehensive fears,
So all retire to rest.

'Tis midnight and the breakers roll,
A storm has struck our ship,
Her spars are broke, her masts are gone,
She's of her rigging stripped.

Her mariners do now awake,
To idols bow the knee;
Some Jonah must be in the ship,
Who doth from duty flee.

I dreamed those seamen cast the lot
To find out who was he;
The lot was cast and who'd you guess
This shirking one could be?

A guilty one doth forward come,
No tears are on his cheek;
The lot decides 'tis Licensed Rum,
'Tis thus the seamen speak.

The storm sweeps on, the waves run high,
The ship with them is driven,
She sinks far down, she rises up
On waves which kiss the Heaven.

The storm is loud and wailing winds
Drive waves against the ship;
Seasickness now have all the crew,
They say 'tis horrid trip.

'Tis fearful dark and none can tell
What the result will be;
I saw those seamen in my dream,
Much corn cast in the sea.

Still madly on the ship doth sweep,
Till fourteenth night is come;
The crew are nearly all asleep,
But not so Licensed Rum.

I dreamed he moved about the ship,
Was busy here and there;
Some with vain hopes he did elate,
Some dragged to dark despair.

Thus night and day he kept employed
Where misery's owlet hoots;
And thousands of the crew destroyed
By putting "snakes in boots."

Louder the storm, the waves break in,
The rain and hail doth pelt;
The darkness, too, is Egypt-like,
'Twas such as might be felt.

Now, as we sail, the shipmen deem
That near some land we've come,
But sound and find we're far at sea,
Storm-tossed by Licensed Rum.

The shipmen and the mariners
To this conclusion come,
We never shall have quiet seas
And carry Licensed Rum.

"We'd better cast this recreant out,"
'Tis thus the shipmen speak,
"He's caused this trouble, there's no doubt,
Caused storm and frightful leak."

They took him up this deed to do,
They had it almost done,
When millions of this sleeping crew
Arose and pled for Rum.

Dreamed senators and statesmen, too,
Did to his rescue come;
Said they'd got rich from revenues
Derived from Licensed Rum.

Dreamed as the ship was tossed about
It rocked the crew to sleep;
Only a few were now awake,
Just one or two did speak.

I dreamed I saw a fervent youth
Amongst this sleeping crew,
Who walked the deck in deepest thought
What would be best to do.

I dreamed this hero then spoke out,
And said just this, I think,
"Vox Populi must be waked up,
Or else the ship will sink."

I dreamed that he the livelong night
Did try this crew to wake;
It seemed a few got up and dressed,
Few more were heard to speak.

I dreamed he was no orator,
And had no call to preach,
But said if they'd consent to hear
He'd make a little speech.

Said, "Judgment at the house of God,
The word says, must begin,
So I'll begin to talk to you,
Who say you hate your sin.

You say, my friends, you love the Lord,
And tell what He has done,
But when we try this fiend to drown
You plead for Licensed Rum.

You say you trust in Jesus' blood,
And to His table come,
Then join with those who hate your God,
Take sides with Licensed Rum.

A franchise in your hands is placed
That good there will be done;
You use it like you had no eyes,
To favor Licensed Rum.

The gospel ax is in your hand,
To chop this evil tree,
But, though his hands are stained with blood,
You turn Barabas free.

You pray that Demon Rum may die,
Then vote that he may live;
But don't you see your vote the lie
To your own prayer doth give?

By prayer or vote you speak your mind,
Which is it, pray declare?
Your act of voting speaks to us
More loud than wordy prayer."

I dreamed he tried to wake those souls
That they might hear him speak,
He pictured out this frightful storm
And showed to them the leak.

I dreamed I wondered at this crew,
Which did like mummies lay;
They scarcely heard a word in ten,
This fervent youth did say.

I dreamed I saw him pace the deck
With tears he then did cry,
"My friends, this storm our ship will wreck,
Go wake Vox Populi!"

I dreamed this hero turned on me
And gave a searching look,
Then asked me if I knew my name
Was written in God's Book.

I told him that the things I once
Did take great pleasure in
Were those I now did much abhor,
Loved God and hated sin.

"That's good," said he, "and I believe
There's work for you to do,
Pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves,
And help to save this crew."

I dreamed he turned to sleeping crew
And plead in earnest strain;
He told them what they ought to do,
And tried to make it plain.

Said, "Fathers, you have sons on board,
This ship has sprung a leak,
And friends whose hands are stained with
blood
Do their destruction seek.

You see this storm is drifting us,
 'Tis hard to tell just where,
But if this fiend is not cast out
 'Twill drive us to despair."

Said, "Mothers who 'My Wandering Boy'
 Do sing with quivering lip,
Go wake you up Vox Populi,
 He's sleeping in the ship.

Ye weeping wives whose husbands now
 In the saloon doth drink,
Go cry you in the sleepers' ears,
 Awake, our ship will sink!

Ye paupers, too, with fortune sunk,
 Who naught but sorrow sip,
With parents either dead or drunk,
 Come help us save our ship.

Ye bards and minstrels who compose,
 Pour music in your ink,
Come, sing ye down those fiendish foes
 Who try our ship to sink.

Republicans and Democrats,
 Your silly canting quit;
Your idols cast to moles and bats,
 A storm beats on our ship.

Your leaders all, 'tis plain to see,
 Are led by Demon Rum;
No difference but of tweedle-dee
 From that of tweedle-dum.

Ye mariners who man our ship,
 Some ship may near us pass,
Get ready, quick! and run you up
 The signal of distress.

Aloft, aloft! and look afar,
 If ship you spy, her speak
In thunder tones with trumpet cry,
 "Our ship has sprung a leak!"

Ye journalists and editors,
 Who for this crew doth think,
Go run the press both day and night,
 Be quick to spread your ink.

Yes, publishers, go picture Rum—
 Go show the work he's wrought;
Show how the right to ruin men
 He's of our statesmen bought.

Go send the news to other ships,
And publish all about
That Demon Rum is in our ship,
Ask help to get him out.

Ye silver tongued who with us ride,
Ye of persuasive lip,
Your words of oil pour on the tide
And help us save our ship.

Ye giant minds with heads in clouds
In allegory speak;
Run in among this thoughtless crowd
And cry, 'She's sprung a leak!'

Ye who like Egypt's mummies stand
As idle and as dumb,
Here's work for you, and pay that's good,
Why sit and suck your thumb?

Hear, you who can no labor do,
Can't work but only speak,
Go rouse you up this dormant crew,
Go tell them of this leak.

Ye heroes who on battlefields
Have vanquished foes complete,
Come join and help us conquer now
This fiend that's in our ship.

Ye minister of Jesus Christ,
If he hath called you, come
And do ye now those greater works,
Cast out this Demon Rum.

Ye franchise Christians now awake
Yourselves like men to quit,
Come, with your ballots stop this leak
And help to save our ship.

Come, Christians, now of every name,
Who pray 'Thy kingdom come,'
With ballots answer your own prayers,
Then say 'Thy will be done.'

Yes, pious souls, go say your prayers,
No time allow to slip,
Go supplicate a throne of grace
That God may save our ship.

I call you all from every place,
The church, the hall, the rink;
Come, hurry up, and stop this leak
Or else our ship will sink.

You see our lives are all at stake,
No time to sleep or shirk;
I pray you now, my friends, awake,
In earnest go to work."

Dreamed while this hero did exhort
And tried to save this crew;
They made of him all kinds of sport,
And then what did they do?

They called this earnest youth a crank,
And burnt in effigy,
But gave him not a single thank
For making such a plea.

They kept the demon in the ship,
Which each good man deplores,
But Hero and good Common Sense
With him kicked out of doors.

This hero turned again toward me,
I tried his gaze to shun,
I saw him staring all about
To see what I had done.

I said I knew not what to do,
To slay this fiend; did seem
He shouted out in thunder tones
And said, "Why don't you dream?"

"No work for me," I said, and sighed,
"What can I do to him?"
He looked at me again and cried,
"Go hit him with a dream."

I dreamed I did not move or stir,
So sleepy I did seem;
He put his lips close to my ear
And whispered, "You can dream."

I saw this demon in the ship
As busy as could be;
He gnawed the meat from people's bones,
Then tossed them in the sea.

"I own this ship and all the crew,"
He said to me," did seem;
Then at this devil's head I threw
My inkstand in my dream.

I dreamed this hero came again,
With mild benignant look,
And told the crew that he had read
A promise in God's Book.

"When the enemy shall come in,
Like overflowing flood,
A standard shall be lifted up
By the Spirit of our God."

Our hero then a banner raised
And held it in his hand,
In dream I saw the name of God,
With Home and Native Land.

Vox Populi was sound asleep,
And half the crew the same,
To Demon Rum the rest did keep
And spurned God's holy name.

Dreamed Demon Rum did hate this youth,
And always frowned on him,
As demons all hate light and truth,
Love darkness, too, and sin.

I dreamed he sought this youth to slay,
'Gainst him raised false alarms,
E'er since a helpless child he lay
In Mother Stewart's arms.

This crew said Demon Rum was wrong,
But their excuse was good,
Said if they didn't plead for him
Some other persons would.

As when "old Balaam came to curse,
God made the prophet bless,"
So they expect to arrive at no,
By telling Demon, yes!

Said if this youth would slay old Rum,
Or drive him from the earth,
This noble act he would have done
As soon as he had birth.

But as he did not do this deed
As soon as he was born,
Therefore he surely never would
This righteous act perform.

He went to work too soon, they said,
Thus served the crew quite wrong,
For he by bruising Demon's head
Did Demon's life prolong.

They said, "This youth is in his 'teens—
Is strong and active, too,
But where's the good," they said of him,
"Which he did ever do?"

They said when they did license rum
That act did him restrain,
Since when they turned the Demon loose
They bound him with a chain.

They said a license in his hand
The Demon did restrict;
Good sense and Webster's Unabridged
Did squarely contradict.

I dreamed this Demon Licensed Rum
Got drunk on blood and swore
That he could wade the stormy deep
And tug the ship to shore.

Vox Populi, but half awake,
Said he believed it, too;
Said he would trust the Demon Rum
With ship and freight and crew.

Vox Populi did abdicate
In favor of old Rum,
He placed the helm in Demon's hands,
Told him the ship to run.

This was the work of bribery,
I dreamed just how 'twas done,
The Demon pays a license fee
That he the ship may run.

Dreamed bribes would not change a wrong to
right,
It never could be done;
Though laws might sanction with their might
The deeds of Licensed Rum.

Soon as the Demon takes the helm,
To statesmen straight he goes;
He ties their hands and turns their heads
And leads them by the nose.

I dreamed they made for him a den
And kept menagerie, too,
So he of ship made slaughter pen,
Turned beasts among the crew.

Then dreamed our hero rose again,
Another speech he gave;
He spake in very earnest strain,
Looked solemn, too, and grave.

Said "Statesmen ye, who make the laws
To license selling drink,
For ninety per cent. in revenue,
In tears and blood, I think

A crime it is so fearful great
At which ye rulers wink;
Enough to make the Ship of State
Among the breakers sink.

Go read the rich man's parable,
Whose sins sunk him to hell,
And think how soon without a change
You'll with that rich man dwell.

You think of naught but riches now,
Come, of the judgment think,
Lest blood should on your hands be found,
Lest you to hell may sink.

The laws, you make your brothers sell,
That, too, for paltry sum,
And see them dragged to a drunkard's hell
By Demon Licensed Rum.

Oh, honored sirs! if you reflect,
The souls of those you kill,
Those souls by legal demons wrecked
Sink to a drunkard's hell.

Yes, licensed laws, without a doubt
Give him a right to kill,
And right to deal damnation out
In liquid fire of hell.

Now, if this demon's deeds were right
Why should he come to you
And pay the cash to buy the right
Those bloody deeds to do?

You set this demon up in trade;
His trade is shedding blood.
How can you then escape his guilt,
And stand before your God?

Why hear ye not the prayers of those
Who with petitions come;
Why close your eyes to misery's tears
Made wretched by old Rum?

Why Pharaoh-like your hearts make hard—
Deliverance sure must come,
And if you still refuse to hear,
You'll sink with Demon Rum.

I warn you in the name of God
Before this whole ship's crew
To cleanse your hands from human blood,
Now I am clear of you."

I dreamt this hero turned away;
His face was bathed in tears,
He slipped aside to secret place
And knelt to say his prayers.

His kneeling place was close to me—
I dreamed I overheard,
So now along with rest of dream
I'll tell it word for word.

"Oh, Thou, Most Gracious, Sovereign Lord
Who rules o'er land and sea,
Encouraged by Thy holy word
We come for help to Thee.

I and my father's house have sinned
And turned our backs on Thee,
But now our ship is struck by storm
And troubled is our sea.

We sail against contrary winds,
Our rigging's blown away,
Our anchor, Hope alone, we cast,
O Lord, our God, on Thee.

Our ship has sprung a frightful leak,
There's demons in it, too,
And Thou alone canst calm the deep
And wake this sleeping crew.

Open our eyes to see Thy Son,
Our Jesus on the wave,
Hasten thy steps, most Gracious One,
Stretch out Thy hand to save.

Our guilty hands are stained with blood;
I and this whole ship's crew
In guilty paths have often trod;
O Lord, what shall we do?

Thy mercy is our only plea,
Our mouths are in the dust,
And, should we sink to depths of sea,
We have no other trust.

Cast out this unclean devil, please,
And we shall doubt no more;
Cause us to sail on calmer seas
And bring our ship to shore.

Then shall our brothers and our sons
Be saved from slaughter pen.
Oh, hear and grant this may be done,
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Dreamed while he offered prayers that night
I listened with supreme delight,
 I felt his fervor, saw his tears;
While he in humble earnest strain
Did plead in our Redeemer's name,
 I said, "Amen. Our Father hears."

I dreamed that God did hear his prayers
And bottled up his many tears—
 Hears all who on His promise stand—
That He who walked on Galilee
Would calm at length our troubled sea
 And safely bring our ship to land.

Though fiercely howls the tempest now
While Licensed Rum kicks up a row
 And statesmen to him bow the knees,
When prayers and votes together come,
Then God will help us slay old Rum
 And launch our ship on calmer seas.

Dreamed Demon Rum was drunk on blood,
 And, standing up to spew,
He spattered blood o'er all the ship
 And thus baptized the crew.

Dreamed priests and deacons stood with him
 While he performed this rite,
Dreamed Elder Please-Men said, "Amen.
 The demon did it right."

I dreamed the demon made a match—
 'Twas when the storm was loud—
'Twixt old Democ and Miss Repub,
 A maiden rich and proud.

I dreamed he came this maid to see,
 And thus the Demon said:
"I wish that out of love for me
 You would old Democ wed."

She said she did not love the man,
 Said he was much too old.
I dreamed he then did offer her
 A ponderous bag of gold.

He said, "No need in love to be,
 Just marry him, forsooth,
That you and Democ may with me
 Combine against this youth.

If you will plight your faith to me
 Both on one plank will stand;
You need not even take his name,
 Just take him by the hand."

He said, "A dowry I will give
And make you great beside,
If you will only stick to me
And be old Democ's bride."

She said 'twould look so like a bribe
'Twas hard for her to do;
He turned her cantings all aside
And called it revenue.

She took the demon's bag of gold
And smiled on him beside;
She vowed to stick to License Rum
And be old Democ's bride.

So she became old Democ's bride,
Took Rum for paramour,
They three in Ship of State did ride
Upon their wedding tour.

While Demon Rum with king and queen
Sailed on their wedding trip,
I dreamed he stood firm by the wheel,
Himself, to guide the ship.

I dreamed the demon, Licensed Rum,
Leered all askance the crew,
For he had heard our hero's fame
And feared what he might do.

Discovered Mother Stewart then
And her heroic child.
Seeing them try to stop his reign,
He raved; was frantic, wild.

Then floods of wrath through party press
He after them did spew.
Dreamed God provided them a place
With W. C. T. U.

A CONTEST OF DEMONS.

Dreamed many demons more did come
Aboard to take a trip,
In contest with Old Licensed Rum,
Who tries to sink our ship.

Each boasted of the horrid deeds
Of darkness he had wrought;
Of discord, how he'd sowed the seeds,
Of battles he had fought.

First Lucifer on wings took flight,
Blazed up like morning sun,
Told how he'd left the fields of light,
What fiendish acts had done.

Said when he left his place through pride,
Fell from his throne and crown,
Third part of all the hosts of light
To darkness he dragged down.

The serpent rose and boasted next
How he, to make believe,
Did search God's word to find a text
Our parents to deceive.

How he did boast of fruit to Eve,
How he did crouch and crawl;
By falsehood did beguile, deceive,
And cause mankind to fall.

Apollyon then, a mighty prince,
Who o'er the pit doth reign,
Said he inflicted scorpion stings
On ruined souls of men.

Tormented them with many thoughts
Of what they might have been,
Then stirred the dying embers up
By pointing to their sin.

By what they did or did not do
He always caused them pain;
Said, if he could, this whole ship's crew
Should fare the very same.

Old Legion then stood up to speak
And told how mean he'd been;
How he, by hook and crook and freak,
Did lead folks into sin.

What unclean thoughts he did inject
By breaking nature's laws,
What lunacy and epilep
To poor, weak minds did cause.

He told how many ways he took
The sons of men to kill,
Persuaded them to follow her
Whose steps "take hold on hell."

How oft he'd covered up his steps
And changed his coat and name,
How he on blushing maiden's cheeks
Had painted guilt and shame.

How many, like the Gadarene,
He'd driven from their home,
Of raiment stripped, and, torn from friends,
Among the tombs to roam.

That when by Christ's almighty word
He was compelled to flee,
He took of swine a numerous herd
And drove them in the sea.

A demon, that was blind and dumb,
Arose to say a word;
Though he could hardly speak at all,
Yet this I dreamed I heard.

Thousands of souls he'd kept in sin,
In misery and distress,
Nor ever let those troubled souls
Their sins or Christ confess.

Said though they had convictions strong
And longed for peace and rest,
Between their teeth he'd kept their tongue—
Caused them to die unblessed.

I dreamed old Satan, loud and bold,
With angel tongue, did tell
How he did bait his hook with gold
To drag folks into hell.

I dreamed that many million souls
This demon had destroyed;
I dreamed he told how many means
To do this he employed.

He said he traveled here and there,
To ruin souls made haste;
That he might drag them to despair,
Fixed bait to suit their taste.

Excepting those, he said, who swear,
Which to his lot do fall,
He caught them best with hook quite bare;
They need no bait at all.

I dreamed for vulgar and profane
No bait with him he took;
Dreamed just as fast as he threw in
They'd grab the naked hook.

Dreamed Diabolus, unmasked
And with unblushing cheek,
Of hidden meanness, all unasked,
Proceeded then to speak.

How in the church of God, so sly,
His vigils he did keep
For scores of years; sang lullaby
And rocked the church to sleep.

How he did dress in preachers' cloth
The pious souls to reach,
And dragged them to neglect and sloth
While he smooth things did teach.

By preachers smooth, he said again,
He'd caused more souls to fall
Than e'er he did by Hume or Paine,
Voltaire or Ingersoll.

How cold professors in the camp,
With name to live while dead,
He kept asleep, with empty lamp,
While the bridegroom nearer sped.

Said, "If your pleasure you'd enhance,
Your cup fill to the brim,
Come to the party or the dance;
Taste gilded, splendid sin.

What harm to do as others do?
Why over-righteous be?
Why walk so mournful here below
Nor worldly pleasures see?

Why will you so peculiar be?
Why be a dolt or dunce?
Come, take some harmless mirth and glee;
Come, taste some pleasure once."

Said when he thus had drawn them in
He'd turn and at them hiss,
And taunt them, for a mess of sins
They'd pawned a world of bliss.

The demon Greed I dreamed was next;
To make a speech did rise;
With him I was completely vexed,
He winked so with his eyes.

"My name is Horseleech," said the Imp.
"A son of the Old Scratch.
Two daughters have I in the ship,
For Satan each a match.

Monopoly I call one's name,
The other I call Shark.
We three," he said, "are now combined
To try to sink this bark."

He said, "Our business is to teach
The rich to catch the poor,
His labor and his home to take,
Then kick him from the door."

"The rich," he said, "I set on high;
Give more than heart can wish;
Their eyes with fatness make stand out
Who swallow men like fish.

I own," said he, "this country's press
And run it in disguise;
The rich enhance, the poor oppress,
My works conceal with lies."

I dreamed the next who rose to speak
Was he they call Old Scratch;
Whose incubator's full of heat,
Destructive lies to hatch.

Dreamed noble youth he did destroy
By telling an artful lie—
Too young religion to enjoy,
Too young to pray or die.

"Just wait till your wild oats are sown,
Till you have settled down,
Till you the world have better known,
Then seek the starry crown."

Said middle age'd be filled with cares,
No time to serve the Lord,
No time to say their morning prayers,
No time to read God's word.

Between them and their Saviour crept,
And dragged the world with him;
Their souls destroyed through sheer neglect
Of turning from their sin.

He'd told the aged "You're too old;
You've thrown your life away;
Your hearts are now so hard and cold
You've lost your gracious day."

Though Jesus Christ, with gospel grace,
Did near the aged stand,
He flung those doubts before their face
And kept them from that land.

He said he used deceit and lies
To make their hands hang down;
Kept idle till the sinner dies
Makes him to lose his crown.

I dreamed Red Dragon rose and told
How he had played his game
Upon the church, in times of old,
By taking Christian name.

He said he feigned to be a saint,
And feigned to be quite strict,
Then 'gainst the pious raised complaints
True faith did contradict.

Instead of love, brought hatred in,
Divisions caused and strife,
Said all who did not think like him
With heresy were rife.

Had taught indulgence, too, for sin,
And when good folks complained,
The inquisition he brought in,
Had pious souls arraigned.

Had turned the people's minds away
From piety and God,
To Holy Church and Sacrament;
On Bible doctrines trod.

I dreamed this demon did declare
He taught and brought to pass,
Instead of watching unto prayer,
The priest should say the Mass.

For Scripture he put human rules,
Instead of holy book,
Gave prayer-book and a string of beads,
But the key of knowledge took.

I dreamed Old Nick spoke up quite bold,
Who with Red Dragon stood,
Said he was in Red Dragon's works,
Opposing all that's good.

Said Nick, in boasting manner, then:
"Red Dragon is my slave;
I'm using him to blindfold men,
He's less a fool than knave."

Said priests and prelates followed him,
And hid away their light,
So, when they did indulge in sin,
The folks would think it right.

Said when Red Dragon went abroad,
He could most soundly sleep,
For he was worse than wolves and dogs
To slay the harmless sheep.

"Stand for your church," the demon said,
 "The church will stand by thee.
Saint Peter is the church's head,
 That's plain for you to see."

He said, "When pious, knowing souls
 For Jesus did declare,
Called Him the head of Christian Church,
 He loosed the dogs of war;

In wholesale murder did indulge,
 But made the folks believe,
By killing, they did serve the Lord,
 Their simple minds deceive."

Caused "that which maketh desolate
 In holy place to stand,"
Caused priest to seal his brother's fate,
 With bell and book in hand.

Said Nick: "Our course is marked with blood,
 Through all the ages past;
We've slain the folks who follow God,
 Or into prison cast."

I dreamed Nick said, through wicked men,
 They imprisoned Jeremiah;
Cast Daniel in the lions' den,
 The Hebrews in the fire.

The Imp of hell, I dreamed, arose,
 And cast a glancing look,
A sneering glance, I dreamed, it was,
 On those who read God's book.

He tried to make them feel ashamed
 Of Jesus and of prayer;
His fiery darts at them he aimed,
 And tried those souls to scare.

So foolish and so credulous,
 He said to them, it seemed;
Because God's book exposed his lies,
 He hated it, I dreamed.

He said that book was not of God,
 He'd wager his own crown,
For, if it was, it never would
 The world turn upside down.

Tho Jesus Christ for sinners died,
 To show God's love to men,
He made some think that God had lied,
 And that he hated them.

I dreamed a demon then arose,
Whose name is called Old Harry,
Who said that he a law had made,
That monks and nuns shouldn't marry.

He said he hated Christian homes,
But loved a monkish life;
Said, when a man would pious be,
He must not take a wife.

Thus, men and maids who loved their God,
Who wished to do the right,
He made them vow celibacy,
In convent hide their light.

Said thousands more of Christian homes
Would grace our land today,
But for this trick in causing them
Their light to hide away.

A demon, then, arose in the crowd,
Who boasted much of evil;
Dreamed, as he roamed, he roared aloud,
His name is called the Devil.

He said he loved all wicked ways,
Loved discord, hate, and strife;
Hated all saints from Abel's days,
Caused Cain to take his life.

Said he was in each evil plot,
Had helped to lay each plan,
The inventions which had been sought out
Whereby to ruin man.

Said jealous thoughts he did inject,
To give true lovers pain;
Had many a lover's reason wrecked,
By their own hands had slain.

Made many a husband hate his wife,
And cast her far away;
Made wives to take their husband's life,
And their own children slay.

A hidden demon, then, did rise,
And stood concealed, I dreamed,
Said he appeared in a disguise,
Was never what he seemed.

Said he taught fools to vow and say:
"There is no living God."
Led sinners on so far astray,
They'd tread on Jesus' blood.

His own existence he denied,
Thus did his meanest deeds;
Behind no devil he did hide,
Said this way he succeeds.

As Jannes and Jambres once withheld
The servant of the Lord,
So he did counterfeit the good,
Made void God's precious word.

Performed false miracles, he said;
In darkness did his deeds;
Performed the seance of the dead,
By lies and tricks succeeds.

The name of Christian Science took,
And tacked it on his back,
So simple minds would leave God's book,
And follow in his wake.

"There is no other way," said he,
"Which pleases me so well,
Nor any, it is plain to see,
So sure to lead to hell.

No marvel should they sink to hell
Who choose the way of evil,
Who turn from holy way and sell
Their souls to me, a devil.

Who have the Fount of Truth forsook,
As Israel did, in times of old;
For fiction, left God's holy book,
For cisterns which no water hold.

For wells without water are they,
Clouds that with tempest are hurled;
Like Balaam of old, gone astray,
To roam without God in the world."

Said he closed up their eyes to the light,
To walk in a way which is broad;
Dreamt he led them to blackness of night,
Brought on them the curse of their God.

Said he taught them their Lord to deny,
Who bought their pardon with blood,
To trust a delusion, a lie,
And grieve the good spirit of God.

Dreamt, swift destruction, thus, they bring
On their deluded souls,
Who hate the light, hate God, their King,
Whose law the wise controls.

I dreamt he shone with luster, then
Appeared as an angel of light;
Said, "I appear as a light 'mong men,
But I lead to the blackness of night."

A demon called Dog, arose in the crowd,
Who boasted of doing great evil;
Said he: "I am wicked and proud."
Said, "My works attest I'm a devil."

Said he hated the churches of God,
That he once with an archangel fought;
But the people thought him quite good;
That he their best interests sought.

Dreamt he bit the backs of holy men,
Picked holes in good men's coats;
Pointed the finger of scorn at them,
Filled sinners' minds with doubt.

Like dogs which in a manger lie,
And snarl at starving sheep,
He will not eat the straw nor hay,
Nor yet let others eat.

Dreamt he called himself Old Boy,
But the Scriptures called him Dog,
Because so fiercely he did bark,
At the pious sons of God.

I dreamt he scented out their faults,
On carrion he did feast;
Put his best deeds against their worst,
To prove himself the best.

Caused those whom God had saved from sin
And filled with peace and hope,
To turn to filthy ways again,
And lick their vomit up.

To trample pearls of precious price
'Neath their unhallowed feet;
Turned them from holy ways of God,
And ruined them complete.

A filthy demon rose just then,
'Mid other fiends to speak;
Told how he spoiled the homes of men,
Stood forth with brazen cheek.

"My name is Devil Fish," said he,
"From big Salt Lake I've come,
And thus I do," to us said he,
"To make a hell of home."

I put a mask upon my face,
Teach plurality of wives;
Tell people I'm a child of grace,
Thus curse their homes and lives.

I dress in a religious garb,
And feign religion true;
Teach people sin will please the Lord,
'Tis the worst that I can do."

"Making a hell on earth," said he,
"Is the way I do insure
A hell for them eternally,
With demons to endure."

I dreamt Abaddon then arose,
And stood 'mongst them to tell
How he, with vial full of wrath,
Had just arrived from hell.

Told how he sent Mrs. Such-a-one,
As a friend in a disguise,
To the residence of So-and-so,
To peddle out his lies.

A wrangling demon sure is he,
Sets neighborhoods in brawls;
No peace on earth, 'tis plain to see,
Where he puts in his calls.

He said he brought along with him,
Where'er he went, a bone,
And carried one away again,
In the mouth of Such-a-one.

In brawls and wranglings, took delight,
And sought, with all his power,
To cause disturbance, day and night;
Caused discord every hour.

"A real hell," said he, "I make,
For those who take me in."
Said lies and tattling were his trade;
Said he damned folks with this sin.

Dreamt a vindictive demon rose,
And said, 'twas his delight
To work his vengeance on his foes,
To injure them for spite.

Said, when by Christ he was rebuked
He knew just what to do;
"If you won't have that ointment sold,
Then, through Judas I'll sell you."

To vent his spleen had watched his chance,
It could not be denied;
Took spear, when Christ hung on the cross,
And plunged it in his side.

To make those demons understand,
His deeds to make more clear,
He held in his vindictive hand
And waved the bloody spear.

Dreamed Licensed Rum stood up to speak,
And leered about the ship;
Disdain was in his very look,
With pride he curled his lip.

I dreamed that he a giant was,
The biggest of them all;
When standing by him, all those imps
Looked dwarfed in size; looked small.

The crew did tremble when he stood
Amongst them in the ship,
For, let him step where'er he would,
The ship would lurch and tip.

He spoke with a commanding voice,
'Twas like thunder loud,
And, though the demon did rejoice,
Dismayed were all the crowd.

His speaking seemed to shake the sea,
It rang through ship and hold;
He showed himself a king to be,
A tyrant, too, and bold.

I dreamed his fingers dripped with blood,
With rage, I saw him foam;
His lips blasphemed the name of God,
And cursed each Christian home.

Said he: "I muddled up conductor's brains,
I promised him some good;
I fixed him up for wrecking trains,
But I'm feasting now on blood."

I dreamed all those devils drew near,
Which told of their criminal deeds,
And asked him to make it appear,
How 'tis that he always succeeds.

"Oh, I'm so shrewd," said the demon,
"I play on the people my tricks;
I preach every party a sermon,
I myself into politics mix.

I mix myself up in each party,
I carry one under each arm;
Teach the folks to say they are cranky
Who are doing my cause any harm.

I'm for free silver and paper,
And I'm in for a standard of gold;
I play on each party a caper,
On the new one as well as the old.

For the tariff I plead," said the demon,
"For high tariff, I plead, and for low,
And I'm sure to have the dominion,
Howsoever their battles may go."

Dreamed he spake these words with a chuckle,
For the demon was now full of glee;
Dreamt he laughed as his loins he did buckle,
While our ship was still ploughing the sea.

"I'm king of this ship and these waters,
I'm above those who'd do my cause harm;
I sit between Horse Leech's daughters,
And embraced by each one with an arm.

Surrounded and worshiped by devils,
The invisible legions of hell,
I'm with them in all sorts of evils,
I'm everywhere cutting a swell.

I'm helping them stir up commotion,
Like the angel, on sea and on land;
I've kicked up this storm in the ocean,
I'm trying this vessel to strand.

Disturbing political waters,
And laying it all to the cranks,
I blame them with all of these matters,
And add all they lose to my ranks.

I stand in courts and high places,
While chuck full of bribes are my hands;
I control them like cattle and horses,
Their decisions just meet my demands.

My bribes blind the eyes of statesmen,
And lure them to favor my cause;
They dare not oppose by enactment,
But uphold me with licensing laws.

And to lengthen my life, if you please,
That I many more millions may slay,
I perform many antics like these,
For I murder by night and by day.

The journalists, of course, take heed,
That their items appear to my mind;
My sentiments, like thistle seed,
Scattered abroad by the wind.

While people of every class and grade,
Upon the sea or the land,
Are willing tools to work my trade,
Are all at my own command.

The demon swore, upon his word,
"All yield to me submission."
Said each, by acts, confess'd him lord,
Whatsoever his profession.

"The office-seeker, to gain his place,
Must step to the tap of my drum;
Must bow to me, a smile on his face,
Or he never will win," said Rum.

Though conference and synod do declare,
Both me and my license a sin,
Against me on paper make war,
Their ballots for me they shove in.

They pass resolutions against me,
All on the outside of their coats,
But they're acting in harmony with me,
And it counts when casting their votes.

There are but few who try to withstand
The havoc I make in the home,
While I'm filling with sorrow the land,
The majority tell me to roam.

And those who oppose get no thanks
From the preachers who pray for my death,
But they call my opposers all cranks,
And vote to prolong my sweet life.

I'm entering the homes of the Christians,
Whose ballots play in to my hand,
I'm dragging their sons to destruction,
Through the length and the breadth of the land.

I'm crushing the hearts of their mothers,
And I stamp on their babes with my heel;
I'm besotting their husbands and brothers,
And their sisters with sorrow I kill."

Thus, suiting his words to his actions,
Kept as busy as he ever could be,
Still tearing their flesh into fragments,
Still tossing their bones in the sea.

"I've strewn these seas with human wrecks,
Like this, from shore to shore,
And still I heave them from my decks,
To destruction more and more."

Dreamed the demon exhibited then,
A string of the skulls of the slain,
And did boast of his torturing of men;
He took pleasure in giving them pain.

Dreamed he wore those skulls 'round his neck.
As people wear chaplets and beads;
Threw a million of skulls on the deck,
Then told them to judge of his deeds.

Said, "A workman is known by his chips;"
Said, "That's but a tithe of my slain."
Dreamed, I seeing the blood on his lips,
Did shake at his terrible mien.

I dreamed all those demons drew near,
Who made boast of the deeds they had done,
To decide who the medal should wear,
To know who the victory had won.

I dreamed they were ranged in a row,
For Beelzebub's coming, to tell
Which had caused the most sorrow to flow,
Which had led most people to hell.

Dreamed, Beelzebub, the chief of all,
Aboard the ship had come,
Praised all the demons in the ship,
But praised most Licensed Rum.

Of many demons he did speak,
Over all the list did come;
Said none had caused such frightful leak
As this demon, Licensed Rum.

Said he: "I've sought to ruin men,
Made war and tumult come;
But have on earth no slaughter-pen,
Like this demon, Licensed Rum."

Dreamed, demon Rum was full of glee,
And with delight did scream;
His frantic yells so frightened me,
It waked me from my dream.

Thus I, in ship of state, did ride,
O'er the sea of life, it seemed;
The winds and waves sang lullaby,
And rocked me while I dreamed.

But, oh! that was a horrid night,
That night which I did dream;
Sometimes 'twas neither dark nor light,
Sometimes it both did seem.

I dreamed it was a frightful storm,
It seemed like Noah's flood;
That Licensed Rum took giant form,
And plucked the stars of God.

He boasted he could rule the ship,
Nor was his boast in vain;
Ten thousand he did slay and eat,
Bound millions with his chain.

I dreamed scarce one of this ship's crew
Did dare this imp oppose,
But now some folks have changed their views,
Since this fervent youth arose.

This hero, friends, still lives today,
And is doing all he can;
He's vowed old Licensed Rum to slay,
As soon as he's a man.

Come all who hear my dream and guess
This hero's name—try,
'Tis Prohibition, his address
Or name he'll not deny.

My reason, now, of course, must come,
Why tell this dream 'bout Licensed Rum?
I answer, " 'Tis the way I do,
As thinking it for me the best
And safest way of all the rest,
By telling dreams to wake the crew.

I did not dream for critics' gaze,
Nor did I court my fellows' praise;
'Twas not that I aloft might soar,
I dreamed this for a righteous cause,
And threw this club at licensed laws,
To do some good, but nothing more.

I did not dream for paltry pelf,
'Twas not to gratify myself,
'Twas for a very different end;
I dreamed it for my brothers' sake,
That I by sleep might others wake,
Might save from lethargy some friend.

I did not dream to please the crew,
'Twere not an easy thing to do;
But 'twas to profit them, I sought;
To rouse the crew and make them come,
With one accord, 'gainst Licensed Rum,
Like men, to slay him as they ought.

Now, people ask of me: "Why come,
Alone, to fight old Licensed Rum,
While millions rise and plead for him,
While wicked men join hand in hand,
Together for the demon stand,
Defend him and partake his sin?"

Some tell me that I have no pride,
Or else I'd join the biggest side;
Some say I stand in my own light,
And say the demon is so strong,
Has ruled the ship of state so long,
'Tis useless, now, 'gainst him to fight.

"You can't prohibit him," they say,
"Though you should dream, both night and
day."

They tell me not to be a mule;
Some say I've left their numerous ranks,
Left all the crew, to join the cranks,
And make myself a crank and fool.

Say all the powers that rule the land,
The world and devil for him stand,
Uphold him and protect him, too;
They tell me, if I dream and fight
'Gainst Licensed Rum and stand for right,
'Twill anger demon and the crew.

Will have my labor for my pains,
Nor office nor preferment gain;
Say people will me criticise;
Must stand alone with this brave youth,
With none to help but God and Truth;
Must have my treasures in the skies.

But still I dream, say what they will;
Still hope old Demon Rum to kill;
Still trust his day to die will come;
Feel duty-bound, while o'er the tide,
Storm-toss'd in ship of state, I ride,
To dream and fight 'gainst Licensed Rum.

As David 'gainst Goliath came,
With sling and stone, nor missed his aim,
And as he brought the giant down,
Although he went to fight alone,
Using my dream for sling and stone,
I'll help this youth take demon's crown.



TIM MALONY.

(A Dialogue.)

Let me now tell to you
A tale which is true,
But of course you'll allow me to fix it;
Not the place nor the time,
But the names and the rhymes;
Stir it up with my pencil and mix it.

'Bout a man I once knew,
'Twas an Irishman, too,
And they called him the dude, Tim Malony.
Timmy's wife said to him:
"Let me talk wid you, Tim;
Ye's smart an' ye's wealthy and tony.

"But 'tis known to mesilf,
Wid yer pride and yer pelf,
Tim, ye've not been afther good raisin';
Because, Tim, jist as soon
As yer frum the saloon,
'Tis mesilf an' the childern yer a-tasing.

"'Tis a fact, Tim, I find,
There are many more kind,
And many more sober and steady;
Though I've tried to be true,
And obliging to you,
To assist me ye are niver quite ready.

"Now, Patrick O'Shane
Was a gintleman's name,
Of which I'm telling ye a sthory;
An' sure Pat was the lad
Which I'd orter ov had,
An' I wish I'd ha' got him, begorry.

"Fer my love, Tim, was true,
As it now is to you,
An' he loved me an' called me his honey;
Whin Pat gave me a kiss
An' called me his Siss,
Sure, I valued it more than yer money.

"Whin Pat sang me a ditty,
Tim, it sounded so witty,
Sure none sang so swate as poor Paddy;
Whin wid him alone,
Singing 'Swate Bell Mahone,'
He told me that I was that lady.

"Tim, me heart jumps to think
How Patrick would wink
An' lure me away by his side
'Neath the ould linden tree,
Where he once said to me:
'I wish you, my Bell, were my bride!'

"But one fault Patrick had,
An' they said it was bad,
But that same I'm hardly belaving;
Fer if Pat had a fault,
He would soon call a halt,
Mind, ye's naden't be afther decaving.

"Now, some bladge, it is said,
Sthruck Pat on the head,
Thin afther, Pat did something to him;
But what, wid the blow
An' a dram, ye must know,
Pat niver knew what he was doing.

But Pat made them some sport,
When they brought him to court,
While they tried to confuse him wid crossing;
"Whin had ye the row?
Tell us whin, Pat, and how,"
Said the counsel, his head slightly tossing.

" 'Twas a bright summer day,
Aither April or May,
Anyhow, we were all out a-haying;
No, it wasn't at all,
It was late in the fall,"
Thin he scratched his head, thoughtfully, saying.

"I remember so clear,
The time of the year,
It was in August or the first of September;
There is one thing I know,
'Twas cold weather and snow,
Ouch, I'd forgotten, but now I remember.

"Twas none of these times,
They committed the crimes,
'Twas a wai bit before, or a short time there-
arter,"
Thin the judge shook his head,
While, in substance, he said:
"Jintlemen, you will find him a Tartar."

Whin the jury came in
Wid their verdict of sin,
That Patrick was guilty of murther,

Sure ye niver can tell,
How Pat's countenance fell,
Whin his counsel could help him no further.

Thin Judge Gorman, he said,
"Pat shall hang till he's dead,"
Which put Pat an' mesilf both a-waping;
An' it troubled me breast,
'Till I hardly could rest,
For long nights it clane broke up me slaping.

Now, me Pat was the man
Who himself struck a plan,
Which he hot might kape him from hanging,
For Pat said, said he,
"Let me choose the tree,
From whose boughs I shall be afther a-swing-ing."

So the judge heard his voice,
An' gave Patrick his choice,
Thin Paddy looked mighty amusing;
Thin Pat winked at me,
'Twas the gooseberry tree,
Which Patrick was thin afther choosing.

"'Twill not do at all,"
Said the judge, "'tis too small,
The counsel and jury well knows."
Said Pat, "Don't ye see?
I've me choice of me tree,
An' I'll be patient an' wait till it grows."

Said Pat, "'Tis too thin,"
When under his chin,
The hangman the rope began tying,
"Your Honor, no harum,
Put it under me arum,
Or soon I shall be afther dying."

But they gave narry heed
To a word Paddy said,
Though 'twas mesilf which stood there a-wap-ing;
Sure they served him not right,
For they tied it too tight!
Iver since, Pat has been afther slaping.

So Pat came to his death,
For the want of his breath,
For the rason Moike Donehue struck him;
Though the man at the bar
Was the manest, by far,
By the laws of the land they protect him.

Though he's licens't to sell,
To drag folks to hell,
That's what yer rivinue laws are a-doing!
An' ye're aidin' their cause,
Whin ye vote for these laws,
Which are dragging the folks down to ruin.

Tim, your ballot ye cast,
Our home for to blast,
For the dramshops your franchise are using,
'Tis a sin and a shame,
An' a blot on our name,
Whin ye're drunk, 'tis mesilf ye're a-busing. .

Whin ye sthruck Crippled Ned,
Wid yer cane, on the head,
Me blood it ran curdled an' chilly;
An' I swooned thin, ye know,
Whin ye sthruck such a blow,
That it felled to the floor our poor Billy. .

An' me flesh it was crawling,
Whin Bridget lay sprawling,
By the hand which ought to protect her;
Sure, Tim, niver a word
From me lips would be heard,
If in kindness and love ye'd correct her.

Tim, it is many a tear,
Ye have caused wid yer beer,
Wid yer toddy, yer whisky, and brandy;
As the proverb has said,
There's no wit in yer head;
Like a bear, wid yer paws yer too handy.

Tim, there's gold in your purse,
But the world is the worse
That the loiks o' ye's are a-living;
Tim, our home is a hell,
An' ye know very well,
An example to others yer a-giving.

For a license ye vote,
Fer a fact, I've no doubt,
Fer the thing which sent Pat to the divil;
Tim, your rights ye abuse,
Whin your franchise ye use,
To be filling the land up wid evil.

Now, Tim, hear me through,
Fer I've this against you,
Ye're supportin the thing that I'm haytin';
Tim, if I had a vote,
The saloon I would rout,
An' its but fer the chance I'm a-waitin'.

It's not Pat should be hung,
Who "Bell Mahone" sung,
Fer they doped him, thin struck and abused
him;
Mind the man at the bar,
Was the meanest, by far,
Pat was harmless when rightly they used him.

The saloon was the cause,
And behind that, the laws
Which license the man who is selling;
An' behind them, the guilt
Of the blood which is spilt,
'Tis the lawmaker, sure, which is killing.

If ye license a crime,
It is yours ivery toime,
In other men's guilt ye are sharing;
An' ye cannot escape,
Though 'twere murther or rape,
For sich dades you the way are preparing.

Ye're a-setting a trap,
An' whoever may hap
In that gin or that snare to be falling,
God's Book being true,
There's a curse over you,
An' soon on your head 'twill be falling.

From the gooseberry bush,
My story I'll push,
To the gallows, where O'Shane was hanging;
Tim, your licensing laws
Are most truly the cause
Why hundreds, like O'Shane, are swinging.

It's mesilf to the polls,
For to riscue sich souls,
That right, soon, Tim will be afther voting;
It's not Pat would be dead,
If me franchise I'd had,
Of that fact, Tim, there's no use disputing.

I'd ha' saved Patrick's life,
An' I'd a-made him a wife,
An' tonight he'd been calling me honey;
An' me franchise I'll get,
An' I'll sthop this work yet,
Sure's ever yer born, Tim Malony.

Tim, me vows hev I took,
Wid me hand on the Book,
On Holy Mary, the Virgin, I'm calling;

I'll strive wid me moight,
Both by day and by night,
To rescue the weak who are falling.

Tim, we live in a time,
Whin the source of all crime,
The dramshop, is ruling our nation,
An' there's niver a chain
That will stop its vile reign,
But the one that is called Legal Suasion.

And God's angel now stands,
Wid this chain in his hands,
To bind this political devil,
And he's coming right soon,
To close up the saloon,
The source of corruption and evil.

In Armageddon now stands,
With this chain in his hands,
This angel, for justice he's fighting;
He'll enfranchise me sex,
An' the devil he'll vex,
For this wrong of our land he'll be righting.

Tim, I've lifted me hand,
For this angel to stand,
Who will save from our sottish condition;
Tim, I know he will come
For to bless ivery home
Wid his chain, which is called Prohibition."

Said Timmy, the dude,
In a fault-finding mood,
"It's a divil of a talk ye're a-giving;
And I have in my mind,
It's the raiders ye've jined,
Ye have, Bridget, as sure as you're living.

Yes, ye 'ave joined the ranks
Of the raiders and cranks,
Which such fault with us fellers are finding;
'Tis at home they should stay,
And by night and by day,
Entirely their own business be minding.

'Gainst license they're talking,
As the sthreets they're walking,
Just loike thim blamed Yankee praychers;
Think the dramshop must go,
And they're tellin' us so,
Now the divil take all of sich taychers!

Now, there's Father McShea
Talks and votes t'other way,
Bishop Wrong-Head, Dr. Love-Drop, and
others,
Who stands firm for our cause
And support license laws,
And are helping the dramshop like brothers."

"Now, Tim," answered she,
"Please harken to me,
Sich prachers are sarving the devil;
Though in surplice they'll pray,
And, 'Our Father,' will say,
'Deliver us creatures from avil.'

Thin they'll put on a coat,
Turn right round and vote
For the avil from which they said kape away;
From temptation they'll pray
To be kept night and day,
Thin vote it be thrown in their way.

Of blind pigs ye're afraid,
And the prayers of a maid,
But not of the places of drinking;
Yes, ye aire afraid
Of the women who raid,
While the dramshop your fortune is sinking."

"'Tis me party," said Tim,
As she pressed upon him
The guilt of the murderous saloon;
"If thim raiders would sthay
In me party and pray,
I might join an' go wid them quite soon.

But they've skipped from our ranks,
And joined wid the cranks,
And they're a-foiting me liberty, too;
Thin I'll sthick to me text,
An' the devil be vext,
If I'll iver go wan step 'long wid you."

Then said Bridget, his wife,
"Thin I'll swear by the life
Of our Virgin Mary, the mother of God,
I'll sthick to the true,
Whatever ye's may do,
An' I'll wash me hands clean of your blood."

Now, in substance, 'tis true,
What I told unto you,
About Tim and his licensing party;

But if you are like Tim,
Joined to idols like him,
And indulge the saloon for your party.

I have held up the light,
If against it you fight,
I'll leave *you* in the hands of your God;
Still this truth will remain,
Though I've told you in vain,
My hands I have washed of your blood.

But if *you* will be true,
If your duty you'll do,
If you'll open your eyes to the light;
If you'll eschew the evil,
Resisting the devil,
Leave rum parties to follow the right.

I'll rejoice greatly then,
That I took up my pen,
To picture the dude, Tim Malony;
To tell what his wife said,
Of the man who is dead,
Of O'Shane, who once called her his honey.

How she talked to her Tim,
And argued with him
Against voting to support a bad cause;
How she flung in Tim's face
Both the sin and disgrace,
Which resulted from licensing laws.

Thus, reflecting on all
In pretense only call
Themselves Christians, but break Jesus' laws;
All persons who pray,
"Take the dramshop away,"
And then vote for the dramsellers' cause.

Of her grit and her vim,
When she pled so with him,
For her home which he'd turned to a hell;
"What of Billy?" she said,
"Of poor Bridget and Ned?"
For she had a sad story to tell.

For, sure Tim was to blame,
And you'll be just the same,
If rum parties your conduct controls;
If rum parties can sway,
And can lead you astray,
On your hands may be found blood of souls.

Now, you know what I mean,
Keep your hands white and clean,
From the blood which the dramshop is spilling;
It won't lessen the guilt
Of the blood which is spilt,
Though a million join with you in killing.

Just reflect what was told
By a prophet of old,
Who was sent to the Jews from their God;
"When ye make many prayers,
I will stop up my ears,
For your hands are all covered with blood."

REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRAT.

Last night I heard a funny chat,
While I strolled out to walk.
Republican and Democrat
On politics did talk.

But not on noble principles,
Did either lay much stress;
'Twas of their party's victories,
What says their party's press.

One reads and comments on the Blade,
Says every word is true;
Rehash of times the other made,
Those statements false to show.

The question of the tariff next,
One wants it high, one low;
Last, both conclude the question next,
And so they let it go.

They pass a drunkard pretty soon,
Who lies beside the walk,
From tariff now to the saloon,
At once they change their talk.

"Why do they make those fellows drunk?
The law is strict, you know.
The Blade makes that all plain," says one,
"The license is too low."

"'Tis plain to me," his fellow says,
"Your Blade has told a lie,
For I can prove it by the Times,
The license is too high.

If I could have it my own way,
Just listen, now, to me;
No man would in the gutter lay,
But for high license fee."

"Hold on a bit," his fellow says,
"Your Times has told a lie,
That man would not lie there, half dead,
If it was twice as high.

A thousand dollars' license fee,
Is what I do maintain
Would set our land from drunkards free,
The Blade makes that all plain."

And thus they tossed it back and forth,
One tossed it high, one low;
But which of them came out the best,
I'm sure I do not know.

They asked me, calling me by name,
If I could really show
The thing which would saloons make tame,
A license high, or low.

I said the way it looked to me,
And must be plain to all,
If, from saloon we would be free,
No license grant at all.

They whispered, but I heard them speak,
"Twas not to tell me thanks,
One said, "The fellow's mind is weak";
And one, "He's joined the cranks."

I then came home and went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep,
Musing of what those fellows said,
How good saloons to keep.

Then dreamt, as I walked down a street,
I saw two boys at play,
Brawler and Brawny were their names,
I'd seen them many a day.

Dreamt Brawler on a platform stood,
Which tried his brother's grace;
Dreamed Brawny did all best he could
To occupy his place.

I dreamt he struggled hard enough,
But Brawler firmly stood,
Nor could his brother push him off,
Let him do what he would.

Dreamt Brawler did impatient grow,
For he was full of pride,
His father'd never said him no,
Nor had a wish denied.

In anger, dreamt, the Brawler rose
To shed his brother's blood;
He thought to trample down all foes
And feared not man or God.

I dreamt a toddler on the street,
Near by did skip and play,
And dreamt this toddler came to help
Poor Brawny gain the day.

I dreamt that Brawler's foot did slip,
That Brawler tumbled down;
His pugilistic playmate took
Away his place and crown.

Dreamt Brawny on the platform stood,
And like a king did reign;
Dreamt Brawler set his wits to work,
His foothold to regain.

Long time the Brawler struggled hard,
I dreamt he grew quite thin;
Had disappointment for reward,
Dreamt Brawny hectored him.

Dreamt Brawler was immoral, bad,
Although a cross he wore;
I dreamt he drank and smoked and chewed,
Was vulgar, too, and swore.

Dreamt Brawny, in his youthful days,
Had served his country good;
Had fought and gained his country's praise,
As noble hero would.

But had at length grown rich and proud,
Willful and wicked, too;
I have a mind to tell the crowd
One thing which he did do.

He sold to Old Saloon the right
His citizens to kill;
This fiend kept busy, day and night,
In dragging folks to hell.

For money, Brawny this did do,
And more, which I've not told;
From slaughter pen took revenue,
That he might hoard up gold.

I dreamt some secret sins he had,
But these I will not tell,
For they were nothing when compared
With taking bribes to kill.

Dreamt Toddler hated Bawny's sin
But still for him did fight;
I dreamt they two held Brawler down,
And dreamt they served him right.

I dreamt to Bawny Toddler came,
And said, "I've helped you through;
Give me a plank in your platform,
And I will stay with you.

If you will help me kill Saloon,
Who has my brother slain,
I'll help you hold the Brawler down,
While I on earth remain."

Though Toddler was old Bawny's friend,
Loved him and hung about,
When Bawny knew the Toddler's mind,
He kicked the Toddler out.

When Toddler saw he had to go,
No plank to stand upon;
He said, "Of course, my cake is dough,"
I dreamt that thereupon

A platform for himself he made,
And firmly stood thereon;
He made it out of timber good,
Of gold and precious stone.

When Brawler saw the Toddler quit,
And heard him say good-bye,
He arose; to gain his lost estate,
With all his might did try.

I saw him push his brother down,
For he was all alone;
So he got back again his crown,
Then boasted what he'd done.

When Bawny saw his help was gone,
He lengthened out his face,
His stronger brother'd pushed him down
And occupied his place.

He looked about for Toddler now;
Was angry and ashamed.
His own defeat he felt and saw
His stars, and Toddler blamed.

He said, "If you'll come back again
I'll owe to you a thank."
But Toddler told him plump and plain,
"I stand on my own plank."

"I stood with you as long as I
Good conscience could maintain.
My prayers you always did deny.
Your kicking gave me pain.

"To him whose hands are stained with blood
A license you do sell,
To keep those horrid dens of death
Which drag folks into hell.

"I, conscious of the thing, I make
An issue of it, too;
Your simony I can't partake,
And so I bid you now adieu."

I dreamt that Toddler knew those beasts
Were all turned out to roam,
Had seen them on his brothers feast,
And darken his childhood home.

When home was gone and friends were dead,
Him driven to the street,
He vowed against those dens and said,
"I'll stop them up, you bet."

I dreamt that Brawler now did join
With Brawny on that day.
They two together did combine,
The Toddler for to slay.

The reasons why they did combine
Against the Toddler were,
They two were twins and at that time
Kept dens of savage bear.

They let those beasts to old Saloon,
Who keeps this horrid den.
He of these two a license bought,
With which to ruin men.

Dreamt I that Toddler told them both,
Their doings were not right;
He told them of the vows he'd made.
Dreamt then they came to fight.

I dreamt those brothers came to me,
That each one did demand,
That I should set him up to be
A king to rule the land.

I dreamt that something seemed to say,
Or made me understand,
That if I voted either way,
That blood would stain my hand.

Dreamt while they licensed old Saloon,
My brother's blood to spill,
If I should vote for either one,
I should my brother kill.

Should do by proxy through Saloon
What license bore him out
In doing; then, I dreamt, too soon
My sin would find me out.

I dreamt their platforms both were one,
Though different were in name;
Made of the same in kind of wood,
Both rotten just the same.

Both told Saloon to go ahead,
I dreamt they told him twice,
"Your beasts may on the people tread
If you will pay the price."

Dreamt Toddler once, like other boys,
Did have a happy home,
Remembers still those withered joys
Which bloomed ere beasts did come.

Is looking forward to the day
When he a man shall be.
Says he this cruel work will stay
At his majority.

Dreamt Toddler was a healthy lad,
Was growing wondrous fast,
Did love the good and hate the bad,
Was sure to win at last.

Dreamt Toddler's faith and courage both,
His muscle and his grit
Were good, and when he has his growth,
Saloons will have to git.

Dreamt Toddler had one sister left
To help him in his work;
As Moses' sister wrought for him
While he lay in the ark.

The Toddler's sister he doth love.
Her name he'll tell to you.
Perhaps you'll go and join with her,
'Tis W. C. T. U.

The Toddler all mankind doth love,
But he Saloon doth hate;
Is innocent as sucking dove
When cooing to her mate.

Now, old Saloon, who keeps those dens,
This fiendish one, I say,
Is with the other two combined
The Toddler for to slay.

Ye Pharisees who stand today,
And view this harmless one,
By ballot you are called to say,
What shall with him be done.

Shall him you've burnt in effigy
Be slain or be released?
Today you must hold Toddler up,
Or him who keeps the beast.

Which of the two shall be released,
Or which condemned, I say,
Him who from dens would give you rest,
Or him your sons would slay?

This question, friends, you may not waive,
You're called to action; soon
Must stand for him who seeks to save,
Else stand for old Saloon.

Brawny and Brawler both, you know,
Stand with and for him fight.
Saloon, his hellish work to do,
Of them has bought the right.

I saw this Toddler in my dreams.
He calling to Christian friend did seem,
Beckoned his friend to come this way.
Said he, "I've something for to say."
Then said, "I have some news for thee.

"Come with me, friend, and take a walk!
Come see this den and have a talk.
Come, I will show Saloon to you,
And ask some questions of you, too.
It is not very far, you see.

"Come see this den, this licensed den,
Apollyon's scheme to ruin men;
In public place this den is made.
Hark! siren songs lure to the shade
Of fatal poison Upas tree.

"Behold with me this licensed den,
'Tis built on bribes to ruin men;
Hark! reason's citadel is stormed.
See! men are into demons formed.
 Oh, friend, is't not a horrid thought?

"But bribes will not change wrong to right,
Though laws may sanction with their might.
You see, 'tis still an earthly hell,
Where only wicked spirits dwell,
 Though he the right for cash has bought.

"'Tis wrong, and always will be wrong,
Though elfs may sing their siren song.
Though bribes are bought, a license given,
It ruins men and blasphemers heaven.
 Say, friend, why should we license it?

"Hark! hear the wolves of hunger howl,
Hear hootings of the midnight owl,
See! slimy reptiles 'neath do crawl,
See vampires clutch against the wall.
 Oh, what a horrid place is it!

"Oh, when shall Christians all combine?
God hasten on the blessed time
When those who are wrong will turn about
And help us vote this vampire out,
 That we may of this curse be quit.

"But now Denkeeper runs his mill,
With misery every sack doth fill,
Gives every fool who brings his grain
An empty purse and maddened brain,
 And then the imp laughs in his sleeve.

"See, homeward now those fools do tread,
To hear their children cry for bread.
Each beats his wife and makes a brawl,
Then hungry into bed doth crawl.
 See for yourself and you'll believe!

"See, there old Maniac doth rave
Like pagan giant in his cave.
See, there beneath those Upas trees
Old Fury doth his victim sieze,
 Mangles and drags it down to hell!

"See, hovering near is Black Despair.
What imprecations rend the air!
'Tis here the curse of God doth fall.
Read Mene Tekel on the wall!
 Hark! hear perdition sound its knell!

"Come! from his den come view his home.
See, yonder stands his palace dome.
Saloon, you know, is now a king.
His wife's a queen—come, hear her sing!
She sings an interesting song!"

"Oh, lucky stars, that fixed my choice,
Where I can charm with siren voice,
And lure to me the sons of men,
Beneath this Upas in this den,
Which, but for license, would be wrong."

"I'm glad my husband keeps this den.
It makes him greater than all men.
Old Caucus pats him on the back;
Dame Custom holds him on her lap,
While license laws do shelter him."

"Convention swings upon our gate—
And we control old Legislate.
We're on good terms with old Free Rum,
Who says himself that we are some,
And license mitigates the sin."

"Old License Party bows the knee
And worships both my man and me.
There's Congress, too, though he's quite
strong,
Saloon can nose him right along,
To catch his vote he'll crouch and crawl."

"And though Miss White House is so high,
We have a finger in her pie.
Old State doth at our altar call,
And Nation at our shrine doth fall.
Our license sets us over all."

"We've many servants, too, you see,
To wait upon my man and me.
The best of all is old Miss Drunk,
And we have both her key and trunk.
Our license answers for a key."

"Her hands are full of bribes and sin,
And many a dollar she brings in.
She gives old Court his tasks to do,
Finds work for bloody fingers, too.
We'll keep her while we keep this den."

"She's always busy night and day;
Is savage as wild beasts of prey.
She's muddling up Conductor's brains,
And fixing him for wrecking trains.
We've got our wealth from ruined men."

"You see that gibbet there so high,
Red-fingers hanging up to dry?
'Twas drink that fixed him up to swing,
You see, our dens are just the thing.
 There's virtue still in licensed den.

"See here, beneath our Upas shade,
A score of men in stupor laid.
Miss Drunk leads Tipple in her track,
With Moderation further back—
 But Licensed Den will draw him in.

"See there, Dame Drunk, though gray with
age,
Still gnaws her victim in her cage.
When she has cleared his bones of meat,
She'll dump his carcass in the street;
 To keep him longer is a sin.

"And I might sing of thousands more,
Now made secure by prison door;
And point the very moments when
We first entrapped them in our pen.
 No gin on earth like licensed den.

"The poorhouse, too, our dens do fill;
We're grinding misery in our mill;
We're filling homes with grief and woe.
We've bought the right to serve them so;
 This right belongs to licensed den.

"Hark! hear ten thousand widows sigh,
Who have no friend their tears to dry.
Our dens have these poor souls bereft,
And naught but sorrow to them left.
 We've caught their husbands in our den.

"Hark, hear their sighs! they raise a breeze
Which ripples lakes and moves the trees,
And there are streams of orphans' tears
Which have been flowing on for years;
 'Tis river now and runs our mill.

"It tickles me; you don't believe
How oft I laugh in my own sleeve,
When Licensed Party comes to view,
The work he's voted we should do;
 Protects us in our business still.

"Our work he judges by our chips,
And moves and mumbles with his lips.
When all this ruin he doth see,
He calls it personal liberty.
 Our purchased liberty remains.

"We've bought of him the right so rare
Of driving people to despair.
You hear that mother, calling John.
Behold, she's weeping! see her run!
Our freedom does her John enchain.

"Saloon, my husband, slew her boy,
Her only son, her pride, her joy.
See, now with wild despair she stands,
In anguish deep she wrings her hands!
That mother's loss is all our gain.

"Come on, Saloon, for 'tis quite plain
That you o'er all the people reign.
The laws protect this work, you see,
And both old parties stand by thee.
They bid for votes and license fee."

Then said Saloon unto his wife,
"Yet what availeth me my life,
While at my gate doth stand
This Toddler, whom I hate to see,
Prohibition, who opposeth me,
With all his growing band?

I hate him worse than all beside;
He's dug a chasm deep and wide,
For me to tumble in;
He's praying down Jehovah's ire,
And heaping on me coals of fire,
To burn against my sin."

Said Mrs. Saloon, his Zeresh wife,
"Thou hast naught to do but take his life.
Then, Haman-like, go in and feast,
And drink thy wine and hug thy beast,
For thou hast paid thy license fee."

Saloon, the demon, did rejoice,
And kissed his jewelled bride.
In nasal tones he raised his voice,
She sitting by his side.

"Now I'm secure on every side
And living like a king.
They come to me from far and wide
And wealth to me they bring.

"The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
The travelers and the tramps—
It makes no difference to me,
I'm raking in the stamps.

"There's two great parties in the land;
Both bow to me their knees.
Like walls of adamant they stand
Around my dens and trees.

"Protective laws for me they made;
They do it, too, so nice!
'Tis just the same as bribes they take;
Ten times they've raised the price.

"And Mr. Clergy stands for me;
To license me he votes;
He helps hold up my Upas tree,
But puffeth at its fruits.

"If with the Toddler he'd combine,
They'd soon chop down my trees,
But to his idols he is joined,
That gives me rest and ease."

The demon then a chorus sang,
Still sitting by his queen.
At intervals she joined with him,
In singing the refrain.

"While all the earth I do control,
Why think I of the morrow?
My wife's no widow, but a queen,
And never shall have sorrow.

"While courts and cabinets I rule,
Or cities, states and nation.
My license fees support the schools,
My dens rule every station."

I then in dream heard Toddler talk
To Christian friend as they did walk.
Said he, "You've seen the king and queen,
Have to their splendid mansion been.
One thing I'd like to have you do.

"Some questions I will ask of thee
About Saloon—please answer me.
Why will you vote for old Saloon,
'Mid gospel day as bright as noon—
Pray tell me what excuse have you?

"Why will you for a party stand,
Which sells us into demons' hands?
Why blame your party for the wrong
While to that party you belong;
By proxy all its actions do?

"Why license this infernal den,
This child of hell, to ruin men?
Why say that license does restrict?
Why law and Webster contradict?
 Why will you your own self deceive?

"You know 'tis a permissive grant,
And takes away the law's restraint,
And gives Saloon a right and power
Which he did not possess before.
 Why peddle stuff you don't believe?

"Without a license in his hand,
Saloon's an outlaw in the land.
With him the people would not bear,
For he's a nuisance everywhere,
 A foe of yours as well as mine.

"Why guard with laws the demon's den,
Hands off while he keeps slaughter pen?
Why sell the right to do his deeds?
Why sow, to harvest only weeds?
 Oh, say, why will you license crime?

"Why ope saloon by license laws,
Make woes and wounds without a cause?
Say, why with sorrow lade his back
For him to strew along his track?
 Oh, say, why will you legalize?

"While license is the only prop
Which holds the infernal demon up.
This legal instrument withheld,
At once the tree of death is felled
 To earth, and there it prostrate lies.

"No hiding place has old Saloon,
Till license fee secures him one.
No arm that dare defend his cause;
No shelter but 'neath license laws.
 Say, friend, why will you shelter him?

"Saloon's a curse to human race;
To Christian nations a disgrace;
Say, can we Jesus' people be
And legalize this Upas tree,
 And by this act partake its sin?

"Why climb into the Upas top
At tip of highest boughs to chop?
Why, perched in branch like owlet, hoot
Against the evils of its fruits,
 Then plead and vote to spare the tree?

“Why not come down and hit the cause?
Why strike ye not at license laws?
Why chop ye not at Upas root,
Instead of croaking at its fruit?
 Why will you so deceitful be?

“Why dance you to that party’s tune,
Which is the sponsor for Saloon?
Thus vote to make the fountain flow,
Then grumble at the stream below?
 Go dry the fount, the stream to dry!

“Why plead to make the license higher,
To screen Saloon from people’s ire,
Then publish every week cartoon
Against the life of old Saloon?
 If there’s a reason, tell me why!

“Why, since this fact to you is known,
That ‘tis demanded by Saloon
That you should make his license high,
Lest he by Toddler’s hand should die?
 Why grant Saloon’s request? Say, why?

“Why take position, which you know
Will please Saloon, your wily foe?
Why take the demon by the hand
And grant him all he does demand,
 And then against his business cry?

“Why license sell at price so high,
Then against Saloon raise hue and cry,
While you indulge him in his sin?
Why feign to be a foe to him?
 Say, why, my Christian friend, say, why?

“Why frame a statute law so, when
Saloon has wrecked a set of men,
Has broken their stamina,
And taken all respect away?
 He’s bound them fast in habit’s chains.

“Why, when he’s made a man a sot,
Stript him of all that he had got,
Made quenchless fire of thirst to burn—
Why then against the fellow turn?
 Why cause a ruined wreck such pain?

“Why, since no man’s a sot, you know,
Until Saloon has made him so.
Why make it lawful for Saloon
To kick the fellow out, as soon
 As ever he has ruined him?

"Why clothe a man in rags and shame,
His children and his wife defame;
Why spoil their home and resting place,
Bring them to ruin and disgrace;
 Make all the world look down on them?

"Why drag a fellow down so low
His own relations will not know?
No coat, no hat, no shoes on feet—
At midnight kicked into the street—
 Why treat him so outrageous mean?

"Why start a fellow down at first,
Then turn about and mock his thirst?
Why, when Saloon's got every cent,
When all his household goods are spent,
 Why turn him to the street to die?

"Why will you at Saloon connive,
And let him skin a man alive,
Then take his tallow and his hide—
Say, why not kick Saloon outside?
 Come now, my friend, and tell me why?"

Just then I heard some person groan.
I dreamt did sound like Toper's moan;
Demonic scowl his visage take;
He shrieks his boots are full of snakes;
"Behold," said he, "my lost condition!
Come, interpose by Prohibition!

"Come, hear a brother's piteous wail,
Just sliding down the gulch of hell!
Come vote this demon drink away,
This liquid fire of hell, I pray!
Show pity on my lost condition!
Hurry and help by Prohibition!

"This wine and ale, this gin and beer,
They've caused me many a bitter tear.
Oh, take them far from me away,
And keep them from my sight, I pray.
In pity for my lost condition,
And interpose by Prohibition!

"This cause of sorrow, wounds and woes,
This source whence misery's river flows—
Say, brothers, while with you 'tis well,
Pray snatch me from a drunkard's hell!
Show pity on my lost condition!
Interpose by Prohibition!

"So strong my habits now are formed,
My foe the citadel has stormed;
No chance have I to save my soul,
Lest you prohibit me this bowl.
Be quick to pity my condition!
Now interpose by Prohibition!

"My vows are broke as soon as made,
Resolves and re-resolves are dead;
Come, bind this fiend which now binds me,
His bondage only can set free.
Pity, friends, my lost condition,
And interpose by Prohibition!

"Dissolve those bonds which bind my soul!
With franchise break this poisoned bowl;
Though priest and Levite pass me by,
And leave me wounded here to die!
Pity thou my lost condition;
Yet interpose by Prohibition!

"Take pity, oh, my friends, on me!
And set me from this bondage free.
Do pity me, my friends, I pray—
Do vote this license curse away!
Pity show my lost condition,
But interpose by Prohibition!

"No don't talk of regulation—
Don't ever mention high taxation!
'Twill bring no help to helpless me,
Nor ever chop this evil tree.
Show pity on my lost condition;
Oh, interpose by Prohibition!

"This Upas can't be felled by tax.
Lay to the Prohibition ax!
Your regulation only props,
No ax but Prohibition chops.
Pity, friends, my lost condition,
And interpose by Prohibition!

"Saloons are ope'd on such condition,
Naught can close but Prohibition!
If you should range the world around,
Naught to close them can be found.
And so to help my lost condition,
You needs must vote for Prohibition!

"If you for license low or high
Do vote, you vote for me to die.
Such is now my lost condition,
Naught can save but Prohibition!
Pity show my lost condition!
Interpose by Prohibition!

"Hear and heed my sad refrain,
Lest you at last should plead in vain;
Lest the cry of your brother's blood
Should reach the ears of the righteous God.
Pity show my lost condition,
And interpose by Prohibition!"

I dreamt they said they'd aid his cause,
But went and made high license laws;
Thus stopped their ears and closed their eyes
Against their brother's plaintive cries.
They let the fellow die, it does seem.
Their conduct caused me all this dream.
Thousands now in sad condition
Would be saved by Prohibition!

If you leave them in the snare,
Let them sink to black despair,
That act will cause my mind such pain,
I fear 'twill make me dream again.

My dream to apologue has grown.
I've tried to hit the demon's den,
And ope the eyes of honest men,
To vote against this slaughter pen,
And thus the demon drink dethrone.

Some say my dream is mixed with chaff.
Pray, friend, what dream was ever told
Without alloy, all solid gold,
Except the dreams of prophets old—
What reason, then, at mine to laugh?

Let those who at my dream complain
Rememer this: no choice I had,
So if 'tis good or if 'tis bad,
Makes you rejoice or makes you sad,
The fact I've dreamed doth still remain.

Although I've no excuse to make,
Nor have I any ax to grind,
Nor selfish motive in my mind,
Nor wealth nor honor seek to find,
Yet on myself the task I take.

To tell my dream, that you may wake
And realize how things do seem
To people in the land of dream.
Good sense will tell you what I mean.
'Tis for your own relations' sake.

Some questions Toddler asks his friend
About those laws which ruin men,
Perhaps you'd like to answer them?
I find by search, not one in ten,
To try this task do feel inclined.

Since Toddler's friend such silence keeps
'Bout why he croaks at Upas fruit,
And why his mind it does not suit,
To use the ax upon its root,
Although his wife and children weep.

Come, give some reason, if you can.
Answer the Toddler's questions fair.
Come, tell us what your reasons are.
Stand up and face this subject square!
Come, show yourself a little man.

Why vote that old Saloon shall reign?
This fiendish life why still prolong,
Since you have heard his wicked song,
Since all his doings, too, are wrong,
Why feel you not your brother's pain?

If still you do Saloon befriend,
What good is it for you to hoot
Against the evils of his fruit?
'Twere just as well if you were mute!
You vote his business to defend.

'Tis plain to you as well as me,
You cannot help this truth to know;
While growling at the stream below,
Your ballot makes the fountain flow.
This truth you cannot help but see.

These questions answer at the polls,
Regardless of old party strife.
You know Saloon's with mischief rife.
Come, vote to save your home and wife!
Come, clear your skirts from blood of souls!



THE RED DRAGON.

Let me tell you, my friends,
What a time I've had dreaming,
As I slept 'neath the trees
Where the moon beams were streaming.

Quite a number of folks
With myself were enroute,
And we traveled a path
Which but few ever travel.
'Twas in the lonely way
Where our convictions lay;
'Twas by faith that we travel'd,
No misgiving or doubt,
Though some called us cranks,
And at us did marvel.

As we traveled o'er Mundane
And were nearing its height,
To the camp of Armageddon
We came in the night.

By the light of their campfires
Their armies were viewing,
While their generals were mustering
Their hosts for the fight.
When we knew what they meant,
We then set up our tent,
To obstruct and deter them
From what they were doing;
For the wrong they contended,
But we strove for the right.

'Gainst the weal of our race,
I dreamed they were warring,
For that greatest of days
Of th' Almighty preparing.

I saw their leaders, in my dream,
In each exalted station
For the ruin of their fellow men
Their forces did combine.
Dreamt I saw them engage;
Heard their noise and their rage;
Heard their reproaches sound
Throughout the whole creation;
Heard fatherless and widows weep;
Saw them in want and sorrow pine.

I dreamt 'neath the pine trees
Of many past ages
Which had sheltered the heads
Both of prophets and sages.

Dreamt we stood 'neath those trees,—
In the breeze they were waving,—
Their shadows from moonbeams
Over hill sides were crawling,—
Trees prodigiously high
With their arms in the sky.
Dreamt Time's onward stream
The roots of those pine trees was laving;
Underwashed by its tide, many trees
On its margin lay sprawling.

By those campfires we lay;
Planned how best we could fight.
Talked of the wrongs of our times
Until late in the night.

Those tall trees still swayed
In the breeze, gently blowing.
Like spectres or angels,
Their high cones were nodding,
That, each viewed from afar,
Seemed a giant which grabbed at a star.
Dreamed we talked and we yawned,
'Till we sleepy were growing,
Then we slept,—but in dreamland
On our way we kept plodding.

Dreamed I looked toward the sea;
Like mountains its billows were rolling
On its shore. Armageddon's
Vast hosts were marching, patrolling.

Then I dreamt that I saw,
Coming up from the ocean, a beast,
A Red Dragon, a monster,
All covered with foam.
Dreamt he came to my door
All dripping with gore,
And demanded my children
To make him a feast.
Yes, I dreamed that this monster
Made war on the home.

This monster carried with him,
In almost every place,
Confusion, wrangling, murder,
Rape and foul disgrace.

In city, village and hamlet—
In almost every town,
He made such dreadful havoc
As I ne'er saw in all my life.
I said that statesmen wise,
Most surely will arise

At once, and put this hideous,
Licensed monster down.
Thought each would try to save
His children and his wife.

I dreamt that all the people
In the whole wide country came
To see this bloody monster
Play his murderous game.

Dreamt 'twas a fearful sight
To see him gulping people down.
I dreamt they looked aghast,—
That many fled with fright.
I dreamt some simple cranks
Came from the people's ranks
To drive this bloody monster
From our troubled town.
They sought to slay this beast
And dreamt 'twould serve him right.

Dreamt, as he up and down
Our troubled streets did crawl,
Old party politicians
At this monster's feet did fall,—

Told *him*, if he would stand
For them against the cranks,
His personal liberty in
Slaying people they'd defend,—
Would try and fix the laws
To favor his unrighteous cause,—
Sell him the liberty to run;
Besides they'd owe him thanks,—
Would pay their homage at his feet,—
Said on them he might depend.

I dreamt a band of female saints
Did give this dragon battle;
Against this monster's scaly sides
They made their weapons rattle.

Dreamt, as they fought this beast
I heard them weep and wail,
Because this beast had entered
And despoiled their homes.
Dreamt politicians said:
“Don't strike the monster's head!
Just tap the critter gently,
Very gently, on the tail.”
Said, “Twould be too bad
To break the critter's bones.”

"You surely can't prevent
His horrid work," they said,
"Tis folly for you to try
To kill the reptile dead."

Dreamt, against those holy raiders
They did jibe and rail,—
(Tho' they were only doing
Just as God would have them do);
Went forth in their might
'Gainst those raiders to fight:
Laid hands upon those saints
And shut them up in jail
Because they fought the beast
With mother's instinct true.

Dreamt, Party Press then said
That he would slay that beast,
And dreamt he went and made
For him a regulation feast,
And sweetened it with honey
Taken from High License hive.
Dreamt old party leaders
Help Press this thing to do,—
Went halves in the feast
Which Press made for the beast,
And dreamt that thus they kept
This great Red Dragon still alive;
But made the reptile pay a tax
Which they called revenue.

Dreamt those statesmen said
That all the folks were cranks,
Who left their hosts and joined
Those Holy Raiders' ranks
To drive this great Red Dragon
From our homes and native land.
"Since he is now entrenched
In politics," they cry,
"It surely is not right
Against this beast to fight.
Said, "If Priest from pulpit
Towards him should shake his hand
'Twould be a crime for which
That preacher ought to die."

I dreamed that politicians said
That it would never do
'Gainst him to fulminate
In pulpit or in pew.

E'en if the monster slay
And eat your darling child,
No party should you form

Against this murderous beast;
Although both night and day
Your dearest friends he slays,
To tackle him in party form
Is but a silly notion wild.
"Do nothing of the kind," they say,
"But make a regulation feast."

I dreamt old Nation passed along
And at the beast did look askance.
He said it seemed the thing was wrong,—
Said we must give him wide expanse.

"Yes! give him room," said he,
"Stand back and let him crawl.
My coffers he doth fill
With money, too, you see.
Tho' he's dragging folks to hell,
He's paying for it well.
Be careful not to kill,
For the revenue is high,—
To burst my bag of gold
Will never do at all."

I dreamt the Parish Priest beheld
Him drag his length along,
And spoke right out and said,
"Of course, the thing is wrong;

I guess I'll have to preach
And sing this Dragon down.
This beast's not fit amongst
Us pious folks to dwell.
This Dragon looks so fierce and wild
As though he might devour my child.
I never saw a beast so bad
As he in all our town.
He drags our youngsters in
His murderous course towards hell.

"My dear sisters and brothers,
Let us get down and pray
That God may help us regulate,
And send him on his way.

He's not fit, abroad to roam
Without a license, my friends,
He's just a terror to the home.
He's the bloodiest beast you ever saw.
And he has taken his position
In avarice and in tradition
And in appetite and custom,
(While combines are his friends.)
Surrounded with social influence,
Political power, protected by law—

"Yes! he's entrenched in politics—
But there, at him don't strike.
Let politics alone, my friends!
Do whatever else you like.

You should not vote against him,
But your ballots you can scratch.
Let primaries alone! that's what.
Conventions are no place for you.
I'll tell you what, you just wait
'Till those elected stand at Congress gate.
Yes, wait, until this fiend
A thousand other fiends shall hatch.
That's the thing, my friends,
Which you had better do.

"Let politicians tie your hands,
My friends, behind your back.
Just follow on, my friend,
In great Red Dragon's wake.

Yes, yes, dear Christian friends,
Let him have it his own way
'Twill but defile your hands,
If you should strike his head.
Hands off! my friends,—be brave!
Do naught your homes to save.
This dragon comes to us
From a very early day.
Our fathers bowed to him,
And we can't kill him dead.

"Suppose, my Christian friends,
No party in our land
Should ever make a plank,
On which for us to stand,

Even then we need not organize
Against this dragon foe,
That's not the way at all for you,
My friends, to tackle him.
For, dearest friends, if this you do,
This wicked world will frown on you.
You need no works, dear friends,
That you, your faith may show;
'Tis sentiment alone you need
And you should spread it thin."

Just then another preacher rose,
I dreamt, to say a word.
He seemed well pleased indeed
With that which he had heard.

He said, "This great Red Dragon
Is, indeed, a horrid beast.
No real Christian ever can
This well known fact dispute.

This hideous monster from the sea
Is just as vile as he can be;
But we must let him on our sons
And on our brothers feast.
'Twill never do for us
To slay this horrid beast.

"You may fulminate against him,
But don't disturb his feast,—
Talk much against his sin,
But do not hurt the beast.

You may lecture, sing and pray,
All right now, for a fact,—
Make mouths and call him names,
But be careful you don't strike!
I'll tell you what to do,—
Let him make fools of you;
While he plays his murderous games,
Just talk,—but do not act.
Write for the Press and sign your names,
But let him do as he would like."

He said, "We must not interfere
With another person's right.
This brute we may not kill,
But gently with him fight.

Three large classes in our cities
Wish to have this beast,
Whose personal rights
Are dear to them, you see!
Against his deeds we'll cry
And tax the monster high,
But 'twill not do, my friend,
To interrupt their feast.
'Tis as harmless, friends, for them,
As for you to drink your tea."

Dreamt, notwithstanding all
Those priests and statesmen said,
There was a party formed
To kill Red Dragon dead.

I dreamt it was a party, too,
Which to principle will stand,
A child of Providence,—
A party that will conquer, too.
I dreamt that W. C. T. U.
Stood for this party true,
Strong, as a Christian sisterhood
Combined throughout the land,
With faith and courage good,
Both to dare, I dreamt, and do.

Then a statesman, wise and great,
Whose name I dreamt was Dow
From Maine, the Pine Tree State,
Stood forth and made a vow.

There rose a voice of wailing,
Like Rachel for her children
Whom the Dragon was assailing
And dragging down to ruin.
'Twas then this great Neal Dow
Arose and made his vow,
With hands uplifted high,
That we must stop, somehow,
The work this beast was doing,
Yes,—vowed this beast should die.

Neal Dow has passed away;
Yes, he is dead and gone.
That's what some people say,—
But Neal Dow is living on.
In his example bright,
In the deeds which he has done
On us his light is shining,
With courage still inspiring
Us to dare to do the right,
And do it with our might,
Neal Dow's life's divining.
His deeds are prophesying
That the Dragon shall be slain.
This index hand from Maine
Points Prohibition's reign.
The lamp he lit is shining.

Then I dreamt that some person
Quite loudly did call;
Did shout to the watchman
Who stood on the wall;
Shouted, "Watchman! Watchman!
Say what of the night?"
Dreamt the watchman replied,
"The day draweth nigh.
There can be no disputing,
For old Sol is now shooting
Athwart the sky his well aimed
Arrows so swift and so bright,
From his quiver, shooting up
Gray streaks in the sky."

The watchman's voice did sound,
So plain, distinct and clear,
Ringing loudly out
Upon the stilly air,
Like the voice of an angel
Up through the mountains pealing,
Reverberating back o'er the vale,

And far out over the sea.
His words (like bugle blast
Distinct they came, and fast)
Did fill my soul with wakefulness,
With awe and Holy feeling,
Did stir me up to noble deeds
From lethargy did waken me.

Dreamt that when unto my chums
This dream I rose and told
Then each one courage took,—
That each one growing bold,
Took by turns his time
To tell unto the rest his dream,
Else to relate a story,
Or else to sing a song.
Thus, while we talking lay,
Beguiled the hours away.
Six hours we spent in interchange
Of thought, I dreamt did seem,
Tho some declared that never
Could have been so long.

At length a nimble ape sprang
From over hanging bough, it seemed,
He stood erect, obeisance made,
And told what he had dreamed.

I dreamt this beast, like Baalam's ass,
Which saved her master's life
In strains of human eloquence,
With wisdom most sublime,
Proceeded to tell in our ears
Of all his hopes and his fears.
And what he said, it seemed to me,
Tho quaint, was true to life.
Yet strangely it did seem,
That he should dream in rhyme.

"I dreamt," said he, "my race was free
From moral taint or anxious care.
With us no hideous Dragon beast,
No dramshop to ensnare.

Should such a frightful monster dare
Attack us in our wild wood home,
In our far off land, in our
Native clime and jungle,
No license would we give;
Nor even let him live,
Although we apes, like other beasts,
Are tho't to be quite dumb,
We never do things up, like you,
In such an awkward bungle.

"But in our far off forest home,
As I have briefly stated,
I dreamt, to human race in form
We were somewhat related.
And yes,—I shuddered to think
That so near to the brink,
In our species, we apes were
Standing to an awful perdition,—
That we were the next unto you
When we first were created.

"I dreamt when first I saw
This slimy Dragon crawling,
Saw your rulers bowing
Before the Dragon, falling
At the Dragon's feet to worship,
Him to honor and adore,—
I dreamt I went away with shame
And tried to cover up my head.
Yes, I blushed as I dreamed
And was frightened, it seemed.
I dreamt I never felt such shame
In all my life before,
And, to tell you the truth,
I wish'd that I dwelt with the dead.

"I dreamt I marveled much
And wondered, in my dream,
Why some other species
Did not come between.
And why we noble apes
The nearest species were to men.
I dreamt that I had fears
That we, like you, might fall
From our exalted position
To your low down condition.
I dreamt that we poor apes
Upon your ruinous brink did stand,
Just one species above yours,
And dreamt that that was all."

He related thus his dream to us
In earnest tones, it seemed,
Then looking at the beast
And then at us, he screamed,—

"If we apes should ever into
Such a degradation fall;
Should ever let such monster
Upon their offspring feast,"—
He shook and cried, "Alas! Alas!
If such a thing should come to pass,
Then apes," said he, "you know,

Would have no self respect at all;
Would be discarded, too,
By every other kind of beast."

"But apes," said he, "are of a more
Exalted and a noble race,
Nor sunken down like you
In such a pit of foul disgrace;
But standing near to you
Even now, your spell doth steal,
Your demoralizing influence
On me does seem to tumble,
And I would escape
In a good moral shape.
But I stand so near you now,
My head begins to reel."
He said, and scampered away
To his own native jungle.

Quite a narrow escape,
I dreamed, for an ape
(Though he made it in part by fast run-
ning),
From the Beast and its den
So destructive of men
(But in part by his forethought and cun-
ning).

He glanced back as he ran,
Lest the Demon called Man
Should beguile and deceive into sinning;
Lest he drag him clear down
And deprive of his crown—
Cause his fall, like Eve, in the beginning.

Dream'd Red Dragon did roam,
Still made war on the home,
Kept devouring the children of Christians;
Dreamed that few took a stand,
Or e'en lifted a hand,
Or offered him any resistance.

While he stamp'd with his feet
And their children did eat;
Still men sold him license to run.
They did this,—yet knew
What this Dragon would do,—
Did it right in the face of the Sun.

Told him their babes to devour,
The whole country to scour
While from city to city he ranges.
I saw more blood on their hand,

Who for the Dragon do stand,
Than on hers who throws babe in the
Ganges.

For they have Christ, the true light,
While she's in heathenish night,
Supposing much wrath she appeases.
While those, who license the Beast
On these their own children to feast,
Are informed what their Maker's will
pleases.

Dreamt I heard a great cry
And I looked toward the sky;
Saw the clouds of Heaven were rifted.
'Twas the voice of true prayer,
Which had reached the Lord's ear,
Prayers the mothers of Israel had lifted
For their sons and their brothers,
For their husbands, and others,
As defenseless they cry unto God.
No other weapon have they
This cruel Dragon to slay,
Nor to avenge the innocent blood.

It brought joy to my heart
As the clouds broke apart,
For there's one thing I very well know;
Tho there's vacillating with men
(Except one, now and then),
What woman takes up, she will do.

I dreamt it was right
To give India the light,
That they mightn't to idols be falling;
Right to send men to preach
To the heathen, and teach
That they on God might be calling.

But while the gospel they send
'Tis wrong they should bend
To worship this gluttonous Dragon.
Wrong to let live at all
In their streets for to crawl,
Much less of their gains to be bragging.

How he levels their streets,
While their children he eats!
Dream'd 'twas wicked to act so like fools
As to sacrifice their sons
To grasp bloody funds,
Blood money in support of their schools.

They fixed laws,—so instead
Of killing him dead
By pelting his head with a rail,
Folks should strike him with straws,
Feign restriction with laws,
Strike lightly with straws on his tail.

Dreamed I rose in the night
Went and turned up my light
For I wished that each person might see;
And that seeing might hate
This dragon so great,
And turn out, and fight him with me.

Dreamed I spake out and said,
“Wish this monster was dead!”
Drew them out so's to see where they
stood.
So of him I talked
While with them I walked
And showed them the bad from the good.

Dreamed to make this thing plain,
That I asked them again,
“Have you taken a moral position,
Or still vote that this beast
On your children shall feast,—
For the Dragon against Prohibition?”

I said, “Be honest and true,
While I press upon you
That a neutral you never can be.
For there's no inch of land,
On which you can stand,
Between these great issues, you see.”

Said, “My friend and my brother,
'Tis for one or the other
Your ballot for or 'gainst you will cast.
And your action may tell
For heaven or hell
On yourself or on others, at last.”

I dreamt that Satire now stood up
And took a human shape, it seemed
Each sentence like a razor cut;
So sharply he had dreamed.

I saw him cutting right and left
At those who make the License Laws;
He showed how some with ballots
Had their fellow mortals slain.
I dreamt each stroke of his wit
Took effect where it hit.

And dreamt that old Satire
Did weaken the enemy's cause;
Tho falsely some people declared
He lengthened the Red Dragon's reign.

For Allegory now, I dreamed,
The people seemed to call,
Who rose, and like God's angel,
Wrote his dream upon the wall.

I dreamed that as he wrote
Old Politicians shook with fright,
For "Mene Tekel" he did write
So plain that Bedlamites could read.
How true was the story.
Of this plain allegory!
Dreamt they shook as they read
Belshazzar was slain on that night.
For the pen of allegory had written
"Finis! Old party issues are dead."

I dreamt that a man, whose visage
Was wrinkled with years,
Reclined on his bolster and talked
While he shed many tears.

Dreamt they called him the Deacon,
And thus he proceeded, it seemed,
The thoughts in his head
To the rest of his chums to declare,
And his voice I shall never forget,—
It seems that I'm hearing it yet.
Said he, "My hair stood erect
On my head, while I dreamed.
So frightful my visions of beasts
From their cages turned loose, and of war.

"For in dreamland, thrice the length
Of the streets of the town
I had run, accosting the people
Who strode up and down,
Seeking some one to aid me
In stopping those evil dens,
And to slay those wild beasts -
Which run loose in the streets.
I dreamt, by our rulers, regardless of
Heaven
A license to open their dens had been
given
To turn those beasts loose, and the right
To open those slaughter-pens;
Nor could I find a soul to help
'Mongst all those I did meet.

"Frightened and wearied, I dreamt
And repulsed all the night,
Nor in dream ceased to travel
Until morning and light;

And why I kept seeking for help,
When each one I met, denied me,
Or why my courage or faith
Seemed never to falter or fail,
Or why I ceased not the strife
I couldn't tell to save my life;
But I dreamt that somehow, I loved
Even those who did chide me,
And I dreamt that never once
In the presence of foes did I quail.

"Well I dreamt," said the Deacon,
"That two hosts had a fight;
Dreamt one army was wrong,
While the other was right.

Dreamt I wrote of their war
And their order of battle
Of their bulwarks and Generals
Which took lead in the strife;
Made a note of such men
As stood up for the den.
How they drove to the pen
Our people like cattle,
And how by means of those dens,
Ten-thousands were ruined for life."

Then I dreamt that Gossip arose
And pulled at the yarn he had spun.
I dreamt that this gossip declared
That he would unravel for fun.

He laughed as he talked
And provoked all the rest to a smile.
"It's a story, I tell you," said he,
"'Tis never a dream which I tell."
Dreamt he lifted his eyes,
With his face toward the skies,
And proceeded to talk,
And to spin out his yarn for a mile;
Then he said it was true,
And is not the least bit of a sell.

Dreamt a Minstrel then arose
Which we had brought along;
Said he'd no dream or story,
But might sing for us a song.

So when he had concluded,
Their hats the people swing,
And shouted "That's a good one,"
And, "Another you must sing!"

So he sang for us another,
While the drummer boy, his brother,
On his instrument kept tapping
Very gently as he sang.
And they made such lovely music
That it all the woods did ring.

Then they shouted for a third one,
And I dreamt the minstrel said
That he still would try to sing it,
If the drummer boy would lead;

And its title was, "Job's Turkey—
What made the fowl so thin."
Dreamt the minstrel sang so sweetly
All were pleased to hear
While the boy with his drum,
Beat his tump-te-tump-tum.
Dreamt Armageddon's captains
Declared it was a sin,
For so loudly rang their music
That it sounded far and near.

Dreamed that many a song they sang.
At length they sung a ditty
Which made the Deacon laugh,
For 'twas harmless though 'twas witty.

Then being in good spirits,
I dreamt we joined the fight.
Dreamt we made a glorious conquest.
For we never know defeat.
Dreamt Armageddon's host
Rose up and made their boast.
Dreamt we left it out to Judges
To say which was in the right.
Dreamt the Judges then decided
That, in fairness, we had beat.

Dreamt Armageddon's generals
Did of their numbers boast;
And our captains bade the drummer
To muster in our host.

I dreamt we went recruiting
For our ranks throughout the land.
Dreamt that many thousands joined us
Out from Armageddon's ranks.
Dreamt I heard them shout "Hosanna!"
As they marched beneath our banner,
While the hosts of Armageddon
Scowled at us and called us cranks.
Dreamt we still kept on recruiting
And enlarging still our ranks.

Since our principles are right,
And since our cause is good,
Since we're walking in the light
We shall have the help of God.
While we seek to slay this Dragon,
Or to bind him with a chain,
As we call it, "Legal Suasion,"
Meaning really, "Prohibition."
For 'twill never do at all
To let this Dragon crawl.
We will stop his bloody reign,
We'll repel the beast's invasion,
With all our might and main.
We'll bind his hands and feet
By Prohibition's chain,
Nor have him on our street.

AFTER NARROW ESCAPE

They say there's a stream
Of rhyme, in my dream,
And they're asking me where I do find it.
Well, friends, I've a mill
On the top of a hill,
And 'tis there that I spin it and wind it.

Circumstantially running
My yarn it keeps spinning
And I'll now tell you how I do tend it.
I stuff news in my mill
Till the hopper I fill
Then turn on the stream till I grind it.

But a crank, and a fool,
Of this yarn I've a spool
And a mental machine to unwind it.
I then thump at the spout,
Till the rhyme gushes out.
There's no trouble at all, then, to find it.

Should you climb up this hill
And come to my mill,
'Tis easy enough for to reach it.
You just stand by the spout
Till the verses come out,
Then hold your sack open and catch it.

The events of the times
Serves to force out the rhymes
Which the stream is constantly running,
So swift and so strong,
Shoving pencil along
So crooked-like, and so cunning.

To lay all to me,
Isn't fair don't you see.
To judge people harshly is sinning.
Tho 'twas spun in my mill
On the top of the hill,
'Twas the stream of events kept it running.

My dream brings to view
The events unto you
So plain, that he never can doubt it.
'Twas the force of the times
Which brought out the ryhmes,—
If you're posted, you'd know all about it.

'Twas the force of this stream
Which compelled me to dream,—
Which brought all the visions I saw;
So I'd nothing to do,
But to let it run through
In my mill, by a natural law.

Not at all I'm to blame,—
'Twould have been just the same,
I nothing have changed by my dream.
'Ere I dreamed this at all
Red Dragon did crawl,

And devoured people, too, it did seem.
The high "License Laws"
Were the principal cause
For 'tis sure that I never had sought it.
'Twas the facts which have bred
These dreams in my head;
I made not the hist'ry, but wrote it.

So my conscience is clear,
And without any fear
Of blame for writing these rhythmical
songs,
For I never can see
How I ever can be
Blamed for recording historical wrongs.

DENS OF DEATH.

One evening I my Bible took,
Sought light and comfort from that book,
I let it open where it would
'Mong visions of the prophets old
Which they to ancient people told;
Some frightful ones and some quite good.

Read visions of the morning star,
The Christ, whose glory shone afar,
The waters of salvation, too,
Which doth us cleanse and quench our thirst,
Of course these things I pondered first.
This river deepened in my view.

Two baskets saw of summer fruit,
One kind was good, my taste did suit.
But t'other basketful was bad.
The first was plucked from life's fair tree,
Did comfort much and strengthen me;
But naughty kind did make me sad:

It seemed the voice of God I heard,
And as I read my soul was stirred
My time and talent to improve.
I saw that time was on the wing,
That God would into judgment bring
And none be saved but such as love.

Then Daniel's visions next I read,
What he about wild beasts had said.
Four frightful beasts to him were shown.
The names of three he gave us were
A Lion, Leopard and a Bear,
The fourth, a beast with name unknown.

One beast, the second; like a Bear,
Raised up a little in its lair;
Three ribs between its teeth were seen.
These words were spoke by men in power,
"Arise! Much human flesh devour."
I wondered what these words did mean.

I wondered much about this beast,
Why it on human flesh did feast;
Why men in power should set it on.
Why, after he'd no power to slay,
Dominion all was tak'n away,
Why they should Bruin's life prolong?

Now when I had these visions read,
'Twas late, and so I went to bed.
Musing of beasts I fell asleep,
And in my dream was near a den;
Some beasts came forth and ruined men
In open sight, which made me weep.

Frightened, I then ran up a street,
But everywhere with beasts did meet.
On every corner Upas trees
And dens of death did meet my gaze.
I wandered on in sad surprise
To see such fearful sights as these.

At length in passing near a den
Where lay some mangled forms of men
Beneath some Upas trees I saw
Denkeeper in a mighty rage,
And cursing this Progressive Age;
And those who keep God's Holy Laws.

He spake with lofty words and great.
He had the Sabbath 'neath his feet.
His hands were stained with human blood.
He sneered and mocked at human pain
And all restraint he did disdain
And cast aside the fear of God.

I saw his beasts abroad did roam.
Saw mothers weep, heard sisters moan.
I saw whole households in distress,
Saw orphans' faces bathed in tears,
Heard widows sigh with grief of years,
But saw no human hand to bless.

I asked the cause of all this woe,
The reason why these tears did flow;
And why this human grief and pain.
Why all these beasts abroad did roam,
And carry grief to every home;
What right Denkeeper had to reign.

The answer came in brief, to me.
"These beasts and dens and Upas tree
Are wrongs made right by bribery!
This sorrow, grief, this woe and pain,
The misery of Denkeeper's reign
Are only personal liberty."

This answer did not give me rest,
'Twas contradicted in my breast;
My reason said it cannot be.
This business all is so unfair;
Brings so much darkness and despair,
It is not personal liberty.

Such interest in this thing had I,
It seemed to travel far and nigh.

I wished to obtain the truth, you see.
So roamed abroad from town to town,
And tossed this question up and down;
I said, "What can the matter be?"

I traveled on from street to street,
And asked the people I did meet,

This mystery to explain to me;
They said the question was quite tame,
Said it had always been the same;
'Twas only personal liberty.

I said, "I'll get me to the great,
My tale of sorrow to relate,
And hear what they will answer me."
And so I came to "Party Press,"
And told him all the sore distress.
He said, "'Tis personal liberty."

I said to him with many tears,
"These beasts have troubled us for years;
Help us these cruel beasts to slay,
And as you're able, sir, I see,
Help us to fell this Upas tree,
And stop this work of death, I pray."

"These beasts and dens and Upas tree
Are not an issue now," said he;
"Two 'yaller dogs' are in a fight,
We'll make an issue out of these,
And give a license to the beast;
See, first, which yaller dog is right."

I showed him half a million men,
Employed about old bruin's den,
Engaged in making misery;
He bade me leave alone the beast,
And let it on the people feast;
Said that was "personal liberty."

"You've local option, then," said he,
"Strike that against the Upas tree
And it with all the beasts will die."
I took the counsel he did give,
But still the trees and beasts did live,
So Party Press told me a lie.

"Take moral suasion, then," he said,
"If you would have the beasts all dead."
I said, "Their death's what I demand."
So took this stuff and poured it on
Till late at night from early dawn,
But beasts did live and Upas stand.

"Go home," said he, "and tax the beast,
And make for it a constant feast
Of sweetened regulation."
I dreamed 'twas tried a hundred years,
But still this tide of blood and tears
Flowed on to curse our nation.

To "License Party" next I came,
And told her in the people's name
What sore distress had we.
I showed to her the streams of woe
Denkeeper's beasts had caused to flow,
And what a cruel man was he.

Miss License Party understood,
This vampire lived on tears and blood;
She said, "He's just the man for me,
I like Denkeeper mighty well;
I've voted him the right to kill,
And he has 'personal' liberty."

"You must not think at all that I
Can cause my own beloved to die;
What! slay Denkeeper? Never!
While I'm a partner in his guilt;
A sharer in the blood he's split.
He and I are one forever."

A giant hero then drew nigh,
Whose name is called Vox Populi.
Fervent I pleaded with him and long.
At length he said he'd slay this beast
Which on his progeny did feast,
But that would serve his party wrong.

Political just then passed by,
To him for help I quick did fly;
He looked at me, so big and strong,
He said I looked so weak and slim,
He shouldn't think I'd come to him,
Said, "To my party I belong."

He talked in overbearing strain,
Said all our labors were in vain.
His tongue ran on quite glib with me.
He called us all a set of cranks,
And owed us neither votes nor thanks
For fighting Bruin's liberty.

I showed my craw, chuck full of sand,
And told him how I'd taken my stand,
Against Denkeeper and his deeds.
He said my cause and grit were good,
But thought it better if I could
Keep my own garden clear of weeds.

He gave his shoulders then a shrug,
Then bulged beneath his coat a jug;
 He blushed and asked the time of day.
Quite late, he said, it sure must be,
Was glad that he had met with me,
 “Adieu,” said he, then went his way.

Old Husbandry I then did meet,
With corn to market on the street,
 And asked if he would help us slay
Those beasts so cruel to our boys,
Which darkens home and damps its joys,
 And help us drive this curse away.

At first he said 'twould suit his mind,
And talked as though he was inclined
 To help us stop old Bruin's den,
But feared he could not sell his rye,
And that was just the reason why
 He would not join and help us then.

Municipal I then did meet,
Made supplication at his feet;
 He called us all a set of fools..
Asked how we could expenses meet,
Pay the police or clean the streets,
 Or how could we support the schools?

A man of Genius then drew near,
His eye was quick, his head was clear;
 Invention was the fellow's name.
I asked him if he could contrive
A way to save our boys alive;
 Invent some plan to stop this den.

He said he really had a doubt,
Though he should get a patent out,
 If he his patent right could sell.
He said he did not understand
That there was very great demand,
 And feared it would not work so well.

But had contrived through slaughter pen
To ruin many million men
 By turning Bruin out to roam.
I dreamed he had the fatal art
Of breaking fondest parents' hearts,
 But had not skill to save the home.

Judicial then popped up his head,
With brazen impudence he said:
 “You can't prohibit, sure's a gun,
Bruin is licensed now to roam,
To slay the people, spoil the home;
 You can't prohibit; he must run.”

Then Legal, too, did join the song,
"You never can, though you are strong.

This beast is now so fierce and wild;
So long this varmint has run loose,
To try to stop him is no use.
Just let him slay and eat your child.

"If I should help to save the home,
And never let old Bruin roam,
Should stop his den and chop this tree,
No clients then to me would come,
And I might sit and suck my thumb
For breakfast, dinner and for tea.

"No bunged up eyes, no broken bones,
No law suits then 'twixt Smith and Jones,
No litigations would there be,
No contests in the neighborhood,
The people would behave so good,
No ten-cent strife case then for me."

I met Police upon the street,
And told him how those beasts did eat—
Did chew up our posterity;
To slay those beasts, he quickly said,
Would peel the butter from his bread,
And spoil Denkeeper's liberty.

He watched those beasts both day and night,
But never dared with them to fight.

'Twas part of our menagerie.
His party 'twas, without a doubt,
A license gave and turned them out,
And gave them personal liberty.

Thus he Denkeeper's acts excused,
He said his calling was abused.
Said he had always paid his fee.
That honestly he'd bought the right
To let his beasts run day and night—
Bought Bruin's personal liberty.

Then Oriental crossed the street.
I ran this ancient sage to greet;
He said those beasts need I not fear.
"Kind sir," said he, "take no alarm,
For surely there can come no harm
From Bruin's dens or drinking beer."

He turned away and shook his head,
"These cranks are much too nice," he said;
"At least it looks that way to me.
In Orient, where beasts run loose,
I've scarcely known them slay a goose.
Go, crank! you'll get no help from me."

Old Medical I then did meet,
Puffing and panting down the street.
I pointed out and made him see
Old Bruin's teeth and open jaws,
And how his keepers broke the laws,
Showed horrid dens and Upas tree.

He said, "If we these dens should stop,
These beasts should slay, this Upas chop,
'Twould almost spoil my trade, you see!"
Said folks would be so nice and neat,
So careful what they drink and eat,
So temperate all mankind would be;

"So sober and so orderly,
They'd bring no broken bones to me,
None out of joint for me to set.
Do you 'spose I'd stand in my own light,
Against my personal interest fight?
I'll never slay those beasts, you bet.

"Besides all this," the Doctor said,
"If all those beasts were slain and dead,
Such fierce disease would fill the land,
Such sickness would their death entail,
And epidemics would prevail;
No constitution that could stand."

Now Pedagogue came sauntering by,
Was scanning me with searching eye;
It hap't that beasts had torn his son.
I said, "I'm just in luck today,
I've found a man those beasts to slay."
He said, "'Tis what can ne'er be done."

He'd studied many a learned book,
Did often at this subject look;
Said Bruin had such high position,
The best that we could do at all,
Make Bruin into corners crawl;
This we might do by high taxation.

Then Mercantile drew near me next,
Just as I read my morning text.
"Twas what the ancient preachers said,
"Whate'er thy hands shall find to do,
That labor with thy might pursue."
He asked if he must raise the dead.

He knew a better text, he said:
"Am I my brother's keeper?" read.
Said that just hit him on the head.
The climax of his subject reached,
"Twas when he practiced what he preached;
His brother by his vote lay dead.

Just then Poetical passed by,
With funny twinkle in his eye.

I spoke to him about the den,
Then asked him whither way he went,
And asked him if he would consent
To punch old Bruin with his pen.

He said he'd like with me to join,
But said he really had not time.

Said he was busy day and night
In telling how the bluebird sings,
How butterflies do flap their wings,
And how old Sol did flame with light.

Describing insects' gauzy wings,
And how the cricket chirps and sings.

In short, of birds, of bees, of flowers,
Of mountains always capped with snow,
And sunny vales which lie below;
Of gurgling streams and shady bowers;

Could lyrics sing of heroes great,
And praise the men who rule the state,

Could picture Convent spire and dome,
Could paint in verse the sunset skies,
Tell how the lonely screech owl cries,
But had no verse to save the home.

As Scientific passed me by,
I asked him if he would not try,
For love of God, to stop this den.
He said, to him 'twas little odds,
As he regarded not the Gods;
Was wiser, too, than other men.

I said, "Great sir, since we are fools,
Come let us have you in our schools;
Your wisdom will our lack supply.
Said he, "You know the statute laws
Are made to favor Bruin's cause.

Me in the schools! those beasts must die."

"Hold on," said he, "my time I'll take,
Once in the schools my mark I'll make,
Whene'er I come, I'll come to stay;
Have patience with me till the laws
Permit, and then I'll aid your cause;
Those dens I'll stop, those beasts I'll slay."

"Our statesmen, you know well," said he,
"Dote much on Personal Liberty;
That's what they call the horrid den."
I dreamed he said that Legislate
For catching votes used much deceit,
And stopped his ears 'gainst honest men.

I then saw Caucus in his seat,
And, weeping, threw me at his feet;
 Prayed him to fell the Upas tree.
“I will,” said he, “as soon as ever
Two Easter Sundays come together;
 Till then ‘tis personal liberty.”

“Oh! sir,” said I, “it is not fair
To feed our offspring to the bear.
 Help slay these beasts and chop this tree.”
He said ‘twould make old Brewery bolt,
And give his party, too, a jolt,
 And shake the Ark of liberty.

Just then Convention came along,
And gathered round him quite a throng
 Of men, a motley looking crew.
I dreamed, in virgin form complete
I threw me at Convention’s feet,
 “A favor,” said, “I wish of you.”

He shut his eyes and stopped his ears,
Though I entreated him with tears,
 He vowed he would not hear my plea
Against the beast and for the home.
Said, “We must let old Bruin roam,
 Must give him personal liberty.”

Some Pirates then before him stood,
With hands agore with human blood.
 For dens and beasts they made their plea.
Convention at their feet fell down;
Before these pirates cast his crown,
 And gave them personal liberty.

He said he liked to hear them talk,
Invited them with him to walk.
 Said he enjoyed their company.
He then sat down with them to feast,
Gulped their viands, hugged their beast,
 And called it personal liberty.

Just then I met with Clericus,
And told him what a fearful muss
 Denkeeper’s cruel beasts had made;
And what did Mr. Cler’cus do,
But up and split himself in two.
 I dreamed it almost killed him dead.

One-half with Prohibition stood,
But t’other wallowed in his blood,
 With License Party, on the ground.
Hearing the council of the two,
The people knew not what to do,
 For trumpet gave uncertain sound.

One-half of him was very good,
That which with Prohibition stood,
And worked for him with all his might.
He said he never had a doubt
But we should cast Denkeeper out
When sentiment is formed aright.

He's helping Prohibition rise,
Is bringing sunshine to the skies.
This half doth on his pray'r-bones stand.
Is to his post of duty true,
And knows both how to dare and do.
And he's a blessing to our land.

He says he's sure he had a call
To chop and make the Upas fall.
He's found the gospel ax, you see,
Where Prophets left it at the root
Of every tree with evil fruit;
He prays and chops to fell this tree.

The half with License Party joined
Was next to trump abroad his mind,
Was next to give us his advice.
He said, "If you these beasts would slay,
And drive this Upas curse away,
You've naught to do but raise the price.

"A thousand dollars, then," he said,
Would almost kill the varmints dead;
The big rich devils first we'll take.
And taxing them they'll grow so stout
They'll drive the little devils out;
Monopolies of them we'll make."

This faithless half of Clericus
Did serve to make Denkeeper worse;
And help to prop the Upas tree.
On every Christian Sabbath day
His voice did chime with those who say
These dens are personal liberty.

I said, "I'll go to Legislate,
For he's the man the laws doth make,
And he'll explain it all to me."
"The people have their rights," said he,
"We must not cripple industry;
'Tis only personal liberty."

I did not think that Legislate
Would answer me with such deceit,
For great and honorable was he;
When all the facts to him were plain
That thousands by the beasts were slain,
He said 'twas personal liberty.

With much contempt my cause he spurned.
To those who keep the beasts he turned;
 Said he could slay them in a trice;
"But if you wish those beasts may roam,
And desecrate each Christian home;
 Then you must pay a bigger price.

"These Christians see and feel this blight.
Oh! 'Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight?'
 How many anxious mothers cry,
And fathers, too, with withered joys
Are asking for their ruined boys,
 While sisters look with pleading eye.

"They ask of me those dens to stop,
From Upas to remove my prop,
 I've told you once, now tell you twice,
You may this butchery carry on,
Let Bruin tread the people down,
 But you must pay a bigger price.

"Now I will tinker up the laws
To favor your unrighteous cause,
 I'll stop my ears to every plea
The people make against the beast,
Which spoils our homes from west to east,
 Five hundred dollars is the fee."

Just then I met with Mr. State,
A man of fame and stature great.
 I placed before him all our woes.
Denkeeper's meanness I portrayed;
What havoc he 'mongst people made,
 How he led statesmen by the nose.

He said he would espouse my cause,
But hated Sumptuary Laws.
 He said, of course, the thing was wrong;
Denkeeper's doings were unfair,
Enough to make a preacher swear.
 Said, "I can't help it; he's so strong."

I said to State, "You look to me
Ten times as big and stout as he.
 Such strength our woes should mitigate."
Told him I heard the people say,
"Where there's a will, there is a way."
 I dreamed I heard no more from State.

Old Nation I espied just then,
Hugging the Beast, guarding its den.
 In vain I tried to catch his eye,
Before his face in tears did fall;
In prayer against dens I loud did call,
 But all my suit he did deny.

"The people have some rights," said he,
"They've not surrendered up to me.

The law's explicit, too, you see;
For it is now quite plain and clear
The rights the people hold so dear
Are old Denkeeper's liberty."

Our Uncle Sam I then did see,
And ran and climbed upon his knee,
Then showed him Bruin in his den.
I stroked his beard, then, pleading, said,
"Uncle, I wish those beasts were dead.
They slay so many boys and men."

This Uncle at my tears did laugh,
He said I was a sniveling calf.
Said he would never stop this den.
Said he had other fish to fry,
A finger in some better pie;
He spanked and put me down just then.

Then Mr. White House passed me by,
In a balloon was sailing high.
His lofty eyelids I did see.
I showed him Bruin in his den,
Showed skeletons of a million men;
But White House never noticed me.

But as he passed me in the air,
And took no notice of my prayer;
I heard him say just this, I think:
"'Tis personal liberty I seek."
Then, louder still, I heard him speak,
"I sail though every ship should sink."

Although his head was in a cloud,
I heard him whisper clear and loud,
"There's nothing due from me to cranks."
'Twas personal rights that placed me here,
Those rights Denkeeper holds so dear.
To civil rights I owe no thanks."

As White House passed me on the wing,
There dangled from his nose a string,
Like a boy that's playing with his kite;
I saw two strapping men lay hold,
And pull upon this string of gold;
They ran and pulled with all their might.

As they were playing at their games,
I asked about and wrote their names;
And why they pulled on White House's nose.
Plutocracy, the story ran,
And Lob, his brat and hired man,
Lead White House everywhere he goes.



*What's the little crank a-doing?
Coaxing me to slay old Bruin?
That's what your uncle will not do,
I'm keeping him for revenue.*

"Well, now," thinks I, "as they're so strong
Perhaps they'll help my cause along;

They're big enough to stop this den."
Plut winked at Lob, then looked at me,
And said, "He's fighting liberty."

I dreamed they skip't, those silly men.

I dreamed I saw two men quite old,
Each hugged a pondrous bag of gold.

As White House sailed, they ran before.
I dreamed they did a wicked thing,
By helping others pull the string;
They trampled down and killed the poor;

Helped Plut and Lob to play their games,
London and Wall Street were their names;

I dreamed they went from bad to worse.
While after them for help I cried,
They ran along by highway side,
At me did rave, throw stones and curse.

It beat me and my wife's relation
To think such men should rule the nation;
To think that White House shculd be sold.
Dreamt 'twas a wondrous shame and pity
To turn those beasts loose in the city,
Just for a buckskin bag of gold.

I dreamed I to those men did speak,
And told them that I was too weak
To slay this beast which threatened me;
I asked them if they would unite
With me against this beast to fight.
They said, "That's personal liberty."

Monopoly I then did meet,
Who kicked me clean into the street;
Said I'd no business on the walk.
I tried to stir this fellow's soul,
To slay or else those beasts control,
But he refused with me to talk.

When of his conduct I do think,
My heart seems in my boots to sink,
For he did wound and cripple me;
Godfather to the beast became,
Called it by pet and harmless names.
Said it was "personal liberty."

Old Combine then I met, and Trust,
Bathing their souls in filth and dust;
No conscience had those men, I dream'd.
Though beasts, which they'd turned out to
roam,
Entered and despoiled their home,
And, although Combine's women screamed,

They laughed and said, "No harm could be
In granting Bruin's liberty."

I heard them giggle then and curse;
I dreamed I sued those pompous men
For help to stop this horrid den.
Dreamed each one shook at me his purse.

Thus, while those beasts so fierce and wild,
Entered their home, devoured their child,
With brazen face they stared at me.
Said I'd no business in the world,
Then stones of wrath at me they hurled,
For fighting "personal liberty."

It seemed that in my revery
I took a million men with me
And went with them myself to see
Our Goverment and to complain
Of old Denkeeper's vicious reign.
She said 'twas personal liberty.

I made my million bow the knee
In prayer to her, to set us free
From all this wrong and tyranny.
She said to stop this evil reign
Would give her constitution pain
And wound her personal liberty.

We had her next beneath the hill,
Where she could see Denkeeper's mill,
And hear it grinding misery.
She heard Denkeeper thump the spout,
And saw the blood and tears come out;
Still called it "personal liberty."

We said 'twas from the people we
Were sent to her to make our plea,
For home and civil liberty.
And then I led her, in my dream,
Close by the brink of misery's stream.
She said 'twas "personal liberty."

She stood, both feet in sinking sand,
A bag of revenue in hand,
"Ninety per cent to us," said she,
"Is paid for making misery;
The people must not ask of me
To aid their civil liberty."

We prayed her in the name of God,
To cleanse her hands from human blood,
And aid our civil liberty.
She said she'd set Denkeeper on,
Shared ninety parts in all he'd done
For his own personal liberty.

We told her that to us 'twas clear
The people's rights were just as dear
As old Denkeeper's rights could be;
She said (still standing in the sand),
She'd like to have us understand
She stood for personal liberty.

We then went o'er and made a call
On Mr. Congress, in his hall,
I and my million bowed the knee;
Said, "Mr. Congress, if you please,
We're by the people sent to thee
To make for them our humble plea.

"Some evil one," continued we,
"Who has a large menagerie,
Has turned it loose on us to prey;
The beasts thus roaming o'er the plain
Have thousands of the people slain.
Great sir, will you not stop them, pray?"

Said Congress: "You have come too soon;
The sign's not right now in the moon.
'Tis no use trying now," said he.
We showed to him those streams of woe
Denkeeper's beasts did cause to flow;
He said, "That's personal liberty."

My million and myself did fall
More lowly at his feet and crawl
In all humility. "Sir," said we,
"Millions of households now are grieved,
And pray to thee to be relieved
From evil beasts, you see.

"Hundreds of factories stand still,
Because Denkeeper runs his mill,
And idle men bring home no bread,
And beasts of hunger on them tread."
"Tis over production," then he said,
"Which makes the children cry for bread.

"The land so well you must not till,
Nor plant so many grains in hill;
Now, that's a solid fact," said he.
"Tis not the beasts, nor yet the mill,
Which does so many people kill;
Tis overproduction, plain to see.

"Tis not the dens of death," he said,
"Nor beasts, nor fatal Upas shade,
For these are personal liberty.
Now get you to your tasks," said he,
"For you are idle tramps, I see,
At war with personal liberty."

We, being from his presence spurned,
In disappointment from him turned,
For we were now in sore dismay;
Seeing the frown upon his face,
We felt we were in evil case.

I dreamed that it was almost day.

Then dreamed that we a banner found,
Saw many soldiers mustering 'round,
And each one had his armor on.
I saw them march with even pace,
And setting like a flint their face,
And said, "Whom make ye war upon?"

They pointed to Denkeeper's mill,
To dens of death and beasts that kill.
Then heard I plainly in my dream
The captains of this army shout;
Saw License Party put to rout,
And heard Denkeeper's woman scream.

Saw many axmen gather 'round,
To fell the Upas to the ground,
Then saw their royal banner wave;
'Gainst wrong this army took its stand;
Of dens they vowed to rid the land,
And dig old License Party's grave.

Then came Free Rum, that man of sin,
With armies vast to hem them in.
Rummaker, hearing of the fight,
Came forth with all his force of men,
And Licensed Party, leading them,
To fight and war against the right.

Then next in order Brewery came,
With all his hosts, a million men;
Convention skirmished front and rear.
Vox Populi had also come,
And Mr. Caucus played the drum;
Then Legislate himself drew near.

He threw around Denkeeper's cause
The strong protection of the laws;
For him took firm position.
Now Bloody Fingers took the sword,
Boosers and sots a numerous horde,
Against our youngster, Prohibition.

Among those numerous fighting hosts
Still-slops and Brewery numbered most;
Yet Drunk would not be left in lurch;
His regiment the topers joined,
With Moderation close behind;
While jailbirds on their banner perch.

Then Lewd played harlot in the camp,
While Tipple, Loafer, Dude and Tramp,
 Guzzle and Stagger joined the war;
All these 'gainst Prohibition stood,
And fought the cause they owned was good;
 They stopped their ears, threw dust in air.

All these did form an evil crew,
Time-server, Truckle, Intrigue, too;
 Yet one was worse than all the rest,
The one who most discouraged us,
'Twas Judas, half of Clericus;
 He lugged with him his "Tetzel's chest."

He ran with those who peddle sin,
His vote made money jingle in,
 He fought and warred the price to raise.
To Brewery's host he gave his hand,
'Cause they were numerous in the land;
 I dreamed this half which fell from grace

To Prohibition came by night
And kissed him—said his cause was right;
 Then him and his cause betrayed,—
For Prohibition made his boast
But joined old Sot's and Boozer's host,
 And with him common cause he made.

To worry Prohibition's band
Half of Clergy took his stand
 For dens and beasts and Upas tree;
Then he with hosts of hell combined
(Because of numbers with them joined),
 Who burned St. John in effigy.

I dreamed I heard their fife and drum,
Saw Please-men for their Chaplain come;
 Saw all these hosts together stand.
And, as they marched, saw in their path
Destruction, sorrow, darkness, death,
 Mourning and wailings filled the land.

Then, for fear they'd make a blunder,
Chose for leaders sons of Thunder.
 They fought for dens of death, you see.
And stamped (the allegory runs),
*Potter and Crosby on their guns,
 Thundered for Bruin's liberty.

*This does not refer to the author, but to Bishop Potter.

I heard their booming cannon roar.
Their bombs did fill the land with gore;
They vaunt their numbers; shake their purse.
Still onward marched this motley host,
Their license and restrictions boast,
And Prohibition's Party curse.

I saw these armies join the fight,
Those numerous hosts 'gainst God and right,
And all combined for error stand.
They wage a war 'gainst sober men,
In favor of the beasts and den,
And plant the Upas in the land.

But all undaunted, still they stand,
Our hero and his noble band,
'Gainst Denkeeper and his evil reign.
They vow to chop the Upas down,
To slay and take Denkeeper's crown,
And stop his mill of grief and pain.

To God I saw them bow their knees,
That he would help them fell those trees.
I dreamed I kneeled with them and prayed
That God would help them stop this den,
Turn back these hosts of guilty men,
And now I'll tell you what they said.

"Oh, God, the Lord who art our boast,
Stretch out thy hand against this host,
Deliver us from Egypt's king.
Be with us in the fearful fight
Against the wrong and for the right,
To Prohibition's Canaan bring."

'Twas thus I dreamed I heard them pray,
They prayed and fought both night and day
To drive away this curse and blight.
I saw that God their cause did bless,
Saw Prohibition have success,
Then I awoke and it was light.

I said, of course, 'tis but a dream,
But still so real to me did seem,
I said, the vision I will write.
My revery had brought such pain,
I feared lest I might dream again,
Some awful cold and stormy night.

Reader, which army do you train with? Is it with Booser's and Sot's division? Remember, there is no neutral ground; no neutrals in this war.

SATIRICAL AFTERMATH TO DENS OF DEATH

And so, one night, when storms were wild,
I saw the beasts devour a child;

 Saw many beasts on every side.
It filled my heart with so much pain
I said, "I will go 'round again."
 And so, I dreamt, I ran and cried.

Although I'd trod those streets before,
And knocked at every single door,
 I dreamt I hoped they'd changed their minds.
And so I dreamt I ran in haste,
Though many jeers and frowns I faced;
 Still, on I ran 'gainst adverse winds.

Then Dreamt I met a numerous crowd;
Each head was high, all looks were proud.
 But, still, I dreamt I urged my way
The same this time as at the first;
Still prayed for those who at me curst;
 I ran and prayed till break of day.

Some chat about my dream, and then
I'll lay aside my ink and pen.
 Well ere I into dreamland came,
Though it may seem quite strange and odd,
I traveled through the land of Nod;
 To get there, you must do the same.

Once in that drowsy land did seem,
I'd nothing but of dens to dream;
 With innate hate against them borne.
I'd seen so many people slain;
Such havoc through Denkeeper's reign,
 I dreamed from sundown till the morn.

I've told you of the folks I met,
And what they said, but not all yet;
 As I proceed I'll tell you more.
Each answered my complaint with scorn,
More heartless set were never born,
 I dreamed I'd met them all before.

It was to get a chance to hit
Those fellows with sarcastic wit
 Which made me first lie down to dream.
You see, I had with others joined
My pray'rs with millions more combined;
 But all in vain, as it did seem.

In allegoric dream, I've hit
The den and those who license it.
So fiendish license laws do seem,
There's naught beneath the vaulted sky
Those license laws to justify.
I've satirized them in my dream.

Some people at my satire pause,
And wonder if I have a cause
For using satire in my dream.
The laws which license Bruin's den,
Stand guard for him to ruin men,
Are cause enough for me, 'twould seem.

There's floods of tears beneath the sun,
That's shed o'er what those dens have done,
And yet the men who make the laws
Dare not oppose, nor lift a hand
Against this curse which blights our land.
Such turpitude is ample cause.

Friends, if I'd told you all my dream,
Or even half I've heard and seen,
You would not think me so severe.
My satire you would never blame
If you should chance to see the same;
See friends devoured you hold so dear.

'Tis not a hap', 'tis known quite well,
This snare, this trap, this gin of hell—
'Twas meant to capture thoughtless men.
While License laws saloons support,
Their cause protects, we will retort
With satire 'gainst the licensed den.

We satirize the laws as well
As him who buys and those who sell,
With those who make the license laws.
This den's a curse, leads to the gutter,
Makes light the purse, takes bread and butter
From children's mouths, helps Satan's cause.

I fail to see in licens'd den
One quality to recommend.
Why vote for license, low or high?
'Tis villainous—you can't deny—
'Tis ruinous both to low and high,
Brings millions in disgrace to die.

Why fraternize with party, then,
Or patronize this horrid den,
By voting with the license men?
All you, who love your fellow race,
Come show it by your works and ways.
Come vote to close this slaughter pen!

But now the people ask of me,
Why dream with such a brilliancy,
That all may see the truth so bright?
Ask, why not let the rich and strong,
Without rebuke serve people wrong;
Why in their faces thrust my light?

Why dream to make their actions speak
The things which they had not the cheek
With their own tongue and voice to tell?
From house-top make them loud proclaim
What guilty lips had hid with shame—
Truth Satan blushed to hear in hell?

This dream, they say, drags forth to light
From secret closets dark as night,
The men whose hands are stained with
blood;
Men in high places bribed to wrong,
Who ope their ears to Siren-song.
But close their eyes to light of God.

I have commission, all divine,
To let my light in darkness shine,
The evils of those dens to show;
To hold it high, that all may see,
That naught upon an evil tree
But evil fruit can ever grow.

Some ask me why in verse I dream;
Say too poetical I seem.
Do you wish my reasons, dearest friend?
It seemed that verse would aid my cause
In dreaming 'gainst those license laws;
To interest readers, too, would tend.

In dreamland, friends, I never heard
The voice of single prosy bird.
All seemed to rhyme like hawks and crows.
Officials, too, did beat the time
Compelling me to dream in rhyme,
Thus ruling from my dream all prose.

Now, some have raised a false report,
And say I dreamed this all for sport.
The allegation I deny,
For, friends, I had but little fun,
As I the streets for help did run.
In vain I sought it, low and high.

It was my fellows' plaintive cries;
To raise him up, I closed my eyes
And went through all this frightful dream,
While Priest and Levite passed him by,
And he in vain for help did cry;
Naked and wounded, too, doth seem.

Among those thieves I saw him lie,
With wounds and woes, ready to die.
If I should let him cry in vain,
Nor heal, nor clothe, nor shelter him,
Nor even for the fellow dream,
I feared his blood my hands would stain.

'Tis License Laws which him enslave:
'Twas from those laws I wished to save.
Those laws, repealed, would set him free.
Denkeeper hides behind those laws,
And State doth plead the Demon's cause,
Since he's obtained the license fee.

I laughed a bit, though, when I came
To Party Press and saw his game.
He seemed to feel such great alarm,
A kicking mule, which long was dead,
He feared would come to life, he said.
That if it should, 'twould do much harm.

A score of years or more, 'tis said,
An *issue* of this mule he made.
In mimic fray he fights it still,
No other issue will he know;
Against no other beast will go,
Though Bruin hosts of folks doth kill.

Miss License Party, too, did flirt
And shake about the bloody shirt;
She kept it on the breeze for years.
In shaking it she had great skill;
She seemed to do this with a will.
At first the people shed some tears.

But after it was done and told
A thousand times, grew stale and old.
Folks will not scare now worth a cent;
No meaning by this trick they see;
No danger from this shirt can be;
She's talked so much she never meant.

Now, when old Clergy split in two,
I could not tell what I should do,
I feared 'twould prove to be his end,
But when one-half did stand upright,
Like hero 'gainst the dens did fight,
I set him down as my best friend.

I love him much; him brother call,
As David loved the son of Saul.
Between us two there is a vow.
But Crosby-half lay in his blood;
He stood not up for man or God;
In filth he wallowed like a sow.

At first old Caucus promised me—
Ah, me! What squirmy fellow he!—
 He set a time which ne'er will come;
 He feared it might his party hurt.
Brewery would bolt if he should flirt;
 Good servant, too, he said was Rum.

Convention came the very next;
With him I was completely vexed;
 He'd not so much as look at me.
But when those men with bloody hands
In old Convention's presence stand,
 At home with them, he seems to be.

As Pedagogue had lost his son,
I thought, of course, he'll be the one
 To help me stop this slaughter pen.
He told how many books he'd read;
How much he'd mused upon his bed;
 Said he, "You ne'er can stop this den!"

Old Judicial then did speak
(It seems he's made of brass and cheek):
 "You can't! you can't! *you can't!*" he said.
"You can't prohibit Bruin's den.
You ne'er can stop this slaughter pen.
 You cannot kill old Bruin dead."

Then Legal to his tune did dance;
Some special reasons did advance;
 If dens were stopped, no cause of strife;
Said Smith would never pound old Jones,
Nor Jones get drunk and break Smith's bones;
 "Then, how could I support my wife?"

When Oriental crossed the street,
I hurried on, this sage to greet,
 But spent my time and strength in vain.
He said no help to cranks he'd give;
Said, let those harmless creatures live,
 Then said, "Don't bother me again!"

Old Medical seemed much afraid,
To slay those beasts would spoil his trade;
 "Few bones for me to set," said he,
"If all these dens of death were stopped,
Those beasts were slain, the Upas chopped,
 But little business then for me."

When first Vox Populi I saw,
His size inspired my soul with awe;
 I knew this giant had the power,
If he should once espouse my cause,
He could repeal all license laws,
 And stop those dens in half an hour.

Just then Political I met,
But got no help from him, you bet.
 His party had the start of me.

I showed the rightness of our cause,
And evils of all license laws—
 (Political soon skipped, you see.)

But when I met with Husbandry,
Some help at first he promised me,
 Then feared 'twould make the market low.
He said he'd come to town with rye
And wished to keep the market high;
 Said, "After while with you I'll go."

Now, when I met Municipal,
When at his feet imploring fell,
 He talked about supporting schools;
Some questions asked about the streets;
How build them, how expenses meet,
 Then called us all a set of fools.

I met a strong and active man,
(Police, I think, they called his name;
 They'd dressed him well and he was armed.)
He said 'twould quite unjoint his nose
If we those dens of death should close;
 They'd helped him much, but never harmed.

Old Mercantile did near me come,
Just as I made my plea for home;
 He heard me when I read my text,
Found fault with every word I said;
Said it would kill his party dead,
 Was at my application vext.

I met a man at length quite tall,
And strongly built, whom State they call.
 I showed to him those slaughter pens.
He said the business was unfair,
Enough to make a preacher swear;
 Said he must raise the price on dens.

Now, when I came to Legislate,
He bade me stand outside his gate,
 Then turned him to some bloody men:
"As for these cranks," he, whispering, said,
He wished the whole caboodle dead.
 "Let Bruin roam," he said to them.

"While Bruin thins the people's ranks,
Keep busy raking in the stamps!
 But part of your unrighteous gain
Belongs to me, without a doubt,
For letting you turn Bruin out.
 I've crowned you king and let you reign."

"These Christians," he said, "are bothering me
That I from dens might set them free;
I'll tell you what, and it is nice,
Just let your beasts go on and kill,
Your murdering business keep up still,
But pay to me a higher price."

I took a million names and went
With them to see our Government.
(Petitions made to her), and found
That she and nation were combined,
Confederates were, and firmly joined
To fight our cause the world around.

Now, when I saw old Uncle Sam,
I felt some joy, and quickly ran
And on his knee I climbed at once.
I 'spose he'd laugh and tell me "Thanks,"
But 'stead of that he put on spans,
Called me a crank and little dunce.

But when I came to Congress Hall,
With million names on him to call,
He ran and got his almanac;
"Too soon," said he, "you've made your call,
The moon, I see, is much too small,"
Then frowned on me and set me back.

Said, "Wait till Devilfish arrives
From big Salt Lake, with eighteen wives!"
Said, "I must wait for the result."
This fish I knew not at the time,
Had only heard he dripped with slime.
"Of course," said Congress, "no insult."

You cannot think how I did feel
With Devilfish, that lampereel,
And with his eighteen flirts to stand.
But, friends, I was compelled to wait
With them outside old Congress' gate.
But 'twas disgrace to Christian land.

Now, when to Nation's house I came,
I found him playing at his game.
He played for tax and revenue;
He tossed his cards with wondrous skill,
Hoping his coffers thus to fill,
Worse than the heathen nations do.

He says these things he'll never mince,
Since Montezuma's heathen prince
Each year slew twenty thousand men,
His idol's anger to appease.
Said he'd do bigger things than these
For Bacchus, through this slaughter pen.

How say you, then, I dream for sport?
Or say the praise of men I court?
If twenty miles of street you'd run
And sought for help, but all in vain;
Nor help, nor favor either, gain,
D'y'pose you'd call it sport or fun?

If you 'mong dens of death should roam;
See beasts devour your brother's home;
See the official set them on;
See all the rulers of the land
For dens and Upas take their stand;
Besot the folks as I've seen done;

If people, knowing how you stood,
Should say your principles were good,
Then turn and vote against them square;
If every single soul you meet
'Gainst helping you were firmly set,
D'y'pose you'd think they'd served you fair?

Suppose you knew that people could
Destroy all dens, if they but would.
If floods of alligators tears
Those people every day should shed,
And pray and wish those beasts were dead,
Then vote to let them run for years;

If you should see your rulers stand
For Devils' dens throughout the land;
Should see them your own brother sell;
If beasts, which they'd turned out to scam,
Should enter and despoil your home,
If licens'd beasts your sons should kill;

Suppose your heart did ache and bleed,
In vain with statesmen, too, you plead;
If, with petitions you should come,
And pray to them, as honored men,
To please close up this slaughter pen,
And they'd refuse, would that be fun?

But, friend, though twice you've trod the
ground,
For help have twice come pleading 'round;
If ruling parties are combined
To burn our cause in effigy,
If Party Press set down on thee,
If Clergy's to his idols joined,

If they, for filthy lucre's sake,
A share in all this business take,
If with old parties they're combined,
With wicked men joined hand in hand,
To license dens throughout the land,
Be not discouraged in your mind.

Remember, friends, our cause is good,
And mighty is the hand of God.
He hears the humble prisoner's groans;
His hand is raised 'gainst license laws;
He'll favor Prohibition's cause;
From dens he'll help us save our homes.

What though to help us friends are few?
If we to duty shall prove true,
We having such a mighty Friend?
What though the conflict should be long,
Though foes be many, too, and strong?
Our cause shall triumph in the end.



“TWO YALLER DOGS.”

I dreamt two dogs, in olden times,
Which did one master foller,
Fought and quarreled 'bout tints and hues,
Yet both were of one color—
Both of these dogs were yaller.

'Twas when the names of dogs were scarce,
And all had been used up.
So when these yaller dogs were born,
No name for either pup—
But both alike were yaller.

Dreamt when they came to christen them,
They knew not what to do;
Their color was reproach to them,
Not red, nor white, nor blue—
But both of them were yaller.

Nobody could distinguish them,
One looked just like the other;
They could not tell themselves apart,
Nor which of them was t'other—
For both were just as yaller.

No spot of white had either dog,
(All over, both were yaller),
Both dogs were large and strong and fat,
Both lived on mutton taller—
Still, both of them were yaller.

A bear passed through the neighborhood,
And gobbled up a child;
One yaller dog lay still and slept,
T'other was frantic, wild—
Still, both of them were yaller.

The noisy dog at him did rave,
And barked both night and day;
But never tried the child to save,
Or drive the beast away—
Still, both alike were yaller.

The sleepy dog seemed not to care
About the kidnaped child;
Paid no attention to the bear,
Nor to his doings wild—
Still, both of them were yaller.

I've told you they were nameless dogs,
But 'twant so with their owner;
His name was Brewery, Still Slop, Groggs,
A vile man of dishonor,
Who owned those dogs so yaller.

When Still Slop went abroad for prey,
For Still Slop was a gunner,
He always starved the hindmost dog,
But fed the fastest runner
Of those two dogs so yaller.

He never cared which dog it was,
Which got most mutton taller;
Whichever one could get ahead,
With him was the best feller—
Tho' he was just as yaller.

Another dog came trotting past,
Tho' nothing but a pup;
He saw the child in Bruin's mouth
And gobbled Bruin up;
But he was white; not yaller.

The times have changed somewhat, you see,
And changed is the condition;
For a very handsome name has he,
We call him Prohibition—
The purest white; not yaller.

This dog is growing fast, indeed,
Is strong and handsome, too;
And when he gets his growth, take heed,
There is something he will do;
For he has no spot of yaller.

This dog will clear of dens the land,
Will put them out of sight;
For principle this dog doth stand,
For he is purest white—
No single hair of yaller.

Which of these dogs, now, would you choose;
Your child in same condition?
Would yaller dog serve you the best,
Or white dog, Prohibition?
Choose 'twixt the white and yaller.

Your child is never safe, dear friends,
With those two dogs so yaller;
For beasts will drag it to their dens,
And slay the little feller,—
Not safe with dogs so yaller.

Ne'er trust your child with yaller dogs,—
'Tis a dangerous position,
For dens and beasts are all around
To drag it to perdition.
Don't trust a dog that's yaller!

These dogs rum parties represent,
Whom many people foller
'Tis why so many a child is lost.
Each sells your child for dollar.
Yes, each rum party's yaller.

Come listen now awhile to me;
I'll tell you what to do,—
You choose the white dog of the three,
Since he is good and true,
Without one spot of yaller.

I know your child is dear to you,
You'd save the little feller,
Then trust no party pledged to rum
Or to the mighty dollar,—
Such parties are all yallar.

I beg of you, my friends, tonight
Help rescue your own child
By doing what you know is right,
Slay the dramshop beast so wild.
Support no cause that's yaller!

This poem was written when my grandson,
Howard Tyson, was a small lad. He committed
it to memory and recited it at a prohibition
meeting.



SHAMMA SHIRK.

OLD SATIRE'S DREAM.

Old Satire once arose and told
His dream about the times of old
When woodmen in the clearing chopped,
When this our Yankee land was new,
When stroke by stroke the boughs they lopt
And boys and maids piled brush heaps, too,
When dusky chieftains owned the ground
And wolves and panthers prowled around,

When deer in great abundance were,
And elk and buffalo and bear.
Dreamed oft did sound the huntsman's horn,
While through the forest, steed and hound
Sped forth in chase at early dawn
To scent their game and hunt it down.
I dreamt that in those early times,
Of which I now am making rhymes,

There came a man named Shamma Shirk,
While men and boys were hard at work
Chopping and clearing in the wood;
He joined them in their labor hard.
This Shamma's morals were quite good
And he grew rich as a reward.
He made a home and took a wife
And settled down, I dreamt, for life.

As years went by Sham still increased;
The labor of his hands was blessed;
His sleep was sweet, and few his cares,
To all his duties Sham was true,
And every day he said his prayers.
So Shamma Shirk had equals few.
To cap the climax of his joys
His Betsy gave him many boys.

Sham loved the oldest son the best;
Still doted much on all the rest.
He grew so rich, so wise and good,
So independent he became,
They made him rule the neighborhood;
Wisely and gently he did reign.
Sham traveled much and got a name;
His subjects favor thus did gain.

A rebel tyrant, full of wrath,
On kicking mule did cross his path,
And tho he furnished them no straw
He made Sham's subjects work for naught;
Full tale of brick was tyrant's law.
Sham's subjects thus were sold and
bought;
On many put he galling chains;
No fault of theirs why tyrant reigns.

He had no sense at all of right,
But picked the colored from the white;
The color of their skin decides;
This tyrant swore he served them right;
This pulls the cart while that one rides;
Nor does this Gallio care a mite.
Sham tried to reason and to talk
But could not with this tyrant walk.

I dreamt Shirk's daughter wrote a book,
And all his subjects in it look.
For tyrants then they drew a line
(For so Sham's subjects thought it best);
To this the tyrant did decline.
His angry spirit knew no rest.
I dreamt this tyrant, wrong or right,
With Shama Shirk then came to fight.

Shirk called a woodman to the chair
And made him lift his hand and swear
That all the settlers he'd defend.
So giant Abe came from the wood;
He made quick work, you may depend,
With maul and ax, both tried and good,
He chopped in two the settler's chain
And stopped the rebel tyrant's reign.

Abe slew the rebel's kicking beast
And made his master's dogs a feast.
Great feats of war the giant wrought;
He slew the tyrant with his maul,
Conquered the hosts with whom he fought,
Then rested Abe;—but that's not all,—
To smoke the pipe-of-peace sat down
With war-ax buried in the ground.

I dreamt it came to pass one day
(At least it seemed to me it did),
While boys and girls were out to play,
While some were seeking, others hid,
A bear came into Shamma's cot.
He grinned and growled and stood about,
If he might find some food or not,
But Betsy tried to drive him out.

Her husband being out at work,
As bruin scared not worth a cent,
She ran and called to Shamma Shirk.
So, quickly to the house he went.
At once old Sham grab'd up the gun
(As Betsy thought to shoot the beast),
But up the stairway Shirk did run
While on his child the bear did feast.

The mother cries, "Be quick to shoot!
He's murdering our poor child," she said.
"Shoot quick, and kill the horrid brute!
See,—in his jaws our little Ned!"
" 'Tis dangerous work to shoot," said he,
"A wounded bear's a dangerous brute."
"For God's sake! shoot the beast!" said she,
"Or hand the gun and let me shoot."

"My ammunition's scarce," said he,
"And I might miss the horrid brute."
"What ails you Sham? You must be wild!"
The frantic mother cries again.
"Why don't you save our darling child?"
The little boy then shrieked with pain,
"He's dying! Sham, shoot quick!" she cried;
And then the mangled Neddy died.

"He's not an issue," answered Sham.
The mother fell into a swoon,—
But after while rose up again.
Her sister Frances, hearing, came—
Seeing the beast she took the broom,
While Johnny came in with his hatchet.
When Betsy saw them in the room
She grabbed the ax to dispatch it.

"Don't strike the varmint!" shouted Sham,
"He's no issue," Sham kept bawling;
But the three attacked their game
And laid old Bruin a-sprawling.
"Why didn't you shoot?" they then demanded,
"He's chewed to death our little Ned!"
"You're a set of cranks," roared old Sham,
"Struck personal liberty!" he said.

"What right to say what he should eat?"
I dreamt that Sham did curse his wife
And kicked her out into the street;
For mother's instinct cursed his wife,
Because she tried to save her home.
He threatened Betsy's sister's life
For striking Bruin with the broom.
To wreak his vengeance he was rife.

He called his own son, John, a crank
And burnt him, too in effigy;
Degraded to the lowest rank,
Because he struck the beast, you see.
I dreamt he drove them all away
To wander wheresoe'er they might,
Nor longer would he let them stay
Although it was so near to night.

So they wandered forth mid darkness,
Being driven from their home,
They were without a shelter
They knew not where to roam.

Fatigued and sore with travel,
They slept beside a wall,
But, ere they closed their eyelids,
For care Divine did call.

Tho sad was their condition,
Mid sorrow all forlorn,
A child called Prohibition
Was unto Betsy born.

How proud was Frances Save-boy!
How joyful too, his mother!
How happy little Johnny!
To see his baby brother.

"This child shall bring deliverance
From the Upas and the bear;
For he's a proper baby,—
So goodly and so fair.

Our day star hath arisen—
There's brightness in the East!
He'll be to us a Moses,
He'll save us from the beast.

To us he'll bring deliverance
From worse than Egypt's king;
From dens and from the Upas
Deliverance he will bring."

Thus sang this little party,
When first he saw the light;
"He'll be a man of conquest
A man of wondrous might."

Said Sham, "I must see my relations,
Must seek and obtain their advice,
For they are renowned thru the nation
As men that are learned and wise."

Said he, "I have friends by the dozens
Who are scattered about in the East;
I will tell to my uncles and cousins,
What Betsy has done to my beast.

"But first, I will visit my brother
And tell what I've done to my wife,
And also to Frances and Johnny
For taking beast Revenue's life.
Dreamt that was what he called Bruin,
The beast which mangled his Ned,
Which in millions of homes has wrought ruin;
" 'Tis a smoother name," Shamma had said.

"My oldest brother's quite a scholar,
He's living down in Bull John holler.
Next time I take a trip down East
I'll go and see my Brother John,
And ask him what about the beast,—
If he would slay or let him run.
His brother John said, "Look at me!
I always let those brutes run free.
You take the advice I give to you"
I dreamt Sham said, "I think I do."

"I'll see my uncles next," said Sham,
Calling five or six by name,
"To my Uncle Lucre I'll go now,
Because he lives the nearest by.
I'll ask if he to beasts would bow,
Or if he'd cause those beasts to die,

"I have the power in my own hand
To stop those dens or let them stand.
I could control them at my will;
Could close each den throughout the land;
But that would not my coffers fill;—
So I'm inclined to let them stand."

That's what his Uncle Lucre said,
"I would not kill the varmints dead.
I'd tax them high and let them run,
Although they've box't my boys about.
Go home and do as I have done!
Go tax those beasts and turn them out.
You take the advice I give to you!"
I dreamt Sham said, "You bet I do."

To his Uncle Policy, Sham went next,
For he, like Sham, with dens was vext,
To hear what council he would give;
To slay those beasts, or let them live.
He said, "If office you would gain
'Tis to your interest, I maintain,

"To bow at Bruin's feet and fall;
In filth of dens 'tis best to crawl;
There's policy in war," said he,
 "But do not fight against the beast!
At war with cranks you'd better be.
 That's my advice to you at least.
Will you take the counsel I give you?"
I dreamt Sham said, "That's what I do."

To Intrigue next, I dreamt he came,
For that was Sham's third uncle's name;
The cutest one, but not the least.
 "How do you think this way will work?
Pretend you'd like to slay the beast,
 And then pretend to folks you can't."
 "That's boss," Intrigue replied to Shirk,
 'Twas just the counsel Sham did want.
Intrigue said, "That's what I would do."
I dreamt Sham said, "I'll do that, too."

To his Uncle Saloon then Sham did go;
Said, "Is this the best to do or not?"
 (This uncle owned a corner lot.)
"Place on the dens a revenue;
I'll give to you my reasons why;—
 He doesn't wish to die just yet.
 Say, why not raise the license high?"
 Saloon replied, "I would, you bet,
I'd spare his life if I were you."
I dreamt Sham said, "'Tis what I'll do."

"I have an uncle called Connive;
I hear that he is still alive;
I'll ask him if it is not wise,
 When cranks complain about the beasts,
 To turn away and shut your eyes,
 While Bruin on your children feasts."
"Yes," said Connive, "'Tis right for you."
(I dreamt Sham said, "That's what I'll do.")

He said, "You're just a whistling shirk,—
That's just the way for you to work.
Go feign that he's no issue then;
 Feign that the tariff should come first;
 Draw from the beast the minds of men;
 Let all the cranks by you be cursed;—
"I would," said he, "if I was you."
I dreamt that Sham replied, "I do."

"My Uncle Brewery I'll consult,
For he is honest to a fault."
Said Sham, "He is so very straight,
None other that with him will mate,
He's like unto the Indian's tree,
So straight, he leans the other way,—

A generous and a jolly soul."

Said Sham, "I'd almost bet my life
This man, who has such large control,
Will not advise to heed my wife."

Said Brewery, "That's no way for you!"
Then Sham replied, "I know it, too."

"To Uncle Still-slops I'll go next,
With the temperance cranks he's always vexed.
He seems to be a sort of king."

Dreamt I heard what Still-slops said.
In politics I'd never bring

The beast, for that would kill him dead.
Do just as I've commanded you!"
"Uncle," I dreamt Sham said, "I do!"

I'll go to Uncle Guzzle now,
Humbly at his feet I'll bow.

"We're both together in one boat,"
Said Guzzle, "Don't you touch the beast!
For if you do you'll lose my vote.

Consider now if that's the best.
Do you hear what I've said to you?"
Dreamt Sham replied, "I think I do."

I dreamt Sham went to Lobby then
And asked him what about the den.

"Keep him from politics," he said,
"And find some other thing to fight;
For politics would kill him dead.

You know that wouldn't serve him right.
I'd dig for gold, if I was you."
I dreamt Sham said, "That's what I'll do."

Sham then went South to see some friends
And ask them what about those dens,

And what they thought about the cranks;
Tell how he'd kicked his Betsy out
For joining with the raiders ranks.

Those friends told Sham to look about
And pick some certain patches out,
Some very favored spots of land
On which old Bruin might not stand.
"To screen those beasts their lives to spare,
You'd better change the thing about
And let them loose again next year."
Do you hear what we are telling you?"
Sham said, "You better believe I do."

Said Sham, "I'll go to Priest O'Shay
I'll start right now, this very day,
And hear what counsel he will give."
"Go pray to God that beasts may die,

Then cast your votes to let them live.

Make your ballot give your prayer the lie.
That's the way," this Holy Father said, "for
you."

I dreamt Sham said, "That's what I'll do!"

Sham went to old Municipal
And asked that sage if he could tell
What he should do with Bruin's den.
"A tax so high I'd make him give,
'Twill draw into the snare all men,
And then they'll let the critter live.
'Twill mend the streets, pay taxes too."
Dreamt Sham replied, "That's what I'll do."

"Ne'er heed the voice of cranks or fools!
But tax the beast to run the schools.
'Twill fatten up our legal men,
Our sheriff, and our jury, too.
Keep open wide this slaughter pen
'Twill please me well if this you'll do.
Mind that's the better way for you."
I dreamt Sham said, "That's what I'll do."

Dreamt Shamma Shirk came home again
And looked and stared about.
No Betsy in the house to reign
For he had kicked her out.
But Shamma wished her home again
To fix some grub and tea.
Miss License party then takes Sham,
(And a lusty maid was she);
As she was fond of beasts and dens,
Sham said, "She's just the one for me."

When Betsy knew what Sham had done
She could refrain no more.
She came to see her former home;
Stood weeping at the door.

While Betsy's eyes in tears were swimming
Said Sham, "It don't belong to women
To kill a beast,—'tis out of fashion,
Tho women for it have a passion."

He said it was a silly notion,—
Said women never ought to shoot.
At all such twaddle Shirk did hoot.
Said, "In the home 'twould make commo-
tion."

Said, "Those sisters, wives and mothers,
Think they're just as good as men,
The equals of their sons and brothers.
Would like to help them stop the den,—

"Bets' thinks of nothing else," he said,
"She'd give her life for home and Ned."
"Mind Betsy, what I say is true!
I do more 'gainst the beasts than you.

Behold my works to save poor souls!
Many a ribbon white and blue
 I tie in people's buttonholes,
And many more such things I do."

But Betsy to old Shamma said,
"Who cares a snap for all you've did?
 You never slew one single beast,
 But let one kill our little Ned.
 You might have saved his life, at least.
 Oh dear, it pains my heart," she said,
"Some trivial things you may have done,
But never tried to save our home;
And that's too bad for us," she said,
"I always think of our poor Ned.

Should ribbons save some men and boys
In this I truly will rejoice,
 Yet open stands old Bruin's den
 Devouring still the sons and brothers
 Of our ribboned boys and men.
 You may be saved, but there are others,
And every day and every hour
Those dens some mothers' sons devour.

Betwixt the two said shirky Sham,
Our Ned was much the most to blame;
 He was one of the thoughtless souls
 Which to our lectures pay no heed,
 Tied no ribbons in the buttonholes—
 That's why old Bruin killed our Ned.

"Your talk," said Betsy, "is quite cheap,
But when Smith's dog did kill our sheep
You never blamed the sheep at all,
 Nor gave a license to Smith's hound,
But all the blame lay on the dog;
 Took up your gun and shot him down.

"I hate your ways in this," she said,
"You pet the beast, and blame our Ned.
 This thing of you I'll never like.
 You slay a dog to save a sheep,
But still refused to shot or strike
 This beast, when all of us did weep.
I always think of our poor Ned,—
 You might have saved his life!" she said.

I dreamt that Frances Save-boy came
To see on what condition
Her sister might remain with Sham
And bring in Prohibition.
But Shamma bade Miss Frances stop;
And bother him no more,
While License party took the mop
And drove them from the door.

Dreamt Betsy and Miss Save-boy
And little Johnny, full of joy
At the birth of Prohibition
Gathered up a little band,
And taking firm position,
Went marching through the land.

I dreamt their banner they unfurled,
As soon as they had taken their stand,
To be seen and read by all the world,
"For God and home and native land!"
And as they marched beneath its folds
The minstrels sang for them this song,
Encouraging their jaded souls.
And so I dreamt they trudged along.

SONG OF THE MINSTRELS.

Prohibition's a healthy lad,
A well proportioned boy.
And he will make the mothers glad;
Their hearts he'll fill with joy.

He'll drive away the stormy cloud
From our political skies,
And sweep away the refuge of
Miss License party's lies.

He will attack and overcome
Two giants base, of yore,
Free Rum and Licensed Rum,
Who live on greed and gore.

Miss License Party too must go,
Although she's fearful strong.
She lives on other people's woe;
Her neighbor she doth wrong;

For money she doth sell the right,
Which never was her own.
But Prohibition, in his might,
Shall hurl the tyrant down,

Nor can the beast defy the law;
Against this hero stand.
He'll slay and hang against the wall;
His hide stuff full of sand.

You Can't Prohibit, too, he'll take
And serve him just the same,
Or else his fault he must forsake,
Or else must change his name.

Denkeeper too, this child will slay
And stop quite up his den.
The Upas on the ground he'll lay
And from its curse save men.

That people, now unborn, who rise,
May, as they trudge along,
Live more secure 'neath brighter skies.
Freed from this curse and wrong.

He'll teach Elder Please Men
To cleanse his hands from blood
And show him that a preacher
Should be a man of God;

Should set a good example
To those beneath his care;
And bid him use his franchise
In harmony with prayer."

Then said little Johnny
"My duty is quite plain—
The way is clear before me,
I must the right maintain.

I must protect my mother
From all invading foes.
Tho mighty hosts oppose us,
The battle we shall win.
They once opposed the Saviour,
When he was fighting sin.

At the root of this great Upas
The axe he once did lay,
And we'll hew it at his bidding,—
Whatever people say."

Then said Dame Betsy and Frances,
"He hath raised us up a banner
And a standard-bearer, too.
We're a home protection party
And we must dare and do.

As time rolls on, our numbers
Shall increase from day to day.
Tho the Upas now encumbers,
Our God will clear our way.

He'll avenge the blood of Neddy
By every willing hand;
And there's thousands getting ready
To join our growing band.

Come on, ye noble heroes!
There's dens of death to stop.
Come raise ye up the fallen!
Come dig this Upas up!

The times are fast a-changing,
And men begin to see
That beasts abroad are ranging
To bring but misery.

Tho the dens of death are licensed
By the money-loving crew,
Who sit now in high places,
Their sins will bring them low.

God's hand is stretched out for us;
The hand of his great might.
What evil can befall us
While battling for the right?

We've fathers, sons and brothers
Beneath the Upas shade;
Once men but now are demons,
And wretched homes have made.

The reign of Prohibition
They soon with us shall share,
If we fulfill our mission,—
If we but do and dare.

SPIES ARE SENT IN SEARCH.

I dreamt a rumor came just then,
That somewhere near there was a den
Of beasts, from which old Bruin came.
Three men were sent to search it out
Who ranged the country round about
To see if they could find some game.

They struck a trail as they did travel,
'Twas Moderation, Brisk and Marvel,
Who searched for beasts, and told this tale.
They said, while passing through a wood
Where land and timber both were good,
They deemed they heard some person wail.
And found, behind a log did lurk,
Nearby the trail, old Shamma Shirk
(It seem'd that he had found the den).
His eyes were blear'd, his nose was red
(Old Bruin's paws had struck his head),
But still he recognized the men.

They raised him up,—he could not stand;
But laid it to the level land,
Which reeled, and threw him down again.
So to the trail again they took,
And followed 'till they crossed the brook
And came into a barren plain

Where lived a man called Snakes-in-boots.
And there the owls began to hoot,
And here were signs of woe and pain.
But soon they come into a quag,
And barely crossed on slippery log.
This quag lay near the barren plain.

Then, coming near a copse and glen,
They saw some skeletons of men;
Heard others groaning, too, with pain.
They each one guessed the den was near
(And guessed aright, it does appear),
The object of pursuit they gain.

They rope round Moderation tie,
And sent him 'neath the copse to spy,
But ere he reached the Upas shade,
The poisoned breeze had struck him down;
So there he wallowed on the ground,
For Bruin's paws had struck his head.

They held the rope to pull him back,—
But when they pulled, the rope was slack!
The beast had snapped their string in two.
They had their labor for their pains;
For in his den old Bruin reigns,
Takes Moderation with him, too.

Hearing the hum of Misery's mill,
They turned their eyes beneath the hill;
Saw rising from the gulch a smoke.
All sorts of beasts of prey they heard;
Saw flocks of every unclean bird.
There swarms of cormorants did croak.

Turning about they fled with fright
And sped them home for it was night.
I dreamt when they their story told,
It seemed to me such horrid sight,
It almost waked me up with fright;
I shuddered and my blood ran cold.

So, hearing of the dens of death
And murky gulch that lies beneath,
And life-destroying Upas tree;
Of beasts of prey, and Misery's mill,
And stream which runs it 'neath the hill,
And many more such sights as these;

Of her who lives beneath the hill,
Whose house is on the way to hell;
 Of Bruin, licensed now to roam;
Of him who keeps the horrid den,
And elves who lure the sons of men;
 And all of these despoiling home;

I said, "I'll go myself, and see
What all this talk and noise can be."
 For all these things gave great alarm
When I heard Mister Marvel tell
Of men, whom I had known so well,
 To whom the beasts had done such harm.

I fixed me up that very night,
And started off next morn at light;
 I dreamt I took my dog with me
And soon I crossed the forest brook;
Behind each log for Shirk did look,—
 I wondered which the log could be.

The hovel saw of Snakes-in-boots,
His hut where owls of hunger hoot;
 His tattered wife and starving brood;—
But still I traveled on in haste
And came into the sandy waste,
 As soon as I had left the wood.

So on I went, and came at last
To Moderation sticking fast,
 And sinking in the morass quag.
I tried my best to pull him out,
But failed to do it, though quite stout.
 He sunk, despite me and my dog.

Just then I felt a poisoned breeze,—
'Twas blowing from the Upas trees.
 I shook and trembled then, to think
I was so near this horrid den,
Where lay the mangled forms of men.
 I seemed to be on ruin's brink.

I dreamt the road was steep indeed,
Which to the dens of death did lead.
 I feared to travel in this road.
It seemed that I was near a place,
Of all, most destitute of grace;
 A place where dwells the cursed of God.

Just then, before me in a sink,
Close to the gulch of Misery's brink,
 I saw the Upas tree of death.
'Twas overgrown with biars green,
Which Bruin's den from light does screen.
 'Twas dark as shades of death beneath.

I heard the wolves of hunger howl;
The hootings of the midnight owl.
The hissing serpent neath did crawl.
I saw the Vulture take her prey.
There swarms of cormorants did stay,—
And vampire clutched against the wall.

But oh! this den! this horrid den!
I can't describe it with my pen,—
What muttered curses there I heard!
And curses on the place did fall,—
I saw the writing on the wall—
'Tis cage of every unclean bird.

Heard prowlings of wild beast of prey;
Heard hideous noises, night and day.
There spooks, and evil spirits dwell;
There reason's citadel is stormed,
And men are into devils formed;—
'Tis only second door from hell.

A mighty conflict here I saw,
'Twixt those who keep and break God's law.
While some upon the Upas chopped.
And tried this fatal tree to fell,
And stop these dens of death and hell,
Miss License Party kept it propped.

Near to the gulch of endless woe,
Where streams of wretchedness did flow,
For beasts and License party, stood
Some Bishops and some L.L.D.'s,
To help hold up the Upas trees;
Served License Party stead of God.

Thus, while they stood in their own light
And voted wrong, and called it right,
Opened the sluice way of perdition,
They used their best influence every day
And tried their best to drive away
From his chopping, Prohibition,

Who fought the beast with all his might.
And many with him joined the fight;
And Elder Good-man with the rest.
They took their cause in prayer to God
To help them stop this stream of blood.
"From dens and Upas give us rest"

I heard, and joined their prayer to God,
For I was in a praying mood.
I prayed, and chopped still, as I prayed.
My brother's cause my own I made.
For beasts had dragged 'neath Upas shade,
And Bruin's paws were on him laid.

I prayed and fought the live-long night,
Nor ever thought of dark or light.

My brother's cause to me was near;
I wished from Misery's gulch to save,
And rescue from the Upas grave,—
He was to me so very dear.

I saw a multitude of men
Beneath the Upas shade just then;
Some to the country jail did go;
To prisons dreamt that others went;
To poor-house many more were sent,
While some slid down the gulch below.

On gibbets high I saw some swing,
Which made Miss License Party sing;
But all who dwell in Bruin's den
Will find, I dreamt, when 'tis too late,
That they have missed the narrow gate,—
Will find that they are ruined men.

We soon should stop this horrid work
But for such men as Shamma Shirk,
Who hand to hand do join with sin;
Who use their might for dens and beasts,
While on their children Bruin feasts.
But spite of these, our cause shall win.

Dreamt Sham and License Party came
Strolling by with numerous train,*
All armed with bows and arrows.
Dreamt I said to each "Good day,"
And said to Shamma "Whither away?"
He replied, "We are hunting sparrows."

I said, "That's rather smallish game
For people of such noted fame."
Then Shamma Shirk did rave and rant.
Just then, I heard a piercing cry,
Old Shamma's child was carried by
In the clutches of a cormorant.

I showed to Shirk his little Jim;
Prayed him to help me rescue him.
Shirk answered, "Jim was all to blame,"
Said, "Sparrows kill those birdies wild,
More dear to me than Jim, my child."
So on he rode to shoot small game.

*Thousands march under Miss License Party's banner whose children are carried to ruin by the licensed liquor traffic.

I saw them march 'till out of sight,
Chasing sparrows in their flight.
They rode along o'er field and plain;
(Sham heeded not the cries of Jim,
It seemed to make no odds to him);
Rode on through fields of standing grain.

Dreamt then I joined a little crew
And tried with them what we could do
To catch and slay the cormorant,
It seemed to me so fierce and wild,
Devouring thus my neighbor's child.
Without Sham's help, it seems, we can't.

Sham rides a-past with lofty air
(Tho sometimes he does offer prayer
That all the cormorants might die).
How plain to us it does appear
That Shamma Shirk is not sincere!
His actions give his prayers the lie.

I dreamt, while the dens of destruction
Were greatly increased in the land,
That this party without introduction
Came forward and took a firm stand.
And I dreamt that they made some advances
In their way on the dens and the beast
From the Pine-tree state into Kansas,—
Dreamt the war first began in the East.

Mother Stewart with Betsy and Frances,
I dreamt, in themselves formed a trio,—
Ere they routed the beasts out of Kansas,
First raided the state of Ohio.
Dreamt John, when he saw what condition
The people were in, through the land,
Shouldering the babe Prohibition,
Came forward and took the command.

While they marched to the tune Prohibition,
They rescued the wrecks of some men,
Whom they found in a wretched condition
Whom Bruin had dragged to his den.
There's a noble person, with others,
They restored unto reason again.
He and Raving Distracted were brothers,
I dreamt Snakes-in-boots was his name.

I dreamt the people they rescued,
Would never cease speaking their praise,—
For had not those beasts been subdued,
They never had mended their ways.

Dreamt that Snakes-in-boots came forward,
As soon as he heard they were come;
Joined and marched in their rear ward;
Gladly stepped to the beat of their drum.

Said but for this party of heroes
His habits he'd never have quit;
Would have died without leaving his errors,
With his feet in the hole of the pit.
Where hundreds and thousands of others
Were ruined, made wretched, or slain.
Said he and Raving Distracted were brothers,
Though he never should see him again.

"If your party had only come sooner,
He might have been rescued," he said,
But he fell 'neath the paws of old Bruin;
Has been dragged to his den and is dead.
Said his heart grew sick and pained him
When he thought of King Alcohol's reign,
And then of his dearest relations
Who in such horrible manner were slain.

They asked how he saw his condition,
And made his escape from the den,
And to take such a noble position,
To stand up with the truest of men.
He replied, "There's a real connection
Twixt the dens and the Pit that's unseen,
And 'tis fresh in my own recollection,
How near to that pit I have been!"

"Now Apollyon, who rules in both places,
Was growing quite angry, I saw,
And I heard him tell folks to their faces,
'You can never prohibit by law.'
'I'd been taking my sottish life easy,
With my feet in the hole of the pit,
Till Apollyon made Denkeeper crazy,—
And that waked me, now don't you forget!

"As soon as you hoisted your banner
And started to march down our street,
Old Denkeeper showed, by his manner,
He had fears that your army would beat.
"I remember I heard a commotion;
And smoke from the pit did ascend,
Politicians then raged, like an ocean
When its casts up its dirt and its sand.

"Somehow I discerned your position,
And discovered the distance was wide
'Twixt the dens and young Prohibition
And I saw I was on the wrong side.

"I had seen many comrades go downward
To ruin; go swift from my sight,—
But by this, I never was roused up
To open my eyes to the light.

"When both armies engaged in the conflict,
I discovered the false from the true.
When I saw I was fighting for Tophet
I turned round and came over to you.
"I had thought to myself, 'I'm a free man!'
And tried to believe it was true.
When you called me a slave to my habit
I felt rather coldly towards you.

"But when you took hold of my brothers
And turned them from sots into men,
I made up my mind, with some others,
I would turn and help stop up the den.
"It was plain, while the dens were a-standing,—
There was nothing but ruin for me.
And as plain to my own understanding,
If the dens were all stopped I was free.

" 'Twas the sight, which to me was so sick'ning,
Of so many enslaved by the den,
Which my steps has been constantly quick'-
ning."

Said Betsy to Snakes-in-boots then,
"No peace to my mind, nor enjoyment,—
I no sleep to my eyelids could get,—
My hands had refused all employment,
While my friends were in Denkeeper's net.

"Sure, I never had started out raiding
As an outcast 'mong strangers to roam,
Nor this noblest of causes been aiding
If the beast had not entered my home.

"In the sunshine of friends I'd been living
'Till those friends were dragged down to the
den,—
But now, o'er their ruin I'm grieving;
'Tis all dark and no sunshine since then.

"Who were your friends?" he then asked her,
"And what were their names?" he then said,—
"Who have clouded and darkened your pathway
Those friends, which you mourn now as
dead."

She answering said, "There were hundreds
But 'twas the nearest of kindred," she said,
"'Twas my Jim, carried off by the vultures,
But what started me first was my Ned."

She then called the names of some others,
Of Rum-sucker, Blear-eyes, Stagger and Sot
"Hold on," he said, "for these were my brothers,—

And I mourn when I think of their lot,"

"But these were not all," answered Betsy,
"There was Whiskey-mouth, Wine-bibber,
Bloat,
Bloody-fingers, Beer-guzzle and Tipsy,
And Potato-nose in the same boat."

Said he, "It is sad; but these were relations,
And with them I've played many games;
But to keep them in good honest stations,
We called them by much smoother names.

"But how did you call them?" said Betsy,
"What names did you give to those men,
Who have perished,—have gone down to ruin,
Devoured by the beast and his den?"

"Rum-sucker was Take-a-drop," said he,
"Guzzle was Health-glass, you know,
Wine-bibber Drown-Sorrow, you see,
Stagger was Sure-footed" (dreamt it so).

"We called In-the-gutter, Rest-awhile;
Bloody-fingers was Own-self-defense,
And Whisky-mouth was Sweetest-smile;
Dram-beggar was Plead-well (in pretense).

"Spend-all was Pay-well (so I dreamed)
"Bloat, we called Corp'lent," he said,
"And Foul-mouth was Glib-tongue (it seemed)
Swill-tub was Moderation, but now he is
dead."

Said Betsy, "I've known scores by that name."
Then I dreamt that I thought of the quag;
How I tried to save the poor man;
How in vain I had tugged with my dog.

"What was the name which Denkeeper had?"
At this Snakes-in-boots opened his eyes,
And said, "Tho he is the worst of the bad,
We call his name Legal Enterprise."

Then Snakes-in-boots proceeded to tell
What name Red Potato-nose they call;
Dreamt he said, "Before Sot went to hell,
That his name was the smoothest of all.

"For he was a dead beat," said he, "I fear,
But they called him name Tipsy, that's all.
We called Raving Distracted, Up-on-his-ear,
Potato-nose, Looking-healthy-and-well.

"And there's thousands and thousands of
others,
In the dens of destruction," he said,
"Let us hurry and rescue our brothers,—
If we tarry, they soon will be dead.

Dreamt this party of heroes trudged onward,
Their motto and banner unfurled;
I dreamt that they shouted their watchword,
"Deliv'rance from Dens, for the World."

Mid their hosts was young Prohibition,
And Johnny was holding his hand;
Frances Save-boy held honored position,
In the front of the battle did stand.

I dreamt they were all in plain hearing,
That Snakes-in-boots marched in the rear.
That Betsy and Johnny kept cheering
And telling their hosts not to fear.

Dreamt Sham and his Licensing party,
Went to mustering their bestial forces.
They sought to obtain new recruits
From the very basest of sources.

I dreamt that they marched at command
Of their general, the great Party press,
Beneath bloody shirt, their banner
False signal of danger and distress.

Dreamt Sham's minions took their position
Between the morass quag and the dens
Against Betsy and her boy, Prohibition,
Casting up earth-works for their defense.

Dreamt Prohibition left the quags below
And climbed to the heights of the land,
That in all his war he sought for to know
And knowing to follow the Lord's command.

So I dreamt that this army kept growing;
Kept increasing in numbers each day,
Though contrary winds still kept blowing,
From rum parties to drive them away.

But I dreamt they still kept up courage,
Well knowing their cause it was right,
That nothing could Betsy discourage,
Who to rescue relations did fight.

Dreamt I saw this party look upward,—
'Twas for help from on high so it seemed;
For wisdom, their prayers they had offered,
To stop up the dens, so I dreamed.

So safely entrenched is young Prohibition,
Twixt the school house and church on the
hill,
On Zion's great heights he takes his position;
From thence throws his bombs to kill.

As they marched up to take their position,
The youth and the children did sing,
As they marched out to join Prohibition
And they made all the welkin to ring.

And old Denkeeper heard their sweet music,
As they marched to the beat of the drum;
And he shook in his boots like an aspen;
Said it boded no good for the den.
For they sang of a time that is coming,
That good time in no distant day,
When the Upas trees all shall be withered,
And those beasts and their dens pass away.

CHILDREN'S SONG OF WELCOME TO THE ARMY OF REFORM.

We welcome this army of heroes
And we boys will soon grow into men
Then with ballots we will slay old Denkeeper,
And with them we will shut up his den.
Many more will follow our footsteps;
Ten thousand are waiting to go,—
Hurrah! for our young Prohibition!
Who is eager to charge on the foe.

Hurrah for our young Prohibition!
Who has taken this lofty position,—
Who will save both the boys and the men
From the curse of the beast and his den!

I dreamt then I saw Prohibition;
That he came right out in plain view,
Dreamt he told to the people his mission;
Told what Providence sent him to do;
Said he came to make war on the traffic
And stop these dens of death, too,
Said, "That's what I'm aiming to do."

And I laughed in my dream when I saw him,
And I said I would join with him, too.
Then I joined him and marched 'neath his banner,
Joined the war,—to fight it clean through.
He was graceful in looks and in manner
And as bold as a lion was, too,
In telling what he purposed to do.

I dreamt when he first began talking,
But a few would listen to him.
He said he was sent to persuade them
To join him against this great sin.
And he said he must try and have patience;
Asked folks to have patience with him,
Till he drives from the land this great sin.

Dreamt he went to each class of the people;
Did all sorts of folks interview;
That he stood 'neath the belfry and steeple
Had a talk with the ministers, too;
That he asked if supporting rum parties
Was the very best thing they could do.
And said, "That's poor business for you."

Said, "You are esteemed for your wisdom;
All people are a gazing on you;
A spectacle to all who're beholding.
"Be careful," said he, "what you do!
For whichever road you may travel,
Many others will go that way too,—
For they'll keep your example in view.

"People thought, when you passed resolutions,
You meant what you said,—thought you true;
They thought when you said that to license
The selling of drinks was a sin,
That you meant the destruction of dramshops,
But you've gone right on voting that in
Which you once resolved was a sin."

Said, "Children are asking their parents
How preachers can be so untrue;
How preachers can vote with the hoodlums;
After so much resolving from you."
Said, "It ought to set you to blushing
When children say such things of you,
It is so inconsistent to do."

Dreamt many ministers thanked him;
Resolved their whole duty to do;
Consistency, said, was a jewel,
And was seemly for all Christians, too.

They said that they felt it their duty
To help him to slaughter this foe,—
Yes,—resolved their whole duty to do.

Dreamt the pious, who're seeking God's kingdom;
Were combining against this great foe,
To stop the dram-seller's dominion,
Should this take a whole life-time to do.
Though contrary winds may keep blowing,
Many tears be destined to flow,
'Tis our duty we're called on to do.

Prohibition then called to the voters
To vote for the right and the true,
To use their franchise like Christians;
Said 't would dry up the rivers of woe.
It would visit the orphans and widows,
And wipe off their tears in their flow,
"That's what Jesus would have you to do."

I dreamt that he came to the women,
And said that he knew they were true.
He said, "You are sisters and mothers
Of those who are marching to woe.
Many husbands are now in the dram-shop,
While others are tempted to go;"
"I will now give you something to do."

"Go to all parts of our domain!
Take, too, your wits along with you.
Be up and a doing, my sisters,
Take the spirit of patience along, too.
Go forth to arouse the people,—
'Tis this work I am giving to you."

Then I dreamt that he spake to the children;
Spake kindly to all the dear lambs,
And he promised to send Frances Save-boy
To organize them into bands.
Dreamt he then introduced Miss Frances
And gave her the work of her hands,
Said, "There's much that upon you depends."

He went to see Mrs. White House.
Dreamt I saw him stand by her door.
That he heard her carousing with Bacchus,
With King Alcohol's friends by the score.
Dreamt Alcohol gave her great riches;
In her lap he poured a great store,—
Least ninety per cent if not more.

Of Prohibition she took no notice,
Though loudly he rapped at her door.
She romped and reveled with Bacchus
As she often had reveled before.
Dreamt I saw King Alcohol kiss her;
That Saloon then entered her door,—
Her parlor, and furthermore danced on her
floor.

Prohibition then went to see Congress,
As many had gone there before.

Congress hit him a clip on his forehead
And kicked him away from his door;
Said he, "I'm godfather to Dram-shop,
And you surely ought to know more
Than to be hanging about my door."

Prohibition then saw Mr. Statesman;
Fell down at his feet to implore,
But he said, "You are much to late,—man!
Mr. Dram-shop has got in before.
I've no room for you both in my parlor,
And can't have you about, any more."
He raved at Prohibition, and swore.

"You're quite proud, now," said Prohibition,
"But I trust after awhile, by God's grace,
I shall reach your lofty position,
And with honor to God fill your place.
It will take me some time to get there,—
Like a flint tho, I'm setting my face;
I'm traveling that way by God's grace.

"You make laws to prohibit the sparrows
From killing small birds that are wild;
Send people to shoot them with arrows,
While this cormorant slaughters your child.
'Tis horrid the way you are doing,—
For with blood your hands are defiled
And perhaps,—'tis the blood of your child."

Dreamt he said, "Great sir, it is fearful!
The account you will have to hand in,
When you license those places of murder,
You partake of their crimes,—of their sin.
Your enactments start people to ruin;
'Tis your acts which are shoving them in;—
On your hands is the guilt of their sin."

Through the land, Prohibition went marching
And forming a party quite new.
Dreamt I heard him tell his adherents
They should vote for an issue that's true.

Said, "Our statesmen prohibit the sparrows,—
They worked till they got a bill through;
But they dare not attack the dram-shop,—
They have left that for me and for you.

"They are dreadfully down on the sparrows
For killing the birdie that's wild,
But they feed and fatten the monster,
Who in our home's devouring the child.

"Stay! what do you think of such statesmen?
Do you think that such parties will do?
Or turn from such parties disgusted,
To vote for a party that's true."

Then he shouted aloud to the soldiers;
He spake to the blue and the gray,
"Go bury forever dead issues,
'Tis the counsel I give you today.

"Shake hands and the chasm bridge over,
"Tis the very best thing you can do.
"Twill unite all the people together,
To combine on an issue that's true."

Then he came again to the women
And I hearkened to hear what he'd say,
And he called it a very good omen
When together for him they did pray.

Said, "By nature we each have a franchise,
But tyrants have cut it in two,
They have given your half to the hoodlums,
And have left none at all for you."

So I dreamt that a maid came to hearken
Who was called the W. C. T. U.,
Who said she would vouch for the women,
That they their whole duty would do.

To devour, they have licensed a demon,
Have withholden our franchise, too;
But we've brains and we surely will use them,
In supporting a party that's true.

"We have homes, and we mean to protect them,
We have zeal,—we're enthusiasts, too.
We are marching abreast of this issue,—
Will encourage a party that's true.

"For the present we have not a franchise,
What you say is most certainly true;
But we've tongues and we surely will use them
For an issue and party that's true."

Prohibition then prayed with the children.
And on them he laid his kind hands.

Then he told their grown sisters and Frances,
"Organize them into bands."

Said he, "I'm engaged in a conflict,—
I shall need them to strengthen my hands;
These children will make valiant soldiers,
So bring them up, training in bands."

Then I heard them hurrah for their leader,
And they told him just what they would do;
So, suiting their words to the action,
They joined with a party that's true.

Prohibition and John, with his hatchet,
Then, I dreamt, pitched into old Sham,
And they made such a noise and racket,
That I laughed right out in my dream.

And I dreamt that the beasts were all slain,
That their dens were all stopped in the land;
And the bones of the army of Sham
Were scattered and strewn o'er the land.

Dreamt I saw on a shaft an inscription,
So tried to decipher their fame;
And I searched with the closest inspection,
But nothing was written but Sham.

Dreamt our hero took higher position
For I saw him ascending a throne,
And the people all praised Prohibition,
But the ashes of Sham trampled down.

Prohibition then called me to him,
And talked with me too, it did seem;
When I offered some service to do him
He set me to telling my dream.

Said, the reason he asked me to tell it
Was because it would surely come true;
And thousands of people who hear it
Will vote for an issue that's true.

Then I dreamt Prohibition, our hero,
The hosts of Sham was a chaffing,
And it pleased me and tickled me so,
I awoke from my rev'ry a laughing.

So now I have filled my commission,
In telling my dream unto you.
Now I ask you to help Prohibition,
In the rescuing of others from woe.

Come join this brave party of heroes!
In trying to stop up this den;
From woes, from wounds, and from bruises
Save women and children and men.

OLD JOE.

"Joe, what fer so fast am yer runnin,
An' lookin' sorter pleased an' cunnin'?"

"Oh, I'm cumd fer de matches, sur nuff,
honey,
Dat nigger dat am livin' on de ridge
Am sure gwin burn de railroad bridge,
An fer de matches he pays me de money."

"What fer yer dcin' dat way, Joe?
'Tain't right ter burn bridges, yer know.

It mout put folkes lives in danger."
"Why, honey, dis yer nigger what lib on de
ridge
Say he gwin sure burn de railroad bridge.
He gwine git de matches to set fire frum
stranger."

"An' dem big preachers gwin start away
To giner'l confrence 'bout de fust of May.
An day mus' hab money fer to take um."
"Why, what fer, now tell me fust, Joe,
What fer to giner'l confrence day mus' go?"
"Day need res'lutions an deys gwin to make
um.

"Dat nigger gwin ter set dat yer bridge afire,
He sez an' he ain't nebber least bit ob a liar.
Kase fer dem yer matches he pays me a
dollar.
'Tain't no use at all now old 'oman,
Roun' dis yer fack to be a squormin',
Kase he's a cummin' fer de matches up de
holler."

"Now, just look here, my old man Joe!
Ise hab yer to be tellin', fore yer go,
Which am de worst sort ob killin'?
Sellin' to dat yer nigger what's livin' on de
ridge,
Uh box ob matches to fire dat yer bridge,
Or votin' to license udders ter be a sellin'?"

"Why dear me, good land ob massy!
If my ole 'oman don't been gittin' sassy.
Don't ole nigger Joe hab de right ob sellin'
Dat yer nigger on de ridge er match
So's he can hab it his own fer ter scratch,
Thout yer be'n cusin' me ob killin'?

"An yer know I can't work to yern money,—
An' yer know I needs some change, honey!"

An' dat am saxifaxion for de matches,
Kase dat am a speckerlation trade
Wid dat yer nigger I'se been made,—
Kase one whole dollar dat box fetches."

"You's eatin' plenty nuff chicken pie, Joe;
Why can't yer work side ob me wid de hoe?"

"Kase, whil' my eatatite's good ebery time
Somehow rudder, my good ole honey!
Fer de sake ob yarin' some money
Dis nigger's workatite ain't worf a dime,—

"An' kase I'm needin' some change, just now,
honey,

An' kase dem preachers am spectin' de money,
An' if I don't sell de matches some one'll be
sellin,—

An honey! if dis yere is wrong, or if it is right,
He's gwin to burn dat yer bridge dis yer night,
Eben if some folks it mout be a killin'."

"I wish I'd a hid dem yar matches dare, Joe.
Kase I nebber wants yer to take em an' go,—
Fer it seems like yer a helpin' to murder."

"Why, he's gwine to burn it now, anyhow,
honey!

An I might jist as well hab de money;
If 'twasn't fer dat I'd not go any furder."

"But den, Joe, we orter be zistin de debil,
An nebber be doin' de least bit ob evil,

Kase de good Lord am lookin' an sees all we
do."

"But don't yer see, jist now, my ole honey,
Dat ebryone am tryin' to git er little money;
An twixt dem evils choos de least ob de two?

"For ebry one knows 'twould be mighty site
wus,

Fer er stranger to git dat dollar dan us,—
Jis open dem yer eyes, my ole honey,
Say which ob de evils ud better suit you,—
An' which ob dese tings we'd better do—
Keep de matches, or git that yer money?"

"What sort ob reslutions day makin' ob, Joe?
Dem yer preachers, when ter confrence day
go?"

—"Why, honey, 'tis 'gainst de posum an coon,
'Tis, honey, as sure as ebber yer born,—
'Tis 'genst de coons a eatin' ob de corn,
Deys gwin make reslutions against em soon.

"An' honey, deys resolve like de dickens
Genst de posums a nabbin' de chickens,
Fer dese are dredful bad varments, yer
know."

"Now Joe! if dem preachers was only willin',
Dem yer varments day mout be a killin'
Stid ob dere 'zolvin I'm a reckenin', Joe."

"Why honey, days a 'zolvin to let em all run
Kase to kill em ud spile all der fun

Ob makin' dem yer big 'zolvins, yer know."
"Why, Joe, dem yer varments ud be runnin'
loose,

An' be a totin' off a chicken or a goose,
If day neber was 'zolvin 'gainst em Joe.

"But while de cull'd folks am 'zolvin, Joe,
Fer what de white folks to confrence den go?"

"Why, honey, while we 'zolve 'ginst possum
an coon,
Dem yer white preachers t'gether 'll run,
An' giggle an' have just as much fun,
In 'zolvin and rezolvin 'gainst dat yer saloon.

"An' days means all jist der same, ebry one
Jist to keep up a 'zolvin and letin' em run.

So now my old 'oman I've told yer de truf.
Now put dose dere actions and 'zolvins toged-
der,

An', honey, jist kempare one wid de udder,
An' figer it up an' it'll give yer de proof."

"Why Joe, I dunno t'all how to figger,
But look yonder, Joe, thar goes a nigger!
An' he's got wid him a ax an a dog,
An' he's a saunterin' aroun' and aroun'
Thar, a follerin' after dat ole bawlin' houn'
An' a huntin' fer possums in ebery ole log.

"Oh, see dar, Joe! jis look a yander,
He's a lugin' away our bigges' old gander,"

"I see 'im honey, 'tis de nigger ut libs on de
ridge.
Hello dar, you stealin' nigger! been cotchin'
our goose—

Better bin turnin' 'roun' an' lettin' 'im loose—
Else I'll 'port on yer 'bout gwin burn de
bridge."

"Well, 'twas dis yer way, I say niggah Joe,
I was a cumin' fer dem yer matches, yer know,
An' I seed dem gooses er flopin' an runnin'—
So I say, 'dar's some varment ob a beast
Gwin' ter make ob dem yer gooses er feast,'
So I sez, "I better take im to my ole 'oman.

"Fer sure some varment was boun' fer to catch it,

So I sez, 'dis nigger ud much better fotch it,

Kase it lays jist twixt de possums an' me,'

So I sez to de houn', 'Jist shet up yer jaw,

It u'll be better eatin' cooked nor 'tis raw;

Be still ole dog, an' de bones yourn shall be.'

"An' now if you've any human nater left in yer Joe,

You'll hev to let me tak' dis yer gander an go.

Kaze er fox, or a possum ud had it sure pop.

Now, you see ut I'm jest not mistaken,

Fer it never wuz stealin', but jes' simply takin',

To keep dem ole varments frum eatin' im up.

"An' now, Joe, if my 'ligion you're a-doubtin',
Jist kum ter meetin' an' hear me a-shoutin',

Kaze I jist took de bird to be savin' his life,

An' to keep de varments frum eatin' it up,

Ter make soup fer de chiluns an bones fer de

pup,

An' ter please de ole 'oman, my wife."

MORAL.

When for wrong doing we form an excuse,
We deceive our ownselfes and others abuse.

We may ourselves justify, but God knows
every heart.

Examine me Lord, try my reins now and see,
And know if there is any evil way, Lord, in me,

And lead in thy way, that I may not depart.

"Fer what are you a saunterin' roun'," says Joe,
"An' a huntin' varments whereber yer go?"

"Why, Joe, dem cullud preachers been 'zolvin'
'Tis sin, ter let dem yer possum an coon

Run loose, longside de licens saloon;

An' in dis nigger's wool its a bin a 'zolvin'.

"If 'tain't de berry best ting now to be done,
Fer to go at em wid my dog, 'n ax an' my gun,

An' try ef I can't thin out dem ranks."

"But nigger, jes looky here," answered Joe,

"If yer a gwin ter sarve dem yer varment so,
Dem yer zolvin' preachers ull be callin' yer

cranks."

Then, says Joe, to the man with the gander,
"De white folks's preacher's a-comin' right
yander.

Hello, white preacher! I'se gib yer some
thanks,
Dis yer nigger's cotchin' possum and coon.
Ain't dat about as bad's votin' agens' de saloon,
Don't we orter call de coon catchers cranks?

"Fer while yo'n was 'zolvin to licens is sin,
'Gainst possums an coons we 'zolve de same
ting.

You'ns 'zolve mity powerful agens de saloon
An' we'ns 'zolve same agens possum an' coon.
Bofe us waz 'zolvin' jes only fer fun,
Bofe meanin' ter let dese ole varments all
run."

Then the white conference preacher replied to
old Joe,
"When we white preachers to conference go,
We resolve against the worst thing in the
land,
For while we're resolving against the saloon,
Niggers only resolve against possum and coon,
Still, with all our resolving we're letting
them stand."

"Yes, de white preacher 'zolvins am a gran'
sit bigger,
But dat doesn't cut bery much ob a figer,
Since bofe togedder was made jes fer fun;
You'ns say 'tis a sin to license de saloon,
An' we'ns de same, genst de possum and coon,
But 'tis all ob a size, since we let em all run.

"Bofe de white conference preacher an nigger,
Mout do something much better an' bigger,
If you'ns ud clean vote out de saloon,
Stead uv mixin' yerselfs wid monopolist ranks
An' callin' de opposers of saloons all cranks,
An' if we'ns ud catch all de possum an coon.

"Fer while we bofe are rezolvin on paper
De folks dey tink it a farce ob a caper,
An' 'tis jes sumpin like self stultification
Our dignawty as preachers we seem fer to sink
And mak our perfeshun ob Christians to stink
In de noses ob dis yer critical nation."

"What you have said, Uncle Joe, is all very
true;
We resolve a great deal but 'tis little we do.
What we resolved against license was right.
Our resolution against the accursed saloon,
And yours against the opossum and coon,—
But we both lacked courage against them to
fight.

"May the Lord have mercy upon us today,
And help us to do as well as to say,
 And not blow ourselves out in vain resolu-
 tion,
Discouraging those who suppose that we're
 true.
But as we resolve, Lord, help us to do,
 And our doing will cause a great revolution."

"Beats all," says Joe, "my good white brodder,
How you'ns and we'uns do zembel each odder;
 In our zolutions we are jist ob a color seems
 to me,
An I'm wid yer in yer confessin' an prayin'
An' dat workin's is better'n 'zolvin an sayin',
 An' seekin' from odders so much popilarity.

"An' yer confessin' and prayin' sets me to
 shoutin',
Now tell me so's I'll nebber be a doubtin'
 Why am' it when we 'zolve dat license is sin
We'ns against dem yer possom an coon
An' you'ns 'gainst dat yer open saloon,
 We'uns all turn roun' an' vote dem all in?"

"Well, Joe, since you have put this question so
 square,
I will try to answer it honest and fair;
 After we resolved that to license was sin
We went to election with drunken McCarty,
And helped put in office a licensing party.
 With saloon men we shouted when their
 party went in.

"I have told you the truth instead of a lie,
So now, Uncle Joe, I will bid you good-bye,
 Since I take you to be a good honest fellow.
We both have confessed our faults to each
 other,"
So shaking Joe's hand he called him his brother
 And confessed that their actions were both
 of one color.

"Good-bye," said Joe, to the conference
 preacher,
"An' I'll spect your zample to be a good
 teacher;
 Fer in dis nigger's wool it keeps er 'volvin',
Dat bofe you'ns and we'ns orto remember,
 Frum de fust ob de year to de last of December
 To practise dose tings what we was a
 'zolvin."

But with all their resolves to do what was right,
They were both of a color, both the black and the white.

For they both slunk away into licensing ranks,
Both went to the polls with the drunkard McCarty,
Both voted again for a licensing party,
Both kept calling Prohibitionists cranks.

Both called themselves temperance men, honest and true,
Said we are just as good Prohibitionists as you,
While they run in a gang with drunken McCarty.

Both play the same prank and farce of a caper,
Against the saloon both resolving on paper
While they bow down and worship a licensing party.

Both sporting with their own deceivings they are,
Both run with the fox but hold with the hare.
What can we expect from such vacillating men?

Is it not best with such men not to bother?
While they talk in one way and act in another,
They never will beard the beast in his den.

If in Prohibition seas we'd ever be a swimming
The franchise we must place in the hands of our women.

They will use it to rescue their sons and their brothers;
Come in fact to the rescue of all their relation;
Will banish the licensed saloon from our nation
And lift from the ditch their husbands and fathers.

With women enfranchised we can depend on
Getting the initiative and the referendum.

'Twill result in the death of the licensed saloon.
'Twill give us such laws as the people demand,
Drive the source of corruption and crime from our land,
And we all will rejoice in this wonderful boom.



PART SECOND

TRUE AND FALSE WISDOM.

Wisdom from above vs. Wisdom from beneath.—James, 3-17.

The wisdom that comes to us down from above
Is full of good fruits, of compassion and love.
It pities the suffering, their woes it would
share,
While it makes their condition a subject of
prayer;

And since it comes down from the Father
above,
Over their failings spreads its mantle of love.
This wisdom so precious, in the Savior's own
sight,
Which leads to the fountains of joy and of
light,

This heavenly wisdom, so pure and so free,
You can have for the asking, it is offered to
thee.

Why grope in the mountains of darkness and
sin,
When for asking,—the heavenly light will
break in?

But the wisdom which comes from the regions
beneath
Is all that the evil one has to bequeath
To his children, who walk in the broad way of
death,
And who know not the peace of the straight
narrow path;

This sensual wisdom leads to turmoil and strife,
While that from above leads to a peaceable life.

Stretch your arms for that which will bring to
you rest!
Since He gives you your choice, why not have
the best?
God offers His treasures of grace unto thee;
Without money or price this treasure is free.

It will last all the years of eternity, too,—
This treasure so precious now offered to you.
Oh! make a wise choice while 'tis called today!
Opportunity with time is slipping away,

Nor mercy again will be offered for aye;
Then how will you stand in the judgment day?
What then will be the poor sinners' sure stay,
When earth with its wisdom is passing away?

TWELVE SERMONS.

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the shower of rain
As it came all refreshing,
On the fields of green grain.

"If you yield a supply
For the tiller of the sod,
Then I bring you a blessing
Which is sent you from God.

"But if you bring forth
But the thorn and the brier,
Then of God you'll be cursed
And be burned in the fire."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the ripe field of rye,
Gently nodding its head
To the folks passing by.

"I was made to be eaten
But not made to be drank,
To be ground into meal,
Not to be soaked in a tank.

"I am come as a blessing
When I'm run through the mill,
But I'm blighting and cursing
When I'm run through a still.

"If you make me into loaves
Your children shall have bread,
But if made into drink
I will starve them instead.

"Made in bread, I'm a servant,
He that eats me shall rule;
In drink, I'm a master
And the drinker's a fool.

"Remember! take warning
For my strength I'll employ
To make strong him that eats,
Him that drinks, I'll destroy."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the medicine in store.

"I'm a balsam in sickness;
A balm for each sore.

"If you take my advice
In powders and pills,
'Twill make strong and healthy;
Taken otherwise it kills."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the statute of the laws.

"Obey my instructions,
I will then plead your cause.

"I protect honest persons,
I praise those who do well,
But I punish the offender,
Fine or lock in a cell."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the Gospel of God,
"If by faith and repentance
You come to the Blood.

"If you turn from all folly,
If you do what is right,
If you're born of the Spirit,
If you walk in the light,

"Confessing your sins,
God is faithful and just;
He will pardon and cleanse;
He will honor your trust.

"But my pages condemn
All the haters of light.
Since they choose it themselves
They'll have darkness and night."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the bell in the tower,
"I'll invite you to church,
I will tell you the hour.

"Neglect not to enter,—
'Tis a wonderful place,
For the Saviour is there
With his comforting grace.

"If you come, He'll strengthen,
Make you joyful and bold.
If you stay from His house
You'll grow weaker and cold.

"Now, mind what I'm teaching!
'Tis the truth which I tell,—
If you heed not my preaching,
You will starve," said the bell."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the passenger train,
As from station to station
It sped over the plain.

"My whistle is screaming,—
I'm coming in sight,—
Get aboard with your ticket
And all will be right.

"Be on time! for, if tardy,
To your cost, you will find
I'll be off to the city,
And will leave you behind.

"Take heed! 'tis the gospel
I'm preaching, and it's true,

There's mercy and pardon
In Christ Jesus for you.

"If you slight this salvation,
You will find to your cost,
By your trifling with mercy
You at last will be lost."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the noonday sun,
"As the daily course
Of my duty I run.

"I am warming the earth
And I chase away night,
And this world of darkness
I am flooding with light.

"Now, I trust you will heed
This sermon of mine,
By good works before men
Let your light always shine.

"Lest the light which you have,
If you hide it away,
May leave you in darkness
And in error to stay."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the clustering vine,
As its tendrils so tight
To the trellis did twine.

"'Tis the way I do stand,"
Said the old grape vine,
"For a lesson of faith
Is this sermon of mine.

"Hold on to the promise,
And by faith win the crown.
If you falter, your lusts,
They will trample you down.

"Some branches have clusters
That your palate would suit,
While some, having leaves,
Never bear any fruit.

"The branch bearing clusters
Is the Master's desire,
But the branch without fruit
He will burn in the fire.

"Do you hear what I teach?"
Said the clustering vine,
"For this gospel I preach
Unto you is divine."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the fountain, that burst
From the rock, "I am flowing
To make clean, and quench thirst.

"I'm refreshing the flocks
Of the sheep and the herds,
And the flowers which bloom
On my banks, and the birds.

"Bring the thirsty to Christ!
'Tis the fountain which flows;
He will cleanse their pollutions,
Soothe their sorrows and woes.

"If you lead not the weary
To the fountain that burst
From the rock, your own soul
Will then famish with thirst."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Said the sower of seed,
"To the truth I'm teaching,
Now be sure and take heed.

"This lesson I'm teaching,
In your memory keep,
For the same kind of seed
That you sow you must reap.

"If you're sowing wild oats
'Tis a sad thing to tell,
For except you repent
You must reap them in hell."

"I will preach you a sermon,"
Says the binder which heaves
From the carrier, each moment,
Its burden of sheaves.

"Go forth, sturdy reaper,
In the fields of sin!
Go and seek for lost sinners!
Go and gather them in.

"For the harvest is great,
And the laborers are few.
Why stand ye here idle?
There is wages for you.

"Take the sickle of faith,—
Go and enter the field,—
Take the Sword of the Spirit,—
And sinners will yield.

"For the servant that's idle,
He that gathers no grain,
Will be cast into darkness,
Into sorrow and shame.

"But the reaper that gathers
Many sheaves shall rejoice,
When he hears the 'Well done'
Of the Savior's sweet voice.

"Enter into my joy!
For such 'tis prepared.
To the faithful I give
The exceeding reward."

THE PRAYERLESS DEACON.

As I read and consulted
The news of the times;
As I grouped them together
And wrote into rhymes,—
In harmony wrote them,
Like bells in their chimes,

To myself I was saying,
“It is this I will do,—
I will gather the items
And will send them to you,
Although I know not
If 'tis false or if true.

As in papers or pamphlets
The stories I read,
I wrote in the guise
Of a dream on my bed;
“Better tell as a dream
Than not tell it,” I said.

And the best way of telling
This tale to the crowd
Is to write it in verse,
Or else dream it out loud.
I'm an expert at dreaming,
And of this I am proud.

As I wandered in Dreamland,
('Tis a land far away),
It seemed that I heard
A good minister say,
“I've a notion of making
Some calls, wife, today.”

So they sang an anthem
Of praise to their King,
And thought it, of course,
Quite a laudable thing
To do, as they sang,
To bring the lost in.

They were on a new charge,
And were quite strangers there;
For the souls of their flock
They were burdened with care,
And to make them a visit,
Would only be fair.

As they talked it all over,
They decided 'twere best
First to visit their members
And then call on the rest.
Then they prayed that their calls,
Unto all might be blessed.

"To the house of the deacon,
At first we will go,—
Have a visit with him;
It will please him, you know!"
And his wife she responded
And said that was so.

Now they never had been
To the deacon's before,
But were met by his wife
And received at the door;
Were soon in the parlor,
With a carpeted floor.

They'd a good social time,
For they made quite a stay,
And they read in God's Book
Ere they went on their way.
They had prayers, and they
Called on the deacon to pray.

His children were frightened,
And the baby did cry.
Jim whispered to Tom,
"Pa's a-going to die!"
His wife was embarrassed,
And heaved a loud sigh.

He never had prayed
In his family before.
The dog was so frightened
He barked at the door.
The cats clawed the screens
Till their feet were all sore.

Well, out of the window,
At length the cats jump;
One hid in the coop,
One climbed on the pump,
While one crouched behind
An old apple tree stump.

They list to his prayer,
With long bated breath;
To the children and cats,
Who were scared half to death.
And the preacher remarked,
As they took to the path:

"That deacon seems gifted
In our meetings in prayer,—
One would think he's a saint
Should he hear him pray there!
But at home it appears
That his praying is rare.

His children and kittens
Had ne'er heard him pray.
The first ever offered
In his home was that day,
Tho in church he professed
That he walked in the Way.

And now, since his fault
We so plainly can see,
Nor frighten the children,
Than he seems to be,
Let us try more consistent
Or kittens as he."

So onward they trudged
And talked by the way,
"If our people aren't godly,—
If at home they don't pray,
When we get to outsiders,
Then what shall we say?

"When we stand up to teach,
And the Gospel proclaim,—
When we offer salvation
In Jesus' great name,—
Then the lives of our people
Will put us to shame."

That evening, at home,
In their prayer, they did weep,
Like the prophet of old,
For the lambs of the sheep.
Prayed that God would convert
His people and keep.

They went to their beds,
Disburdened of care,
For on God they had cast
Their burden in prayer,
And a solace they found
In the comfort that's there.

And we may each find,
In praying, the same,
If we constantly pray
In the Savior's great name,
But if we neglect
It will put us to shame.

Let us set an example
To others around!
In the pathway of duty,
Let us always be found,
And our happiness then
Will most surely abound.

THE GRUMBLING PASTOR.

I dreamt that I sat in a parsonage one day,
And dreamt that the parson was pacing the
floor;
That in petulant voice to his wife he did say,
“My dear, I’ll not bear this treatment much
more.”

“What on earth do you mean?” said his wife
to him then,
As children were playfully skipping about.
“Sure, you have place among honorable men
And we have as good as we merit, no doubt.

“And we should be satisfied, love, with our lot,
For we’ve a-plenty to eat and to wear—
We should be thankful for this, should we not?
And should trust in the Lord, who for us
doth care.”

“But I will not endure this much longer, dear
wife,
I’ll stand on my dignity, you may make sure.
I’ll not fritter away all the days of my life;
’Tis more than I ever was called to endure.

“But eight dollars a week since conference,
just see!
I’ve added it up and ’tis all they have paid,—
It’s the greatest insult to a person like me.
What a slave to my books of myself I have
made!

“For what, dearest wife, was my money all
given;
And my time in the college for so many
years,
Preparing to show folks the path-way to
heaven;
To teach sinners how to shed penitent tears?

"They're not paying me all they promised to
pay,—

They don't consider what my library cost;
And I'm going to leave this charge right away."
"But what if the souls neath your care should
be lost?

For fear," said his wife, "I'd advise you to
stay."

"Consider what a sacrifice, darling, we make,
What a paying position, too, we have left!
And what pains in preparing of sermons I take,
And how much of ease by it all I'm bereft."

But in accents of kindness his wife then replied,
"The times are quite hard and there's one
thing is true,
And that is a fact which can't be denied—
There are men who are working for less pay
than you.

"There are many who gladly would step in your
place
And do all the work which belongs now to
you,
Efficiently do it with a very good grace,
And think it an honor and privilege, too."

"Yes, of course," said the parson, "but, wife,
don't you see!
Do give it some thought! let me bring to
your mind
'Tis no ordinary person, my dear, it is me
The sacrifice made, the position resigned.

"It is I with my learning and disciplined mind;
I with all my oratorical powers.
Not often 'mong ordinary mortals you'll find
A man such as I, whose intellect towers."

"I know," the better half of the parson replied,
"But what was the lesson this morning we
read?
'Twas a lesson from Him, who on Calvary died,
Let us turn to the place and see what he
said:

"I came down from heaven, not my will to
do,'"
The paragraph was read distinctly and clear.
"See! Christ left a higher position than you.
Shall we speak of our sacrifice, my dear?"

“But let us turn this subject round the other way,
The servant’s not greater than Jesus, his Lord.
If you’re called to preach Christ, then you’d ought to stay;
Now listen to what the evangelists record!
“‘When he suffered, he threatened not,’ so we read,
The man of sorrows was a pitiful Lord,
And ought ministers not in his footsteps to tread?
And should ministers not be led by His Word?

“But let us now read again, how teaches Saint Paul;
‘Let that mind which was in Christ Jesus, so true,
Who has stooped down so low as to die for us all,—
Oh, yes,—let that patient mind dwell now in you.’

“For though he was monarch of heaven on high,
Yet he took on himself the form of a man,
Condescended to labor, to suffer, and die’—
Yes, Jesus completed the work he began,—
“I wouldn’t give it up, love, no, not for my life!
For fear I might share in poor Jonah’s sad fate.
Let’s consider the fate of Lot’s silly wife!
Be warned by the scriptures before ‘tis too late.”

“But I am a high-spirited man, don’t you see?
The truth of the matter, I’m free to declare.
Now, the giddy and thoughtless won’t listen to me,
And that is a thing which I never can bear.

“Since I’ve studied so long to master the art,
In dignified manner to make people see,
And to make people feel, when my hand’s on the cart
They never should shake it, but listen to me.”

“‘He made himself of no reputation,’ thy Lord,”
The parson’s good wife then attempted to read,
“And we should be guided alone by His word
To all of his precepts and teachings take heed.”

"But, dear wife," said the preacher, with emphasis then,

"Sometimes when I'm preaching, some of those cranks
Will be responding aloud,—will be shouting amen;

Will be praising the Lord and giving Him thanks,—

"Thus be drawing the minds of the people away;

And that is provoking, distracting, you see,
For I wish them to hear every word that I say.
I'm cross if the people don't listen to me."

"You should think of 'Him who so nobly endured,'

'Lest you should be weary, and faint in your mind,'

For to labor and conflict we must all be inured,

If ever the city of God we would find.

"If you only had more of the Christ and his love,

You never would seek for the honor of men.
Jesus left all the honors and riches above
Became poorer than birds or beasts of the den.

"Yes, 'tis more of the spirit of Jesus you need.

Oh, had you eyes that were open to see,
What honor, in the steps of the Master to tread,—

A spokesman for Christ, the Eternal, to be.

"You say you are moved by the spirit of God,
And have a commission from Jesus on high,

To tell of the virtue of His precious blood,
To show him to men who are ready to die.

"If you are sincere, and believe what you say,
You occupy now a lofty position.

If you, from your heavenly calling should stray
I fear you'll become a son of perdition.

"For if Jesus, your Saviour, has called you to preach,—

Has opened the way,—and has giv'n you a place,

Then He will be with you,—He'll help you to teach,—

Will stand by your side and support with his grace.

"For you've no reason at all to complain.
 Of want or distress,—no, nor yet of the
 Cross,—
In the Gospel, the Saviour has made it all
 plain;
 This world must be 'counted as dung and as
 dross.'

"For 'he that looks back with his hands on
 the plow'
 This maxim the great Redeemer has given,
(And this truth will apply unto ministers now)
 'He is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.'"

"But I will still serve the Lord, in some other
 way,
 There's many a lucrative calling in life.
I'll engage in something which better will pay."
 "Then 'tis lucre you're after," answered his
 wife.

"We 'can serve but one master,' 'tis clear as
 the sun;
 The 'eye must be single to take in the light.'
'To serve God and mammon can never be done.'
 'Thy God thou shalt love with thy soul,
 strength and might.'"

Then I dreamt from the skies came a warning,
 a cry,
 "Woe! woe to the shepherd that leaveth his
 fold!
For his arm shall be weakened and darkened
 his eye;
 Never leave thou thy flock for silver or
 gold!"

"Shepherd, where is thy flock, thy beautiful
 flock?"
 Thy Lord will demand in the great judgment
 day,
'If you build on the sand and not on the rock,
 Your house and your hopes will be carried
 away.'

"You profess to be called by the spirit of God.
 If you're sincere and believe what you say,
Then you should be wary of provoking his rod
 By leaving thy duty for some other way."

"But more books I must have, and be decently clothed,

My own reputation must keep in my view,
Or, of course, by the rich I shall surely be loathed,

And I shall be placed in a terrible stew."

"Mind not high things," said the voice from on high,

"Condescend unto men of lowly estate,
Sure you never will capture but a very small fry,

While you pass by small fish and seek for the great.

"Now consider your calling," continued the voice,

"There are not many rich, or noble, or wise,
Will receive thy glad tidings,—obey and rejoice,
Nor leave earthly treasure for those in the skies.

"We should seek not our own, but the glory of God

And then the shouting 'Hallelujah!' 'Amen!'
'Oh, glory to Jesus! I now feel the Blood!'
And such exclamations 'll not vex you then.

"Yes, Jesus Christ must be seen, and self be denied.

Your prominent self must be nailed to the Cross,
And 'know nothing but Jesus and Him crucified,'
Yea, 'all that was given must be counted as loss.'

PART SECOND.

There's a part of my dream, I've neglected to tell,

'Tis part of my revery, simple and true,
On this subject,—you see, I was loth for to dwell;

Still, just as I dreamt it I'll tell it to you.

When the minister spoke of his skill and his art,

His anxious care, and the pains he was taking;

Just like Uzzah of old, put his hand on the cart
To steady it up and keep it from shaking,

I was frightened a bit, and spoke out in my dream.

Methought we were bringing God's ark to his place,—

That Ahio and Uzzah were driving the team,
And the hosts of the Lord were singing His praises.

Oh, such musical strains as I heard in my dream!

I dreamt 'twas a duty to warn my brother,—
So I shouted right out, in his ears, it did seem,
"Be warned by the stroke which fell on another!"

"There's two methods of bringing the ark of the Lord

To his place (I sought for the wisdom to show),

Ahio led gently, by example and word,
Best method," I dreamt, "notwithstanding 'tis slow.

"Said Ahio, 'This ark is the ark of the Lord,'
So trusted His guidance to lead on before.
He just kept in his place as the scriptures record,

'Let it shake,' said he, 'if it do nothing more.'

" " "Twill attract the attention of some passer-by,

To the fact that the ark is moving right on;
That the kingdom of God has come very nigh,
While God's hosts are shouting, His kingdom has come.

"But Uzzah, we find, was a different man,
And it seems he came to a different end.

'I will keep it from shaking,' said he, 'if I can,
For its safety alone on my efforts depend.' "

Dreamt I shouted aloud to the preacher, and cried,—

"Ahio's way is the one to be taken!

See! Uzzah was slain for presumption and pride,—

Put his hand on the ark to keep it from shaking."

"I will have order," he began then, retorting,
"I'll have nothing to do with noisy cranks;
I will squelch fervent praying,—have no exhorting."

(My advice threw away and gave me no thanks.)

"I stick close to the Word, yes, I deal in cold facts,

It's no fault of mine, if folks will be lost.
At the root of all evil I lay a sharp axe,—
If they don't repent, it is at their own cost."

"Yes, your preaching is able and true," I replied,

"You explain, illustrate, enforce,—and 'tis nice,—
Give us cold facts,—I should say, that can't be denied,

For you pour down our backs a pail of slush ice.

"You seem to be earnest,—preach loud to the people,

Like those brothers of old, the loud Sons of Thunder.

Your voice fills the house,—yes, and rings in the steeple,

But brother, you're making a terrible blunder!

"You lay heavy burdens, men's shoulders to bear

While behind them in zeal, and works you linger,—
For you point out the way with precision and care,

But touch not the weight with one little finger.

"Jesus gave those brothers a right sharp reproof

Who in anger sought to call fire from heaven
'For ye know not what spirit,' said he, 'ye are of,—'

Go empty your hearts of all the old leaven!"

"To faith you add courage, and you knowledge have gained.

You have many books and they're kept in their places,
But my brother, how often our hearts have been pained,

You fall short of love, the chiefest of graces.

"Go, add brotherly kindness, and then over all,
The greatest of virtues, which covers all sin!

Let love like a mantle on poor sinners fall!
Be kind and forbear, if their souls you would win.

"Be as wise as a serpent,—be mild as a dove!
Each soul is worth saving,—oh, think what
it cost!
Think what a power in the example of love!
Go weep over sinners! Fear, lest they be
lost.

"‘Dead flies,’ it is said, ‘makes the ointment
to stink,
A little of folly, a lack of love, too,
Are things, my brother, which I really do
think
Are driving this people’s affections from
you.”

THIRD PART.

Then the voice which spake first to the pastor,
I heard;
And it seemed that I saw in a vision of light,
And, with thoughts of the future my own soul
was stirred;
My duty was plain,—and it filled me with
fright.

Lo! the voice which I heard was the voice of
the Lord,
’Twas speaking to me in my reverie, it did
seem;
And his brightness I saw as I list to his Word,
But he fled from my sight as I woke from
my dream.

“The watchman who has once received a com-
mand
To warn the wicked, of danger at hand,
If he warn not the sinner when danger is
nigh,—
If he blow not the trumpet,—if he give no
alarm,
To save his people from danger and harm.
That watchman and sinner together shall
die.

“If he fail to follow the teaching of God,
And persuade not sinners to trust in Christ’s
blood,—
If he warn them not, to turn from their
way,—
If to Tarsus, or to some other place, he doth
stray;
Take whichever worldly course he may,
He will rue it at last, if he does disobey.

"The business world, like Jonah's fish,
Will gulp thee down against thy wish.

Thy life will become as a troubled sea
With weeds of care about thy head.

Thy wish, thy prayers that thou wert dead,
No peace to the runaway prophet," said he.

"There's the prophet of Judah,—to Bethel he
came

And a miracle did in God's own name,
But met with a lion and by it was slain;
His own disobedience caused him to die,—
He followed a prophet who told him a lie.

Obey the command, if life you would gain!

"The idle shepherd who is lured with gold,
Will find 'tis true as the Bible foretold;

Who leaves his flock in the desert to stray,
His arm becomes weak, his eyes lose their
sight;

For leaving the way which he knew was right,
The sword of the Lord will on him lay.

"But the shepherd, like David, who guards his
fold,

Who never is lured by honor or gold,
Who brings back the wandering sheep that
stray,

Who guards it by night and feeds it by day;
This is the shepherd who at last shall stand
Approved of the Lord, at His right hand.

"When Elijah had faith, Baal's prophets were
slain,

And his prayer did bring an abundance of rain.
But when he 'knew' God's prophets were
dead

He doubted and trembled, did Jezebel dread;—
And he fled to the mountain so far away,
Leaving his flock in the desert to stray.

"God whispered to him as he stood in the cave,
Although he'd forgotten that God could save—

A still small voice did sound in his ear,
'What doest thou, Prophet Elijah, here?
Go! haste thee back to thy labor again,
Go! speed thee back to thy flock, o'er the
plain.'

"So Elijah did leap at the voice of the Lord,
Sped him back with delight,—obeying the word,

To be God's prophet of Samaria again;
And never again of his duty did tire,
Till God took him home in a chariot of fire,
Where Elijah will never see trouble again.

"Wouldst thou go where the prophets have
gone?

Return to thy labor until it is done,—

Then he will promote to a place that is
higher.

Will give thee, at length, thy heart's desire.
But beware," said the voice, "lest you, at
length,

Be lulled to sleep and lose your strength!

"Remember this world is wicked and wily!

Remember Samson, so valiant and strong,—
How, heaps upon heaps he slew, a great
throng,

But at length he laid his head in the lap of
Delilah.

"Take this warning! it is given for you.

See how he lost his eyes and was blind;

The sport of Phillistines in prisons did grind.

Take this example of warning so true!

"Now keep wide awake and to duty be true!
For 'tis God who is giving this warning to you.

"God's curse on Meroz was a terrible curse,
So bitter it seems there can be nothing worse,
Because they came not to the help of the
Lord;

When sinners so mighty did rage like a flood,
Meroz helped not, but like cowards they stood,
So were bitterly cursed by the Angel of God."

This curse of Meroz is a warning to all;
A prompter to those who stand on the wall,
To the people at ease in Zion today,
To luke-warm souls whose hands hang down,
Gathering no stars to deck Jesus' crown,
To rise up from their sleep and go on their
way."

I slept and I dreamt that such might awake;
That sleepers in Zion a warning should take,—
See sinners, thronging the downward road,
Walking in darkness, burdened with sin,
Go hold up the light, inviting them in,—
Go quickly out and bring them to God.

If you cover your light it soon will go out,
Filling your mind with darkness and doubt.

Go out in the darkness and hold it up high,
To your neighbors and friends you hold so
dear!

Send a warning word or a word of cheer,—
Speak to them quickly or ever they die!

My warning dream I will bring to a close.
Let us diligent be and escape those woes!
Let us sow good seed by day and by night!
Lead souls to the Saviour from day unto day,
As we joyfully journey along our way;—
Then Jesus will welcome to mansions of
light.

A BOY'S SURPRISE.

"Well, mamma, I had a s'prise today,
It was just this way, you see,—
I went to the Meth-dis church with Jay
(Last Sunday he went with me)."

"Well, what was it surprised my boy?
Come, tell it, Johnny, to me."
"W'y! they read in a Baptis' Bible, Ma!
That's what was a'-sprisin' me!"

"The Meth-dis have a Jesus, Ma,
What died on Calvary,
To save us dreadful sinners, Ma!
Like you was a-tellin' to me."

"An' the Meth-dis have a Heaven, Ma!
I heard their minister say,
For self-denying people, Ma!
What walk in the narrow way."

"An' he read of a Holy City, Ma!
By side of a crystal sea,
But he read in a Baptis' Bible, Ma!
That's what was a'-sprisin' me."

"An' he read of many mansions, Ma!
What a lot of 'em there must be!
Must be one for all of us, Ma!
Guess there's one for you and me."

"And he read of a host of people, Ma!
What are always a-singin' praise.
Yes, and of a lot of angels, Ma!
What sleep not nights nor days."

"Yes, and read of a fruit, too, Ma!
What grows on a wonderful tree,—
But he read it in a Baptis' Bible, Ma!
An' that was a'-sprisin' to me."

"Then he took in his arms a baby, Ma!
An' from a Baptis' Bible he read'
That kids belong to the kingdom, Ma!
Then he sprinkled its face and head.

"It seemed a little funny, Ma,
But he prayed a mighty sight,—
And he said it was their duty, Ma,
For to bring the kids up right.

"Then he read in a Baptis' Bible, Ma,
Let the little kids come to me.
'Spose that's the way they do it, Ma!
But it did seem funny to me.

"It did seem dreadful funny, Ma,
When he took a Baptis' text.
Well, then, they changed the meetin', Ma,
They all took to speaking, next.

"It was like a Baptis' meetin', Ma,—
When they stood up to speak,
They all look't lovin' an' happy, Ma,
An' tears run down their cheeks.

"As good as a Baptis' meetin', Ma!
I wish't you was there to see,
But them havin' a Baptis' Bible, Ma,
Is what's a'-sprisin' me.

"Some almost got to shoutin', Ma,
An' big tears streamed from their eyes,
As they spoke of seein' Jesus, Ma,
In their home beyond the skies.

"Them Meth-dis folks seem pious, Ma!
Altho' they make a little fuss.
But long's they use a Baptis' Bible, Ma!
Why don't they come over to us?

"Don't Meth-dis have a Bible, Ma?
Like us, have one of their own?"
"No, John, true Bibles are all alike
For all people,—God gave us but one."

"Then, they are wrong, since we are right!"
"No, my son, they differ in some ways,
But all who walk in love and light,
Are living to God's praise.

"Don't be surprised, my darling boy,
If they do differ some from you,
For oftentimes, in many ways,
You may differ from them, too.

"In names and forms we differ some,
And it long has been so, too.
But all who trust in Jesus' blood
Are saved—I am and you.

"Let us trust the Lord: obey His Word,
And discharge all duties, too;
Let's love our neighbor as ourselves;
Let us pray for sinners, too.

"We all are apt to be surprised
In the coming judgment day,
For many we thought were pure and good,
May be lost and cast away.

"And some we thought were reprobates,—
Would be lost,—be cast away,—
May wear the spotless robes of white
With Christ in endless day.

"A great surprise awaits us soon,
When clouds and doubts are past,
To find ourselves all safe at home,
With the blood-washed throng, at last.

"They'll come from every age and clime,
From every sect and name,
All whose robes are washed, and white,
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

"What a glad surprise will greet our eyes
As we enter that city, so bright!
When all doubt and fear will disappear
And sin, and sorrow, and night.

"Each receiving a crown, will cast it down
At the worthy Savior's feet.
With the countless throng His praise prolong
As we march on the golden street.

"No Methodist there, nor Baptist, my boy!
No sects will be known in Heaven;
But all will enter to life and joy
Whose sins are all forgiven.

"We will sing, as we follow Jesus there,
On the banks of that beautiful river.
We'll pluck the fruit from trees so "fair!"
Eat and live forever and ever.

"With prophets and with martyrs there,
With all the blood-washed throng,
We'll stand upon the sea of glass
And join the Immortal song.

"But in order to reach that city, John,
We must walk the narrow way.
The broad way leads to ruin, John,
But the narrow to fields of day.

"We must have a constant care,
Don't yield to sad despair, John!
For it is my daily prayer, John,
To meet my boy up there.

"If you would meet me there, my boy,
Seek purity within!
Then you will have a Heaven of joy
To go to Heaven in.

A man whose parents were Baptists, told me this story on himself. The surprise happened when he was a small lad. While rendering it into verse I have taken the liberty to fix it some.

G. D. POTTER.

SATAN'S DEVICES.

PART FIRST.

In my dreams there came
To my room in the night
What appeared unto me
As an Angel of Light;
And he pictured the world,
Yes, and painted it bright,
And had deck'd himself up
All in raiment of white.

Now, I never had seen
The world glitter before
Like the glint he put on it,
As he entered my door.
He showed all its honors,
Pleasures, riches in store,
But I never shall see it
So bright any more.

Yes, he painted it gay
Like the butterfly's wings.
He put on the tinsel
Of queens and of kings.
Oh, he charmed my soul
With these beautiful things,
Then he show'd me his hands
Full of rubies and rings.

He said, "All these pleasures,
Honors, riches in store,
Are in reach of you now,
They are just at your door.
Opportunity is yours
And may never come more,
Come after it quickly,
Or your chance will be o'er!"

Yes, he pictur'd it to me
So gaily that night,
Made it look unto me
So alluring and bright:—
I said to myself,
"I will go now and see
This wonderful world,
And what it can be,
Which this Angel of Light
Is offering to me."

Dreamt I started away,
That in haste I then ran,
Eagerly chasing the world,
As a child chases butterflies,
Swiftly over the land.
But each joy which I sought
Like bubbles would burst,
And its fountains of bliss
Only mocked my thirst.

"It is just in your grasp"—
Was the tale which he told.
"You shall feather your nest
With a bagful of gold."
Dreamt I chas'd it on,
Both by night and by day,
But the longer I chas'd it,
It got farther away.

"To your games," then he said,
"To your cups and the dance!
Only mend your pace,
You shall catch it, perchance."
Dreamt I sped me along
Over valley and plain.
But sirs! *Not one drop*
Of pure joy could I gain.

"Dig deeper in the mines
Of wealth there," he said,
But the more wealth I gained,
The less pleasure I had.
With the pick of sharp bargains

I delved with great care;
But was left of pleasures
And happiness, bare.

"Drink deeper of the cup
Then, of pleasure," he said.
And he then held the cup
Of sin to my head.
But the deeper I drank
Still the more it would cloy,
Till at length it bereft me
Entirely of joy.

Then he look'd at me sharply.
And kept teasing at me
To go sail o'er the ocean.
Said, " 'Tis over the sea."
And so months after months
I sailed over the main,
But came not in sight
So my search was in vain.

"Then go climb the mountains
Which reach to the sky!
Go, toil your way up them,
Tho' they are steep and high."
So I viewed their broad base
And clamber'd their height;
For happiness sought
But it eluded my sight.

"You will find it in learning,
Tho' you've failed heretofore."
So I delved into books,—
Into learning and lore.
"You will find it in culture;
"Yes," he said, "it is there."
But I came back without it,
Almost in despair.

"Then go to the cloister
And convent," he said.
" 'Twill be yours, as soon
As to Nature you're dead."
So I entered the place,
And I looked, and lo! care,
With sorrow and sighing
Were visible there.

How he charmed my soul
For my life I can't tell;
But he smiled on me so,
Said he loved me so well,

Talked so like an angel,
And cut such a swell,
That I never surmised
'Twas the Devil of Hell.

Dreamt I wondered much
Who this angel could be,
Who had practised and preached
Such lies unto me.
So I pulled off his mask,—
When, lo, and behold!
'Twas the angel that fell;
'Twas the serpent of old!

Dreamt with brazen face then,
That he owned it up, *all*;
And told how he came
Down from heaven to fall;
Told how he grew proud,
Against God did rebel,
Said at length he became
The old devil of hell.

But of one thing did boast:
And proceeded to tell
Of the angels a host
He had caused to rebel;
And drew many down
To perdition to dwell.
"And I did this for spite,"
Said the devil of hell.

Said he did more than that,
He would have me believe;
Told how slyly he came
To old Adam and Eve.
Like a serpent did crawl,
Whispered lies to deceive,
Caused our parents to fall,
And God's spirit to grieve.

And was traveling about
By day and by night,
Causing people to doubt
The truth and the light;
To draw folks from God.
"And I cause them to dwell
Forever in torment."
Said the devil of hell.

Said he hated the Lord
And every right way.
Said he used all his skill
To lead people astray:

He slipped slyly about
Both by night and by day,
To lead people out
Of the straight, narrow way.

PART SECOND.

But again in a dream
At the noon of the night,
He again sought to lure
From the path which is right.
"You are young," said he,
And the sun's shining bright."

Said, "I wish you would go
With me a short spell,
And I will lead you into
A bright, beautiful dell.
See the crowds of gay folks
How their numbers do swell!"

"You love gay companions,"
The serpent then said.
As he edged his way up
To the side of my bed.
But he lied about whither
That broad pathway led.

And he whispered quite low
In my ear for a spell.
And he said, "You are young,
You are sprightly and well."
And I have on my tongue
Many tales for to tell.

"Come along," then, he said,
"To that beautiful dell,
And I'll show you the place
Where delightful things dwell."
But his voice he had changed,
The old devil of hell.

Dreamt I said, "I had thought
Now of turning away
From the paths of folly
And of learning to pray,
And of seeking salvation,
While 'tis called today."

But, he said, "You are young,
And are healthy and strong.
So the journey of life
That's before you is long."
Said, "Where is the person
That never goes wrong?"

"'Tis the valley of pleasures
I am leading you to:
And there is plenty of time
To repent in, for you.
And you'll fare just as well,"
Said, "as other folks do.

"You shall march in the midst
Of a gay, giddy throng.
Hear the sirens and elves
And be charmed with their song.
Come along," said the demon,
"Come along! come along!"

Said, "The way it is smooth,
And the road it is wide,
And not a wish of yours
That shall e'er be denied."
But I did not mistrust
That this charmer had lied.

"'Tis quite easy to find
'Tis a down-hill grade,
'Tis a well beaten path,"
The old serpent then said,
But a snare in the way
For my feet he had laid.

"I will lead in the path
Which leads to that dell:
I will show it to you
For I know it quite well:
Step right in my tracks!"
Said the devil of hell.

So I came to the dell
Which he'd pictured so bright,
And it seemed like a hell,
It was darker than night;
And my sins, like mountains,
Looming up in their light.

So I stumbled about
Over hummock and bog;
And was soundly besmirched
As I fell in the quag.
So mystified was I
And lost in the fog.

Then he said, "You are caught."
And began to make bold.
Said, "For a shadow, for naught,
Your ownself you have sold!"
So again I was trapped
By the serpent of old.

Then I said to myself,
 "I will watch and take care."
Said, "I never again
 Will be caught in his snare."
But how weak in our selves
 We tempted souls are.

PART THIRD.

For again he came
 With a silent tread.
On his face was a smile,
 As he stood by my bed.
His voice he now changed,
 While he spoke up and said:

"I have called as a friend,"
 And he blushed a bit then
As he said he had found
 A bright, beautiful glen.
And he chatted away
 As the fairest of men.

"Just yonder," he said,
 "In that beautiful grove,
See the crowds of gay chums!
 In those bowers, they rove.
Come and join this gay throng!
 'Tis a place to make love.

"You shall have a good time
 If you'll travel that way.
You can go to the dance
 And at cards you can play.
Can go careless along
 In a crowd that is gay.

"You shall have the delights
 Both of women and men,
If you travel the road
 Which leads to that glen.
Oh, such *beautiful* things
 That will charm your soul then!

"No restraints in the way;
 You can take your own ease,—
Be proud and dress gay
 And be lewd, if you please,
For I never object
 To such trifles as these.

"There are fountains of joy,
There are pleasures that dwell,
There are flowers that bloom,
On the road to that dell.
'Tis a beautiful path."
Said the devil of hell.

"See those sparkling fountains
Just there in that dell.
They all shall be yours,
If for pleasure you'll sell
The morning of life."
Said the devil of hell.

"Your serious thoughts
You'd better renounce.
Go along with the crowd!
Come, don't be a dunce!
'Tis sure that you never
Can be young only once."

Dreamt I said to myself,
"It is time to repent;
In the pathway of sin
Much too far I have went.
But he said, "Come along,
In this crowd be content."

Said, "Don't give it up yet,
For the sun is still high,
Time enough to repent,
When a man comes to die."
But I dreamt that I feared
He had told me a lie.

Then he grasped my hand
And held onto it tight.
He threw dust in my eyes,
And he blew out the light,
And said he would have me
If 'twas wrong or if right.

Dreamt he then shut me up
In a place of despair.
As he gazed, in his eyes
Was a terrible glare,
And he cudgeled me sore
And he kept me still there.

He threw in my face
My omission and sin,
Of what I had ought
To have done and have been.
Did it over and over,
Yes, again and again.

He gazed so fiercely
With brass on his cheek;
Brow-beat with his cudgel
That I dare not to speak.
Yes, he beat me so sore
I was lame, blind and weak.

Said, "You can't get to heaven
Tho hard you may try.
You're wicked and sinful.
Heaven is holy and high.
Sinful mortals like you
Cannot climb to the sky."

Dreamt I bade him depart,
Still the demon did stand.
Tho I struggled and groaned
He still held to my hand.
Tho I said, "I am bound
For the heavenly land."

"I will take you by force,"
Said the devil of hell,
"In torment with me
For aye you shall dwell."
But the anguish I felt
There's no mortal can tell.

Then I bade him be gone,
And wished from me he'd stay,
For I wished to repent;
Said 'twas time I should pray,
And be setting my feet
In the heavenly way.

"You will have all eternity
Over sins to reflect;
Of your slightings of mercy
And your guilty neglect."
He gave me much trouble
Said my soul it was wrecked.

"You may belong to church,
You may preach and may pray,
If in the broad road
With me you will stray.
But with me to torment
You shall go and must stay.

"You a pirate may be,
Be a robber and kill;
You may take whichever
Wicked pathway you will:
But then you must go
To perdition to dwell.

"You'll have time to repent
When you get down there,
'Twill be easy to weep
In the fields of despair;
So disburden your soul
For the present of care.

"There's one thing of you
I will surely require:
You must suffer the torment
Of brimstone and fire;
'Tis your torment in hell
Which I mostly desire."

I then asked him "Whence
Came the brimstone and fire?"
" 'Twas kindled," he said,
"By my sins in God's ire;
By my own evil thoughts
And my unholy desire."

"Twould have taken no longer,"
He said to me then,
"To have walked in the light;
Been the holiest of men.
If you only had kept
But one vow out of ten.

"You've been sowing of brimstone
Along your own path;
By your worldly ways
Been provoking God's wrath.
And now you must reap
Your own sowing in death.

"You can reflect down there
How you hated the light;
Turned away from your God
And away from the right,
When the offers of mercy
You so often did slight.

"I'll remind you," he said,
"Of the offers you had
Of mercy and grace,
By a good, loving God.
And how, of yourself,
You chose evil and bad.
Then you can repent,
And feel sorry and sad.

"Now, put away care,
And sorrow as well;
'Twill be time to repent
Down there in that hell.
If you had only done right
All would have been well.

"You can reflect and weep
Over your broken vows.
When your soul was disturbed
As you sat in God's house;
When the warning word
Did your fears arouse.

"You'll have plenty of time
On these things to dwell
In the regions of woe,"
Said the devil of hell.
But the sorrow I felt
There's no mortal can tell.

I then dreamt the "great day
Of eternity" came,
That the earth was dissolved,
And the heavens afame;
That my soul was alarmed,
And I trembled with fright.
Then dreamt I was doomed
To have sorrow and night.

Dreamt I felt I was fast
In the serpent's own snare.
Dreamt I cried unto God
And he answered my prayer.
Thought Satan then vanished
And fled from me there.

I dreamt that an angel
Of God then stood by my bed.
Many words of warning,
And of comfort he said.
Though I'd wasted much time
To my sorrow and cost.
Bade me gather the crumbs
That no more may be lost.

Now, when I awoke
I rejoiced to know
That I was not forced
With the tempter to go,
To dwell in the regions
Of black torment and woe.

But I'll never forget
The dream of that night,
When the imp grasped my hand
And held it so tight
And said he would have
My soul wrong or right.

But how happy I am,
I never can tell.
To be freed from my sins
And the torment of hell.
And to inherit a home
With my Saviour to dwell.

And I often reflect
On that troublesome dream,
When my hopes seemed wrecked,
And to me it doth seem
That my life of the past
Was lived over in dream.

I think of the time
When the world has allured,
Of yielding, it seemed
I could never be cured.
Yes, for yielding, what grief
My soul has endured!

How long it did take
To learn to keep cool!
That experience teaches
(A very dear school)
That he that trusts his own heart
Is a consummate fool.

Though watchful and guarded,
And sober and civil,
I'm not out of gunshot
Of the serpent, the devil.
For still I am tempted
Sometimes to do evil.

I rejoice that this truth
In God's book is revealed.
There's no sin in temptation,
But the sin is to yield
To worldly allurements
And give Satan the field.

We must not only watch,
But be often in prayer.
That the Father of Mercies
May still make us his care;
And guide our feet safely
Midst conflict and snare.

BLUE MONDAY.

Oh, it was only just last night
I looked aloft, and lo, behold!
The mountain tops were tinged with gold,
Faith saw the Savior's raiment white,
Glistening clearer than the light,
Only just last night.

Yes, it was only just last night
I stood with Jesus on the mount.
My soul was drinking at the fount;
The clouds were all beneath my feet,
With saints and seers I took my seat,
Only just last night.

For it was only just last night
The Holy City was in sight;
Its pearly gates were shining bright
My soul exulting in its light,
Only just last night.
Yea, it was only just last night

I joined with saints in holy song,
And coveted an angel's tongue,
And wished for an eternal day,
In which to sing my holy lay,
Only just last night.
But, though my visions were so bright,

Today my soul is full of dread,
For gloomy clouds are overhead;
I'm grov'ling in a lowly vale;
The springs of comfort seem to fail;—
Only since last night.
Though it was only just last night

I read my title to a crown;
All earthly titles trampled down;
With giant strides the race I ran
And thought myself a valiant man,
Only just last night.
But 'tis not so with me today,

For though last night my soul was glad,
Today I mourn in grief,—am sad.
I sigh in sorrow, grieving sore,
"Will Jesus show his face no more?"
Tempted, I ask today.
Jesus was in the ship last night

And all was bright; but now 'tis dark
And angry billows toss my bark.
So fiercely by the gale I'm tossed,
The tempter whispers, "All is lost!"
Though I was blessed last night.
I said, "'Tis my infirmity,—

So I'll remember His right hand
Which led me to the border-land
Of my inheritance above.
Whose presence filled my soul with love
Bore my infirmity.
"I'll trust Him, where I cannot trace,

What, though I'm tossed upon the wave,
I know his arm is strong to save.
He'll bid the angry waves be still,
For winds and seas obey his will.
I'll trust His mighty grace."
What Jesus was to me last night,

Whose candle shone upon my way,
He'll be the same to me today
For He is always just the same
All glory to His holy name!
Christ is life and light.

From age to age, from day to day,
"Then why, my soul, art thou cast down?
Behind the clouds he holds thy crown.
He's promised thee sufficient grace
To run the whole celestial race.
Then trust him and obey!

"His to command, mine to obey.
This rule of life He has laid down;
The violent shall take the crown,
The lukewarm soul, the man of doubt,
The Lord abhors; will spew him out.—
Then zealously obey!

"Obedient faith the prize shall win.
Then urge thy way 'gainst wind and tide;
He'll smooth the mount,—the seas divide;
To dark or light take thou no heed!
But go thou forth to sow thy seed,—
Go many souls to win.

"Have patience, then, a few more days
And labor on mid'st clouds or sun.
Thy working days will soon be done,
Then thou shalt see thy Lord in white,
And dwell in everlasting light,
And sing His worthy praise.

"Nor clouded skies, nor stormy seas,
Nor satan's wiles, nor doubt, nor pain
Shall e'er molest thy soul again.
Long as eternity shall last,
Thou shalt enjoy in heaven thy rest,
 Nor aught disturb thy peace."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A DELUSION.

A lady and a lad one day,
Were strolling in a lot.
A flock of sheep were feeding nigh,
But it seems they knew it not.

At length the lad began to scream,
A horny buck had tackled him.
"Don't run!" she said, "he naught can do
For we are Scientists, I and you."

"Yes, but the sheep don't know it," he said,
"And he might hook and kill me dead."
He then ran behind her for defense,
Saying, "Sheep have only common sense,

And we have kicked that out of door."
"We'll use," said she, "that stuff no more!"
Said he, "The sheep is out door, too,
And who can tell what he might do?"

"He can't hurt true Scientists," said she,
"And you know that, as well as me."
The lad replied, still full of dread,—
"Just see them horns on that buck's head!"

"There is no sheep,—tis imagination,
Nothing is real in all creation."
"I imagine that he is a real sheep,"
Replied the lad, beginning to weep.

"And he might use them horns at my expense,
Since sheep have only common sense."
The frightened lad clung to her dress;
Which seemed to put her in distress.

"We'd better climb that fence," said she,
"For see! he's coming straight towards me!"
And so they ran and climbed the fence,
Saying, "Sheep have only common sense.

We are Scientists though, as sure as a gun,
But the sheep don't know it,—see him run."
They are now at home and out of reach.
This dev'lish, foolish stuff they teach;

Are Scientists still, just as before
(The sheep and sense are out of door),
But were compelled, in self defense,
To use a little common sense.

MORAL.

We had better use some common sense,
E're we are forced to climb the fence.
Let each one mind this simple rule
Lest he at length should be a fool.
Let each one place in God reliance
Nor ever trust in a false science.
When in danger, our best defense
Will be to use our common sense.
'Tis the wisest thing that can be done,
If we happen to have it of our own.

If we've no defense nor common sense,
The best thing that we can do is then
To call on God or call on men
To help us out at our expense.
Good sense will do for common sense.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

One night as I lay musing
In soliloquy or dream,
My conscience seemed accusing
Me of doing something mean.

"Oh, what can be the matter?"
Said my sympathetic wife,
"You've never been so restless
In all our married life.

Sure, you've not been defrauding
Or cheating any one?
But what makes you so restless,
If no evil you have done?"

"No, not exactly cheating,
(Call it a softer name!)
And yet our last year's preacher
Might think it just the same.

"My wife, I have been using
Some craftiness, that's all,—
Just robbing good old Peter
To pay young brother Paul.

I've hit upon a notion,
And I'll tell you, it is boss;
Just make our last year's preacher
Buy our present one a hoss.

"We must be as wise as serpents,
The Bible says, you know,
We shall have to do some twisting
While prices are so low.

It will not be very harmful
So slick a thing to do,—
Just take the old man's wages
And pay it to the new."

"But why are you so restless,—
If no harm in this you see?
If 'tis right, why you are sleepless,
Is a mystery to me.

Our actions are reflecting
Our inner self quite true.
'Tis not what we're professing,
So much, as what we do.

"Shall we pay off the mortgage
In legal form we've signed,—
While our moral obligations,
Our conscience, never bind?

'Tis what might be expected,—
That we feel inward pain,
When we see ourselves reflected,
Through our unrighteous gain.

"We promised him each farthing
We'd signed our names to pay,
And gave him much assurance
Upon our parting day.

Suppose we owed one grocer
And his rival grocer 'd pay,—
What would he whom we're owing,
Be likely then to say?"

I dreamed 'twould save much bother,
That such things oft were seen;
Make one hand wash the other
Till both of them were clean;

That he from whom we'd parted
Was old and must be tough,
That he'd preached long for nothing
And could stand it well enough.

Dreamed my wife began retorting,
The way the adage goes,
"If God's cause you're not supporting
Then you must feed his crows."

I dreamed I kept on trying
To work on my own plan;
My subscription pledge applying
Unto the present man.

Dreamed whatever she was saying,
I still kept this in view,—
To make our last year's preacher
Fit a rig out for the new;

Thus make the one subscription
Which I'd made a year ago
Fully answer the description
Of paying off the two.

"But when, upon my waking
I found it was a dream,
And an object lesson taking,
How wicked it did seem!

So I was set to thinking,
From my restless dream that night,
From no duty to be shirking,
But to serve each preacher right.

Now, if any man or woman,
Who reads this little rhyme,
Should see themselves reflected
In the mirror of my dream,—

Whosoever shall discover
His portrait then at all,—
Refrain from robbing Peter
To pay his brother, Paul!

If at your conscience window
You ever come to hark,
Tho no one else observes you,—
Your schemes are in the dark,—

Say, "Get behind me, satan!
For I will do the right."
'Twill save you from such trouble
As came to me that night.

For as you prize your welfare,
And seek eternal life,
You should be as true to conscience
As husband should to wife.

Then, when from death's long sleeping
God's voice shall bid you rise,
With gladness, not with weeping,
You'll ope' your joyful eyes.

The time is surely coming,—
Of this there is no doubt,—
Whatever be your covering,
Your sin will find you out.

If in wrong ways you're walking
And satan whispers peace
(For he often comes round talking
And telling lies like these),

Refer him to the judgment,
Where each of us must stand
Like sheep and goats of shepherds,
On the right, or else left hand.

You should contemplate no project
That is not just and true
But should always do to others
As you'd have them do to you.

If you were good old Peter,
And I young brother Paul,
And folks gave me your earnings,
'Twould not suit you at all.

I have told to you my revery,
And there can be no doubt,
If you should read it carefully
You'll pick its meaning out

And pay your last year's preacher
The sum you've promised him.
'Twill make you sleep more soundly
And save from troubled dream.

And then, upon your waking
From death and its long sleep,
The Christ, the Heavenly shepherd,
Will own you for his sheep.

But if you sear your conscience
By drawing tight your purse,
And swindling the old preacher,
'Twill bring on you a curse.

And when you wake to judgment,
With trembling there you'll stand,
Depart! will be your sentence,
With those on the left hand.

We'll conclude now, this whole matter
The very best we can;
" 'Tis as wrong to cheat a preacher
As any other man."

THE DISCONSOLATE MOTHER.

Yes, fond mother, thy grief is great,
Pining and grieving o'er thy fate,
In sadness all forlorn!
Who in thy heart dost nurse thy grief
Sadly, as if some midnight thief
Had kidnapped thy first born.

Thy heavy grief doth make thee wild,
While thinking of thy darling child
As only in the tomb.
It was thine own, sweet turtle dove,—
Thine own heart's idol thou didst love,—
The child of thine own womb.

Yes, thou art thinking of its toys,
Its goo-goos and its cooing noise,
Of its ring and rattle;
Of its ruby cheek, so dimple,
And its trust in thee, so simple,
And its childish prattle.

Thou thinkest it a dreadful curse
That took thy darling from its nurse,—
From thy fond caressing.
But thy Lord and Saviour knows,—
Yea, He who seeth all thy woes
Pronounceth it a blessing.

Lo, her toys no more she scatters!
No, nor prattles she, nor chatters,
Nor babbles,—oh! so cute!
Once, her eyes were thee pursuing,
Whatsoever thou wert doing,—
But now she's still and mute.

She jerketh not her little bib,—
Nor stirs her quiet little crib;
No dimpled hand is rocking.
Thou art mourning her for years,
As thou lookest through thy tears,
At her tiny little stocking.

Thou complainest of God's dealing,—
And with hardness in thy feeling,
As Naomi's heart of old.
Many years from Jesus straying,
Nor watching thou,—nor praying,
Nor entering Jesus' fold.

Why art thou not submissive?
At least thou shouldst be passive,—
Much worse it might have been.
But for this stroke, there's none can tell
But that thou wouldest have led to hell,
By leading her to sin.

Jesus sees thee almost dying,—
Knows thy grief,—thy spells of crying
O'er the baby's neglected toys.
Lo, he hears thy sad complaining!
Yea, he knows there's nought remaining,
Of all thy withered joys.

Go with me, now, to yonder fountain
Gushing from yon rugged mountain.
See a shepherd with his flocks,
Driving his sheep unto his fold
As Jacob did in times of old;
See! o'er the hills and rocks,

One careless sheep of his doth stray,—
For lo! she's wandering far away,—
A lamb is by her side!
The shepherd calls,—but all in vain!
His straying sheep doth still remain
At distance far and wide.

But look! she's straying to her cost;
For lo! her lamb may soon be lost
In mountain, cold and bare;
For in her wandering far away,
Some evil beast may find and slay
And drag it to his lair.

See, the good shepherd for her grieves,
While all his flock of sheep he leaves
To seek the straying one.
The shepherd finds his sheep alive,
And to his fold he seeks to drive,—
But she strays still further on.

Come, now behold what he doth do
To save alive his straying ewe,
And bring her to his fold!
Her lamb he taketh in his arm,
And thus he brings it safe from harm,
From hunger and from cold.

Long from Jesus thou wast straying,
And in thy evil heart was saying,—
“I'll follow my own way!”
Jesus sought for thy affection;
By mercies wooed, without correction,—
But thou didst further stray.

Then Jesus took thy darling babe,
And in his precious arms he laid
And bore it far away
From its toys,—from ring and rattle,
And from all its earthly prattle,
To fields of endless day.

Now, thou canst not hear its prattle,
And it shaketh not its rattle,
But plays on harps of gold.
Thy darling has a better home,
Where it shall never stray nor roam,—
For 'tis safe in Jesus' fold.

In his love to thee, and pity,
Jesus took it to that city,—
On streets of gold to play.
Jesus placed a crown and garland
On the head of thy sweet darling,—
That thou no more shouldst stray.

Now thy precious Lord is saying,
“Child, repent of all thy straying”
Thus cause joy in heaven,
While the angel harps are ringing
And thy angel babe is singing
For joy, thou art forgiven.

'Tis true thy darling child is dead;
Yet call to mind what Jesus said,—
Is saying now to thee.
How when the parents disbelieved,—
Forbade the children,—Christ was grieved,
Saying, “Let them come to me!”

And seest thou in Him no charms
Who took thy treasure in his arms,
A blessing to impart!
A jewel made it in his crown,
A seraph, dwelling near his throne,
To win thy sinful heart.

And casteth thou away all joys,—
Because thy angel babe employs
In joyful strains of praise
To God, the Father, on his throne,
And to the ever blessed Son,
Its powers through endless days?

There, no temptation e'er shall meet,
Nor satan's snares beguile its feet,—
 No cares disturb its breast.
No wave of trouble e'er shall roll
Across thy infant's spotless soul,—
 So calm and sweet its rest.

Come to Jesus, humbly kneeling!
Come by faith, and not by feeling,—
 Leave all thy evil ways!
Turn from thy neglect,—thy straying,
All thy murmuring turn to praying,—
 And God will give thee grace.

Thy Father gave to thee each blessing;
Sought to win thee by caressing,—
 But thou didst still depart.
Yes, the cup he gave was bitter,
Still he loves and calls thee daughter,
 And asks for thy poor heart.

God only took what he had given,—
Thy infant child took home to Heaven,
 Because thou would'st not come.
He, by gospel means invited,
And when all these means were slighted,
 He took thy darling lamb.

Jesus seeks not to distract thee,
But he took it to attract thee
 To treasure, up above.
Once, his life for thee was given,
That he might safely bring to Heaven
 Thy soul, by dying love,

To range the fields of Eden bright,
Thy robes in Jesus' blood made white;
 Thy babe meet on that shore
Beneath the Rock of Ages cleft,
Where thou shall never be bereft,—
 Nor ever sorrow more.

Let Christ gird thy soul with gladness!
Let him take away thy sadness!
 From God no longer stray.
Come, lift aloft thy longing eyes!
See there, thy treasure in the skies.
 Come, now begin to pray!

And in Heaven, through endless years,
Nor pain, nor sickness, death, nor tears,
 Nor straying from the fold;
But in Heaven holy, dwelling;
Of Jesus' love be ever telling,
 On angel harps of gold.

There thy babe, whose happy spirit
Those bright Elysian fields inherit,
Now beckons thee away.
Look where its tiny, little feet
Are walking now the golden street
In everlasting day!

Oh, in that upper, better land
Thou'l grasp again its angel hand,
With joys which can't be told!
And there, thy bliss will be complete,—
Thou'l cast thy crown at Jesus' feet,
Who brought thee to His fold.

IN MEMORY OF SISTER WILLIAMS.

Dear Sister Williams, I rejoice
That ever I have met with you,
Have seen your face, have heard your voice
Proclaiming Christ, so ably, too.

You, truly, are of Jesus sent,
To testify the grace of God,
To call poor sinners to repent
And trust the merit of His blood.

You've pointed out and made so plain
Our privilege; our duty, too,
That perfect love we may obtain,—
This truth you seemed to have in view.

Not only may, but that we must,
Would we the royal law fulfil,
Have perfect love, have perfect trust,
And do our Father's perfect will.

My soul has drunk in every word.
And it has roused from lethargy.
You've been a mouth-piece for the Lord,
A trumpet note to waken me.

And I'll go forth, with doubled zeal
To testify this gospel grace.
I'd have you know and have you feel
That I am glad I've seen your face.

I magnify God's grace in you,
Memento this that you may know
That I esteem and highly, too;
And may God bless you where you go.

And may the seed thus by you sown,
On land which seems so hard and cold,
Watered by grace, in hearts, sink down,
Spring up and bring a hundred fold.

We part perhaps to meet no more
Until the judgment trump shall sound,
But we shall meet on Canaan's shore,
If faithful we at last are found.

Now, while you sow in wider field
And cast the seed with stronger hand
And gather sheaves, a mighty yield,
From place to place throughout the land,

I ask an interest in your prayers;
That in some humbler patch of land,
While I am going here and there,
And sowing with a feebler hand,

That God will open up my way
And give me skill, in my last years,
To sow by faith from day to day,
Then reap in joy what's sown in tears.

Yes, when our toiling days are o'er,
Our labor, with our lives, laid down,
At Jesus' feet, on that blest shore,
We'll bring our sheaves and take our crown.

Our greatest joys in heaven will be
O'er souls that we have garnered in,
Rescued from wreckage on life's sea,
And gathered from wide fields of sin;

To see our Lord's approving smile
When we present the soul's we've won,
'Twill more than pay for all our toil,
To hear Him say to us, "Well done!"

He's with us now, on life's rough sea,
Supporting with His arms of love,
Will bring us safe with Him to be
Forever in God's house above.

Amen! Amen! So may it be
The happy lot of you and me.

GEORGE D. POTTER.

Hutchinson, May 14, 1899.

HE WILL CAUSE A BANNER TO BE DISPLAYED BECAUSE OF THE TRUTH.

The prophets and seers,
Looking down through the years,
Saw salvation proclaimed to the world;
Glad news of the Savior,
Lifted up by God's favor—
Lifted up as a banner unfurled.

Saw it wave in the breeze,
Like the leaves of the trees,
Proclaiming God's love everywhere—
Shouting "Mercy is free,
For you and for me,"
Heard the gospel proclaimers declare.

Saw the watchmen on the wall;
Heard them to sinners call:
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand—
Ye captive exiles, rise!
Mercy free, from the skies,
Is showered all over the land.

"To faith it was displayed,
Ere the atonement was made.
Yes, prophets all saw the gospel banner."
Heard ministers proclaim
Redemption in His name;
Heard pardoned sinners shouting, Hosannah!

What sacrifice they made,
That truth might be displayed,
That souls might find the dear Savior.
They count all things but dross,
Counting worldly gain as loss,
To show God's great love and His favor.

Yes, holy men of old,
Our Savior's love foretold,
Saw God's banner of truth displayed,—
Saw Christ for sinners slain,
Heard ministers proclaim,
"Himself, He a sacrifice made."

"The good shepherd sought me,
To his banquet house brought me,
In the heavens, emblazoned above.
Faith's eyesight so keen,
This banner has seen,
His banner o'er me was pure love."

Thus the prophets proclaim,
The Savior's great name;
Have visions of the gospel's bright day;
The gospel sun to rise,
To lighten our dark eyes,
And drive all our darkness away.

Arise now and shine!
For His love's light divine,
Has shone from his glory upon thee.
To doubt give thou no place,
But trust God for His grace,
For His mercy stands ready to crown thee.

The Day-spring from on high,
Unto you has come nigh,
Arise, ye! and walk in His light!
Thus the prophets proclaim
Long years 'fore He came
That Christ of the world is the Light.

Life eternal He giveth
To him that believeth;
His grace is so freely now given.
He arose from the grave
And is mighty to save,
And to give us the kingdom of heaven.

"Ho! ye thirsty! draw nigh
To this fountain," they cry,
Broad rivers of love are now flowing.
The fountains of His grace
Flow to all the lost race,—
And trees of paradise are growing.

"If His cross you will bear,
Of that fountain you'll share,"
The Savior Himself is now calling.
Now, believe and be blest,
Take His yoke and find rest,
For showers of blessings are falling.

Oh! hear Jesus' sweet voice,
And your heart will rejoice,
And so will the angels of heaven.
And His banner of love,
And of truth from above,
Will proclaim all your sins forgiven.

And how glad you will feel
When His sweetness shall steal
O'er your heart now cleansed from all sin,
When the blood is applied
Of the once crucified,
And the Savior is dwelling within.

When your heart's filled with love,
And your treasure's above,
You will wish this bright banner to raise;
Your breath will be prayer,
And you'll laden the air,
By day and by night, with His praise.

You will mingle your song
With the blood-washed throng,
Who are always proclaiming His praise.
Redeemed by His blood,
Sons and heirs now of God,
And saved from all sin by His grace.

What brightness you'll find,
And what joy to your mind,
Not the tongue of an angel could tell.
Christ will bid you good cheer;
"Perfect love casts out fear,"
And saves from the torment of hell.

'Twill appear unto you,
"All things are made new,"
New hopes, new aspirations, new joys,
New purposes of life,—
Saved the world's mad strife,
New songs your glad tongue employs.

While filled with His love,
And your treasure's above,
A new creation now comes into view.
Since your sins He has taken,
You'll not be forsaken,
For, behold! He maketh all things new.



LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

Boon Lake, Minn., April 18, 1905.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tyson, Amarillo, Tex.:
Dear Grandson and Granddaughter, Howard
and Fanny:

I heard you've lost your darling child,
That you, with grief, are almost wild.

I doubt not but your baby boy
Was dear to you, was half your joy.

Howard, I could not help but cry,—
Tho great-grandson, yet he seem'd nigh.

But he is in Christ's arms of love,
Securely in God's house above;

Has left this world of death and pain,
Nor ever will return again.

He has escaped from all its cares,
From all of Satan's wiles and snares.

He dwells secure from all alarm;
This world cannot allure nor charm.

What the Bible teaches is quite true,
Your boy cannot return to you.

No earthly tears his eyes shall dim,
By grace, you both may go to him.

Our Jesus took him out of love,
So set your hearts on things above.

Look upward to the better land,
Where Jesus sits at God's right hand!

The Lord is calling you to come,
And while He calls there yet is room.

Death entered once our little fold
And took a child of two years old,

And from death's quiver came a dart
That left me with a bleeding heart.

I now can sympathize with you,
Can weep a little with you, too.

But, loved ones, we must pass away,
What matters it how short the stay?

If we have on the robes of light,
By faith in Jesus' blood made white,

We'll go to dwell on Canaan's shore,
With loved ones that have gone before.

Your grandfather,
G. D. POTTER.

WHEN JESUS WAS PREACHING.

When Jesus His gospel was preaching—
When He was the multitudes teaching,
They heard Him with wonder profound;
While by parable simple and plain,
The truths which He taught did explain,
As He told how the lost son was found.

By the publican smiting His breast,
He show'd, ere the sinner was blest,
That he must repent of his sin;
Ere he walks in the way which is strait,
He for mercy must knock at His gate,
For no trifler can enter therein.

His words, to bear fruit and last,
In the depths of the soul must be cast,
Or else 'twill soon wither away.
Religion must be the first thing,
And Christ must be crowned as one's King;
In his heart must have His full sway.

Many parables Jesus was speaking
Of those who God's Kingdom were seeking,
But who never could enter therein.
Those who missed the joy of their Lord,
And the blest and glowing reward,
On account of their idols, their sin.

As the sunlight, He made this truth plain,
That if ever the prize we would gain,
Day by day we must take up our cross.
We must follow His teaching divine,
On others must let our light shine,
Sinful gains must count only loss;

That trees which no good fruitage bears,
Will share the same fate as tares;
Tho' some folks their own heart deceive;
Altho' negative Christians they are.
With names on the church book so fair,
Yet are curst, for they only bear leaves.

He shows how people God's mercies abuse;
Make light of His message, His bounty refuse,
While their weak excuses they form.
One has purchased some chattel,
And must now prove those cattle,
If they're the right thing for the farm.

To illustrate this subject or text,
He tells of another man next,
 Who has purchased a parcel of land.
He must, of course, go and see
How good or how bad it may be,—
 Perhaps it is covered with sand.

Another declares that he cannot come;
He has just brought a wife to his home.
 His reasoning's like that of a beast,—
For he might have had her along, too;
That's what a sensible person would do,
 But he thought not, that his wife, too, could
 feast!

On things of the world, and himself,
 Are the thoughts of the worldling set,
Tho' his wife could have eaten pie, too,
 'Twas just what she wanted, you bet.

But sin is so selfish and blind,
 It thinks not and cares not for others;
It seems not to enter the mind
 That all are our sisters and brothers.

This world is but a dressing room,
 In which to fit for Heaven;
To trust in Christ and know in whom
 Our sins may be forgiven.

A feast of love in Christ is spread
 Before the starving mind,
But sinners leave it all for husks,
 And feed on chaff and wind.

But, like Mary, I will choose
 My portion with the blest;
The husks of time I will refuse
 And be the Saviour's guest.

The gospel feast is spread for all.
 He calls all to the feast;
Let every soul accept the call!
 For here is peace and rest.



EVANGELICAL VERSUS LEGAL.

I.

Have you not often pensive stood,
And thought of all the bad and good
That you had done—tried if you could
 Find a balance in your favor;
Put all the good deeds in the fore,
Called bad deeds foibles, nothing more;
And when you'd conned it o'er and o'er,
 Did you win out? No, never!

II.

And so, my friends, it was with me,
Which in the sequel you will see,
In this I failed most signally,
 As every one must do.
There is a holier, better way,
Which leads to God and endless day,
And I'm commissioned, too, to say,
 The Cross for me and you.

III

There was a time, my friends, when I
Did under a delusion lie;
Come, harken, and I'll tell you why:
 I trusted self alone;
I left my Saviour out of sight,
And thought to Heaven to take my flight,
Because I'd tithed each mint and mite,
 Had many such things done.

IV.

Tho friends did long contend with me,
Tried to convince and make me see
That it was Christ, and not poor me,
 Did the redeeming act,
I kept the Pharisee within,
The outside of the platter clean,
Said, "By my works I'll enter in,
 I will, tho, for a fact."

V.

I said "I'll search God's Word and see
How many credit-marks there be
Which he has written down for me—
 Many, I fondly hope."
Methought, of course, I shall feel glad,
But found what made me sick and sad,
That my whole life was counted bad,
 Self-goodness shriveled up.

VI.

How troubled and how pained my heart
That with the Righteous I'd no part;
I seemed to hear Him say, "Depart!"
 I cried, "Where shall I flee?"
For all my boasting tongue now brags
(When He to light my motive drags)
Were only counted filthy rags!
 What will become of me?

VII.

From self-righteousness I turned away,
My mouth was stopped, what could I say?
A Voice then whispered, "I'm the way,
 Troubled soul, come unto Me."
I saw in Christ an open door;
Then ceased Mount Sinai's thunder's roar;
Such joy I never felt before—
 Nor dreamed that it could be.

VIII.

He has renewed my heart and mind;
What comfort now in Him I find;
Self-righteous rags are left behind—
 I trust the Crucified.
For me He was an offering made;
Yea, all my sins were on Him laid,
And on the Cross my debt He paid.
 Trusting, I'm justified.

IX.

I know, according to His Word,
The blood of Jesus Christ, my Lord
(Forever be His name adored)
 Has washed me white as snow.
When I surrendered self and sin
And sought His face, He took me in,
He washed my heart and made me clean;
 His Spirit tells me so.

X.

His Spirit witnesseth with mine,
I feel His blood from sin refine,
And now for folly I've no time
 Since grace has set me free.
How sweet the fleeting moments glide!
I'm trusting in the Crucified,
And all my wants are now supplied;
 His fullness dwells in me.

XI.

Come all who doubt Christ's power to save,
Who sink beneath temptation's wave,
And shrink from death and dread the grave;—

Come seek, and you shall find
There is no case, and cannot be,
But what the Lord can set you free
From cords of sin that's binding thee,

And give you peace of mind.

XII.

Come, worldly men, whose lives are fair,
Who deal up to the scratch, deal square,—
Seem better than professors are,—

Straighter than them you walk.
That will not do, I'll tell you why;—
The standard we must measure by,
It does not seem to catch your eye,
Your boasting is but talk.

XIII.

Let no man of his goodness boast,
By nature all are dead and lost,
'Till Jesus by the Holy Ghost
Has formed our hearts anew.
'Till we renounce the way of night,
And walk in Christ, the Truth, the Light,
Who always guides his people right,—
Crowns them with blessings too.

XIV.

I've told you how I was a fool,
Measured myself by a false rule,
Which I obtained in nature's school,
And sadly was deceived.
And never found the least relief,
'Till like the guilty, dying thief,
I looked to Christ in true belief,
'Till he my soul relieved.

XV.

There's one thing I will say to you,
You know there is a way that's true,
And you know what you ought to do,—
Plunge in the crimson tide!
With Paul, count all as dung and dross;
All that was gain count it as loss;
Trust in the blood of Jesus' Cross,—
In Jesus crucified.

XVI.

There is a time that's coming, when
The Lord will judge the sons of men,
And all will hear the Shepherd then—
 When all before him stand:
The Shepherd, who his vigils keep,
Will separate the goats and sheep.
All kindreds of the earth shall weep
 Who feel His powerful hand.

XVII.

He knows his sheep, is known of them;
Knows every one that's born again
'Mong all the million sons of men,
 God's children are his heirs.
While all the saints rejoicing stand,
The heirs of God at his right hand,
Will enter and possess the land,
 The inheritance is theirs.

XVIII.

Among the goats at his left hand
The unregenerate, weeping stand.
"Depart," will be the king's command,
 "To your place, to your reward;
Against conviction you did fight,
You sinned against my love and light,
Depart to everlastin night,
 For demons once prepared.

XIX.

"I was confined in prison door,
Much want and sorrow then I bore,
'Twas in the persons of my poor,
 You left and passed me by.
What you did to those of my name,
You did it unto me the same,
Forever you must bear the blame,
 You heard my plaintive cry.

XX.

"I wandered, naked in your street,
Was hungry and you gave no meat,
Though I did often you entreat,
 Plead with you, in my poor.
I came in sickness and disease,
When you had wealth and lived in ease,
You let me almost starve and freeze,
 While pleading at your door.

XXI.

"You did delight to romp and revel,
To grind my poor to please the devil,
Neglected God and lived in evil,
 Neglected true belief.
I find no place in Heaven for you;
Those crowns are for the pure and true,
Those gates the righteous enter through;
 We never crown a thief.

XXII.

"You've spent your life, your time, your day,
In climbing up some other way,
I bid you now depart, away!
 You'd rob God of his glory.
You cannot say you never knew
The good old way, so pure and true;
'Twas often pointed out to you,—
 You've heard the old, old story.

XXIII.

"You knew that in the judgment great,
My sheep from goats I'd separate;
Yet still with goats you chose to mate,—
 Your conduct seals your fate.
How oft I've stood at your heart's door
And knocked for entrance o'er and o'er!
I begged you to delay no more,
 Nor slight my love so great.

XXIV.

"I often tarried, pleading, late,
And when with dew my hair was wet,
Still patiently I tarried yet,
 Stood patient by your bed.
Oft sent my Spirit too, to strive
With you while you were still alive,
That your poor heart to me you'd give,
 Nor left 'till you were dead.

XXV.

Now, friends, while writing this in rhyme
I will remind you how sublime
It is to live in this, our time;
 'Mid light of Gospel day.
To live in free and Gospel land,
Where soul and intellect expand,
Where we have means at our command,
 To find the Living Way.

XXVI.

But time is rushing on so fast
With me, with all 'twill soon be passed,
And each in judgment stand at last,
 Let us be wise in time!
Oh! may our souls be moved and stirred
By news of sudden deaths we've heard!
And faithful warnings of God's Word,
 Its teaching so sublime!

XXVII.

Our time to work will soon be done;
The sands of life are almost run.
While life's day's work is scarce begun,
 Work for Eternity.
We all should wear the robes of light,
In Jesus' blood made pure and white,
For who can tell but what tonight
 The wedding feast may be.

XVIII.

We owe to God, to self, to friends,
To work till life's short work-day ends,
And go wherever Jesus sends
 To work in any field.
Come, let us seek to gather in
Some precious souls from fields of sin,
Some stars for Jesus' crown to win,
 Have souls for Heaven sealed.

XXIX.

Some thoughts I've had which I'll recount,
When I was lonely on the mount
Or lingered dubious at the fount,
 When clouds were in the sky.
I said, "Might I come nigh his seat,
And there my fears and doubts repeat,
Open my heart to him complete,
 And hear my Lord's reply!"

XXX.

"Oh! might it please the Lord that I
Might read His Word with searching eye,
See where my steps have gone awry;
 All wrong, and fear, or doubt.
Each evil thought, or thought unclean,
Each straying step, where I have been
Inclined to walk in paths of sin,
 I'd have all blotted out.

XXXI.

"And all the steps where I've gone right,
Where shunned the paths of sin and night,
I'd have in letter large and bright,
So every one might read.

Well! since this life will soon be passed
And all my steps written down at last,
And not one step can be erased,
I'll to my ways take heed.

XXXII.

"Will now my crooked steps retrace,
And strive by mercy and by grace
To walk in high and holy ways,
In ways both strait and plain.
I'll strive to follow Christ, my Lord,
His daily mercies I'll record,
And meditate upon his Word,
I will the right maintain."

XXXIII.

I opened the Book,—it showed to me
That tho' my life henceforth should be
From thoughts and deeds of folly free,—
What of my life that's passed?
Still Justice must be satisfied;
A truth which cannot be denied.
God loves me, and the Saviour died;
On him my soul I cast.

XXXIV.

I hate my sins and trust his blood;
My soul is now at peace with God;
And now I walk the narrow road;
God honors now my trust.
My faith now holds his promise fast;
My hope within the veil is cast;
And I shall dwell with him at last;
When dust returns to dust.

XXXV.

I've tried to show to you the way,
And as I've nothing more to say,
I'll bid you, every one, good-day,
Who read my little book.
I hope you'll learn to trust and pray.
Now I'll be trudging on my way
To meet you in the judgment day,—
Among sheep for you I'll look.

I subjoin these beautiful lines of Prentis.

XXXVI.

Alone I walked on the ocean's strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I pass't,
One lingering look behind I cast,—
A wave came rolling high and fast
 And washed my lines away.

XXXVII.

And so, I tho't, t'will quickly be
Of every mark on earth of me;
A wave of dark oblivious sea
 Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
 To leave no track, or trace.

XXXVIII.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
Who holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name.
Of all these busy hands have wrought,
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

(I add this, my own.)

XXXIX.

What tho' no more I walk earth's strand;
No more in pensive thought I stand,
My name no more inscribe in sand,
 Yet on a brighter shore
My name is in the Book of Life
Where waves of trouble, turmoil, strife,
Can ne'er efface (nor malice rife)
 My name; forevermore.



THE OLD MAN'S LETTER TO HIS FRIENDS.

Mi deer sisters and bruthers,
Nefyews, neases, and uthers,
Eye must try a short letter tew rite.
'Pears eye kan't dew no better
Than tew anser yer letter,
What tho' it are late in the nite.

And eye am thanking uv yew,
Hoo wuz so luvin' and trew,
Sich a horid good letter tew rite.
Yes, eye want yew tew kno
That it tickled me so,
Eye konkluded tew answer tew nite.

Yew axt uv mi helth,
Uv mi frens an' my welth.
Well, my helth air quite holesum, fer me;
Exceptin' mi rumytiz nee
And mi frens tha air well,
Fur uz eye kno an' kan tell.
Awl able tew eat an' take tee,
And awl az bizzy as bizzy kan be.

And I'm as rich as a Joo,
An' mutch ritcher, tew,
Koz we've a Savyor uv sinners to trust in;
Fer eye ax fer mi bred
Uv him, and it is sed
That His bank it ain't never a bustin'.

Eye hev plenty tew eat,
Sich as taters an' meat,
Fer eye keep rite on workin' an' axin'.
So' mi bred, it air shoor,
While eye faithful endoor,
And mi han's and His promis keep taxin'.

Fer mi back I hev klose,
Fer mifeat I hev shuze,
'Tiz the frute uv mi trust an' mi laber;
Fer God gives it tew me,
In this way, don't yew se,
Koz I'm luvin' myself az mi nabor.

Sence in this way 'tiz sent,
S'poze eye shood be kontent,
Eye wuz born without nuthin', thay say;
And must go az eye kame,
Without nuthin', the same,
In mi han's karry nuthin' away.

And the krops air lookin' fine,
Both my nabers krops an' mine;
But pertiklerly the rie,
Which is now six inches hi,
So ther'll be lots an' lots uv grain,
Fer the Kubins, starved by Spane,
And tew feed the hungry lips
Uv our solgers in our ships,
What's a helpin' Kuby's kause,
Soze they'll git holesum laws.

Now, them starvin' folks in Kuby
Air maid like eye an' yew be,
Thay air maid uv flesh an' blood,
Air by nater jest az good
Our nabers tew air they,
Not so vary fur away.

Oh, them kruel folks uv Spane
Whot blowd our warship Mane,
We shal haf tew mak 'em feel
Sum muskit shot and steal
Before thay'll set the Kubins free;
Get off the ile an' let 'em be,
An' fur ol that we kin tell,
We must send sum shot and shell,
Tew sink them Spanish ships, yew kno,
Befor thay'll let the Kubins go.*

Well, the rodes air settlin' down,
Soze we kin drive tew town
An' get our pickters took.
Whot yew axt uv us ter send
Soze yew kin take a look
At the likenis uv yer frend,
Hoos aged form begins tew bend,
Hoos fotsteeps toward the tume duth tend.

(The pickters yew sent us last nite
Kame tew us 'thout brakin', all rite).
Thay did indeed an' in trooth,
Eye sed that's Jake, an' that's Rooth.
But yer hare is a gitin' sum white,
So is mine an' Murlindy's hare, tew,
Gitin' old, yer jest about rite,
Eye cood sea at wonst it woz yew.

*This was written at the beginning of the war with Spain, and is, seemingly, almost a prophesy, read in the light of history.

Yes pickters all air trew tew life,
Pertikler so is Rooth's, yer wife;
Seam'd jist like ey'd met with yew,
Woz awl most sayin', "Howdy dew."
Reacht out mi hand tew shake,
Sayin' "Howdy, Rooth and Jake!"
Fer the Land uv massy's sake,
Hoo kin sich pickters take?

Yer letter speeks Murlindy's name
And eye'm thankin' uv yew for the same.
Eye seed the teers run down her cheeks
When reedin' whot yer letter speeks;
She reeds it all out loud tew me,—
Eye kant reed ritin' mutch, yew see,
Exceptin' it iz rit bi me.
Foks spell the words so queer an' bad
Mixes it so it makes me sad.

But Murlindy makes it out yew sea,
She's jest the thing rite now fer me;
Fer God perjekted her tew be
A real help mate ontew me.
Its fifty yers sens furst i went
Tew sea Murlindy with intent.
Mi love woz hot, i went in hast
An lade won arm about hur waste:

Eye droo hur klose ontew mi side
An axt hur if she'd be mi bride.
She blusht an gave me hur konsent
So off tew Elder Spink's we went.
We kut a kross lots throo the wood,
Eye wuz spri at waukin'—she as good.
It took us ni ontew a nour
Konsistin' uv our wedin' tower.

He hitched us up, he sed, fer life;
Maid me hur husbin—hur mi wife.
Nun stood betwixt—nun stood beside—
Eye kisst hur an she air mi brid.
Fer God perjekted hur tew bee
Mi wife, yes, maid hur jest fer me.
Them fifty years uv whitch eye tell
Untew yew now air quite a spell,

We oll wore home spun kloze yew know,
Made out uv flax an hemp an tow.
Murlindy baked our kakes on bords,—
Tew dip our wotter we yoosed gords.
No stoves nur tinware then had we,
Sich trumpery then yew'd never sea.
Our babys roked in dugout troff;—
Yoosed gardin yerbs fer hoopin' koff.

Murlindy'd spin an nit an so
And help me skutch the flax yew kno.
We workt uv daze an danst at nite—
Fergitin God an oll that's rite,
And uthers playd at the same game,
Fer evry day we workt the same.

No Sundy had we then yew kno
Till Elder Spinks an meatins kame
An turnd us awl frum awl our waze
Tew keep God's loz an sing His praze;
But that wuz years and years ago.

Murlindy air zactly jest the same
Az when she hitcht ontew mi name
It seems God maid hur fur mi wife
Tew jurny bi mi side thru life
Like Eve fer Adum he maid she
Mi helpmate an mi wife tew be.

Nun ever did a beter job
Than whot he did fer me;
He maid hur zactly tew mi likes
No kritter iz like she.

She noze jest whot eye like tew eat
An jest how dun an jest how sweet
Tiz the planetest thing on urth yew sea
God made Murlindy fer tew bee
Mi wife—yes, maid hur jest fer me.
She darns mi sok an mends mi kloze
An hundred uther things duz she
Fer oll mi wonts she olwayz nose
Speeks soothin words also tew me
Is good an luvin as kin bee
Koz God perjekted her fer me
An maid me tew I spose fer she.

I rekin we air a gitin sum old
Least wise its that whot we've bin told
But Murlindy's hansumer an ever
Spoze she'd look old onto me
Eye tel yew it kin never bee
She kant lok old onto me never.
Why them swet rinkles on hur fase
Only inhansis hur buty an grase
She air the luvinist wife yew ever sea
And eye kno God maid hur fer me.

Tew size hur by hur bulk and wait
Quite small she sems tew bee
But take hur at hur real worth,
Shes twise az big yew sea.

She is jest exazkly size an wait
Whot eye wood have hur bee
God maid hur exazkly tew mi like
And maid hur jist fur me.

Eye skurs kood git along atoll
In the jurny uv mi life
Eksept Murlindy wauked with me
Eksept Murlindy wure mi wife.

She wauks exazkly mi own gait
But hur tungs more spri than mine
It runs at a more rapid rate
Gives precept on precept, line on line,
Hur words air wize—she alwayz speaks
Instruktinly yew sea
An shes perlite az wel as wize
Fur az that siance goze.

She speeks with deferans on tew me
Sayz pleez dew wip yer noze
God maid Murlindy, tung an awl
And maid hur awl fer me.

Eye dedikate these lines
Ontew Murlindy yew sea
Kause she is so good
And so luvin tew me.

She izent like sum
Uv hoom it is sed
Al the posies uv life they dew save
Tew put on the koffins
Of frends when they air ded
Never give em no posies
Till they air let down in the grave.

But Murlindy yew sea
Iz the lovinest wife
She has skatterd hur flours
In the path uv mi life.

And so worm is hur luve
In this jurny uv life
It burnt al the thorns up
Uv bikerin an uv strife
So eye dedikate these lines
Ontew Murlindy, mi wife.

Yew rit uv our gran childern
Jest az they wuz then
But them darlints yew speek uv
Air now wimin an men.

Yew wuz axin hoo an axin how
Well it iz our Jons Jakup
Who staze with us now
Feeds the pig shets the sheep up
And drives up the kow.

We koodent keep Westly
He maid sich a fuss
And we koodent keep darlint
Feeb shed make a muss
But Jons Jakups chorein
Wuz whot sootid us.

Yes twos hiz urents un chorein
An such like yew sea
Whot desided us for Jakup
Both Murlindy an me.

While i am a ritin this leter
Eye mite az wel be a telin
How i kame tew be bettern
Most others air at spelin.

Well thay youst tew hav
Spelin skul down at Smith's korner
And i went tew that skul
With the Skots and the Zorners.
With Bil Jones an his sisters an brothers
Thats how i kame fer tew be
Sech an ekspurt at spelin
Wonst a wek al winter yew sea
Yes that why i'm a spelin
So mutch betern som uthers.

Now thers our gran sun Jim
Your leter speeks uv him
He is away off in Newbrasky eye hear
He is far frum our home
How youngsters dew rome
In Omyhaw not dowin mutch good tho
eye here.

An thare is Jozef, Jim's bruther
Brakein the hart uv his muther
He is gon to the grate sitty uv Shekaugo
It seems sech a pitty
Yungsters shood luv the sitty
Thay mout git drawd intew salunes thar
you kno.

Now the salune air a gin
Tew ketch yungsters in
An tew licens sech hell holes
Air our nashunel sin.

Fer our statesmen make laws
Fer tew licens this kurse
Pertecktin the dram sellers kause
They kant dew nuthin worse.

Fer the fee thay air bribed
Soze tew ruin' our yooth
Fer the revinue thats derived
An thats the hole trooth.

An we've got perfessors
Whots a helpin ther kause
Supportin the parties
Whots a makin sech laws.

Tis quite inkonsistent
They way whot thay due
Tis a shame and a pitty
And yit it air troo.

Well me and Murlindy
Went tew meatin tew day
And sech finicle folks
Az we seed i shood say.

Seech skiletions uv fowlz
Wimin wore on their hats
Frum chikedees tew owls
Frum ostriches tew bats.

Them remains uv ded krittters
Them skiletuns yew sea
Makes a onholsum oder
Sez Murlindy tew me
Puttin hur lips tew mi ere
Soze folks koodint heer.

Eye fere eye shall faint,
She whisperd and sed
A holdin uv hur noze
And shakin uv hur hed.

And seech butterfly klose
Az the youngsters dew ware
But it maid em look pirty
Eye dew say an deklare

Murlindy wuz feelin proud
Uv the Sundy skule skollars
Thay kumd in seech a kroud
Thair faces az brite az noo dolars.

And seech butyful chunes
As thay wuz a singin
It seems that still in mi eres
Ther voices air a ringin

It is makin me think
Uv the blud washt throng
And eyem minglin mi voice
By faith in ther song
Eye shel drop this body an join em fore
long.

But the skripters air plane
And it stil duth remane
A trooth whot kant be denied
Fer every wun noze
That a warein fine kloze
Air a pomperin uv pride.

Tis jist whot our preechers
Shood be preechin agin
And be wornin our peeples
To be shunin this sin.

Like Peter and like Pall
And our old preechers all
Tha stood fer plane dress
As we all must konfess.

Then God own'd his word
And sent it with power
On the harts of his sants
His bessins did shower.

Now when meetin kommenst
Ther stood up fer to preech
Whot it seemed wos a nape
And sich stuf it did teech.

Now the name uv the monky
Whot woz teechin woz Mack
And this name it jest sooted
The old varment exzact.

It woz surprizin tew me
That the baboon kood tolk
Tho eye was hearin before
Tha kood stan up an wauk.

Well I sot in that meetin'
Az it happend tew day
And in substance i'll give
Whot the brute had tew say.

It sed it did not believe
Whot it yoost fer to teech
Sed it had but one surmun
It cared now tew preech.

Tho he'd barls uv surmuns
On his hands tew day
And wuz a waitin' a chance
Fer tew give them away.

Well it droo a long breth
An then wated a spel
Sed we don't enny uv us now
Bleave much in a hell.

It sed it did not beleeve
Now in sin and the fall
Sed God never made man
In his image at all.

Sed that man never fel
He jest dropt there sum how
He wouldn't bother tew tell
How it did it jest now.

It sed tho man never fell
Yet it wood not be fare
Fer tew ax it tew tell
How he ever got there.

Sed the rite thing tew ax
Now sens man woz in sin
Woz two teech him jest how
Fer tew git up again.

Sed the bibles a myth
The insultin ole houn
And sed man hed kum up
From the broots away down.

From the lizzard an frog
Frum the lion and the fox
And the razor back hog,
From the mule, ass and ox.

Sed tew oll uv these beasts
Man's relations is ni
Hes now hi as an ape
And sed that's mighty hi.

Sed ther's perfection uv luv
Whot sum wuz a preechin
He didnt take eny stock
In sich kind uv teechin.

So he then coined a word
Whot sooted him better
Than the word uv the Lord
Both in sperit and in leter.

Then it sed an Irishman
Woz as good az a ju
An Amerikan woz az good
Az Palistine wuz tew.

Then it took it a text
And kommented thereon
It wuz in the third chapter
Uv the Gospel uv Jon.

"Eksept a man be born again
God's kingdom he kant sea
Nikeydemus he axt Krist
How sich things tha kood be."

Then it perseeded tew tell
Uv a number uv waze
Whot folks yoost to kall
The channels uv grase.

Sed the channels of grase
Thay so often run dry
That tew trust in the means
Wuz tew trust in a lie.

Sed the kingdom uv God
We oll want tew git in
Sed we air likely tew fail
Axin pardon fer sin.

Sed in vain at the altar
Ov prayrs we may kall
(Notwithstanding God offers
His salvation tew all).

The means God oppointed
Thay so often run dri
In their use we shal fale
So we better not tri.

He forgot fer tu tell uz
That in faith we shood seek
That God wood besto it
On the humbel an meek.

Then it sed when all means
God appointed shal fail
There's won way thots left us
Into hevin tew sail.

Olltho repentence and faith
And oll means thay air vain
Stil we ought to thank God
That one chance duth remane.

Jest give sumbody sumthing
Now that's whot tew diew
And the kingdum uv God
It wil kum untew yew.

Then eye sez ontew mi self
Tew mi self then sez eye
That ape air a preechin
Onto us a big lie.

Kauz eye sez thare's sum fokes
Kaint got nuthin tew give
Then uv korse it air plane
Thet sich kritters kant live.

Taint got in that weigh
Tew my self then sez eye
Its whot a houseful uv gold
An uv silver kant bi.

Tho eye give oll mi goods
The hungry fer tew feed
An tew clothe up the naked
In the time uv his kneed.

Without Krist an his luv
Im a tinkerin simble
An kaint got a nuff grase
Tew fill a smoll thimbel.

Such have left the fountain
Of life so we air told
And hude them out sistersns
Whot no woter kin hold.

These air wells without woter
And air clouds without rane
Rageing waves in the see
Foaming out thair shame.

Tho' wonst purged frum sin
Have there savyer forgot
Fer luker teechin things
Whot thay reely ought not.

Sich air wanderin stars
Hoove forsaken their saveyer
An tew hoom is reserved
Black darkness forever.

It were beter fer them
If they never had knone
The fountain uv klenzein
Since they've wondered ther from.

Hoo hav left the rite way
Whot the good book teeches
And gone after balum
Hoo lusted fur riches.

We'd much beter foller
The orthodox devinity
Than tew foller that ape's
Devilish darwinity.

But it has hapend tew them
As the proverbs inspire
Like the dog tew his vomit
Like the sow tew hur mire.

When yew teech that the Bible
Is a li an not troo
Then yew drive fokes away
Yes, that's jest whot yew dew.

Jest set it down fer a fackt
Every time uv the day
When yew left Bible doktrin
Yew heve gon fur astray.

An seech riters az thay have
Its a beetin uv oll
Fer thay wont let Shakespeer
Be Shakespeer at all.

Jest sum lubber of a lord
Thay air a maken him be
Yes its a fackt pon mi word
Beets oll ever eye C.

Sum air fytin ekspanshun
Az shoor az yew air born
An its a last spring's chickin
And kin swoller hole korn.

Tha air tryin their best
Fer quite a long spell
Tew git this big rooster
Bak agin in his shel.

Sum air fytin fur it
And sum fytin again it
But eye and Murlindy
Arnt nun uv us in it.

But whot we air fytin
It air plane tew be seen
It air the licensst saloon
And the army kanteen.

We're opposed tew the rong
But we stand fer the rite
Now uv korse yew will kno
Whot its fur ut we fyte.

If yew have eny cents
At awl in yer hed
Tiz tew fyte the saloon
Ontil it air ded.

We fyte sin in lo plases
And in plases whot air hi
We will fyte it whil we live
Then we'll kick it when we di.

Perhaps yew have hurd
And mebby yew have red
How kongris passt lawz
Tew kill kanteens oll ded.

Well that law woz tew strong
Fur the president's sass
Hoo saddled it on Grigs
Az you'd saddle an ass.

Twas the votes uv hudlums
Whot he had in his sight
Fur before he woz jumpin
He must look whare tew lite.

Tew git this kanteen law
Kleen out uv his way
It don't mene whot it sez
Giner'l Grigs yew must say.*

Sum air teechin kristshun syance
At the trooth tha make defians
Tha play on foks a trick
Tell sik foks thay'r not sik
Yes thay tell sik foks a li
Tha say tha kannot di
And proklam it fur and ni.

*Those unscrupulous officers who were lining their pockets with silver through the army canteen, brought the whole weight of their influence to bear on the otherwise good president; and General Griggs' decision was an outrage on the parents of the Boys in Blue; an outrage on the plain letter of the law; as also on grammar, criticism, decency and common sense; and deserves the condemnation of all right thinking people.

Tis plane that tha air lyin
Koz foks keep rite on dyin
Yew kin sea in jest a minit
Thare aint no syans in it
Nor nuthin christshun nuther
Neather won nor yit the tuther
Tha jest deseave thare bruther.

Say nuthins good or evil
No God no man nor devil
No siknes pane nor deth
Say foks jest stop there breth
Say all's imaginashun
About this hole kreashun
Say foks jest take a noshun.

They'll fain that tha air sik
Go to bed and thare tha'll stik
That's whot them phules air preechin
Tis horid whot they'r teechin
Sich offul lize thay tell
Say every bodys well
No siknis deth or hell.

Tell oll the lize thay kan
Say Krist woz jest a man
Say none in him shood trust
Say his kingdum thay wil bust
Now shood thay kum tew yew
Eye'll tell yew whot tew doo
Tell them thair lize aint true.

I'm a wornin yew before
Tha kum ontew your dore
Soze yew'll no jest whot tew say
Tew drive sich fokes away
Say "yew air teechin whot is rong"
Then sing a kristshun song
And eye gess tha'll jog a long.

Old Jony Bull air a hookin
At the Boers we air told
Wants tew graze in thare pasters
Uv dymuns and gold.

It peers like its rong
The way he air a dooin
Tho his kood it air strong
Yit he keeps on a chooin.

This expresses the general sentiment of our people at the time of the Boer war, though there were a few autocrats who sided with England.

He air hatin republiks
Tiz a plane thing too C
And the rooler uv nashuns
He air a strivein too B.

Ther's sum uther reasons
Jon Bull is a sayin
Sez the Boers air fanaticks
Reedin bibles and prayin.

Sez its mishunery work
He iz a dooin thats all
A convertin them bergers
With powder and ball.

He air throin among em
Sum shot an sum shel
Tew keep them fanaticks
Frum goin tew hell.

Tiz mighty konvinsin
Hiz methud uv preechin
He shoots of their heds
Soze tew git in his teechin.

He is a goin this way
Fer tew make em repent
When he's kill'd em their silence
He will take fer consent.

He air acktin offal stingy
Towards them starvin folks uv Injy
Hoo air under his dominion
Better feed them foks bi far
Than tew karry on that war
At least thats mi opinyun.

A few thousand pounds fer savin uv life
But millyans uv gold fer war an fer strife
An his a kristshun nashun
A sinin ginst man an ginist God
Bi shedin uv kristshun blud
It beets all creation!

Well our nabers yew speek uv
Air az kind az thay ever kin bee
An thay dew oll we ax em tew dew
But we air lonesum uv kors yew kin sea
An we offen air speekin uv yew
We ax yew tew kum on a vizit.

Yes dew kum an sea us wonst more
Fer we haven't much longer tew stay
An air a longin fer that butiful shore
Whare the sun shines nite an day
And we'll part with frens there no more.

An we dew hope tew meat yew oll thare
In that world whots so brite an so fare
We must strive every day tho
And must wotch onto prayr
And be faithful tew each juty
If we hope tew ever git there.

Well yew axt fer sum eytums uv nooz
And uv korse your old frend wont refus
But wuz almost a fergitin tew say
Foks air a dyin an a passin away.

Mr. Wont Work is kleen ded
Yew kno Wont Work wuz wun
Whot nobody skase ever trusted
Well he got sort uv hard run
An kollapst it is sed
Got ful uv emtyness an busted.

An Mister Drone in the hive
Iz more ded than alive
And its a sperityul wornin
Both tew me an tew yew
Tew work an pray nite an mornin
Feer lest we'd kollapse tew.

An here's whot happen'd
Las nite er late yisterday
Whot strange things dew hapen
While folks air a napin

Mister Nosol and Miss Burnup
Got married foks say
An air a goin tew nowhither
Tew spend ther huny mune there
An eye spoze tew take in the phare
Yew will remember Gehazi went there.
2 Kings 5:25.

Eye wuz a yewzin a figer uv speech
About them sperityul hoo dooz
An eye rit az tho it woz nooz
Intendin a sperityul lesen tew teech.

Well i'm glad fer tew say
That ole gray iz a giten sum better
Soz Jakup ken ride him nex day
Tew the offis an karry mi leter.

Yer leter tells whot God has dun
And sez his kaus air muvein on
Our soles rejois our harts air glad
Fer oll that your good letter sed

We jine yew in yer songs uv praze
And prayrs fer God's konvertin grase.
May Jesus' name be sung an preecht
Til oll the ends uv urth air reecht

We are longin fer that blessid day
When revivles shal muve on this way.
Yew kno whot times we youst tew have
When God kame neer the lost tew save

Now let us pray he'll kum agin
Soze siners shal be saved frum sin
Soze the purchased uv the saveyers blud
May reskude be an brot tew God.

Well yew axt uv our meetins an preecher
An i'll answer yew that in short meater
The preecher we had fer last yeer
Maid his subject konspikyus an kleer

His doktrin he fetcht from abuv
An spok in the sperit uv luv
Our douts an our feers druv away
An tot us tew wotch an tew pray.

He tot us temptashun tew shun
And sea that our dootys wair dun
Tew konstantly wolk in the lite
An work in the sperits grate mite

He tot us the skripters tew reed
Tew thair doktrins an teechins take heed.
He tot this trooth an maid it plane
The siner must be born again

Els heven he kannot sea yew kno
He showd the nater uv the kase
Sed skripter tot this trooth ollways
Sed Krist told Nikydemus so.

He haz won theme whar ear he goze
An nuthin els he ever noze
Hez waukin klose tew Jesus side
An taukin uv the Krusyfide

He's wornin siners nite an day
Tew turn an wauk the narer way
He's wauk't this road fer years an years
Preacht krist in luv with flowing teers.

Won motive his akshuns kontroles
He is olwaze a wotchin fer soles
No time has he fer triffin here
Which makes sum peopple think him queer.

Its a skore uv yeers and more
Sens he preecht fer us before
An sich meatins we yoost to hev then
Sich singin an prayin an sayin amen

Sich kaulin fer mourners an seekers
Fer he woz won uv the ablest uv speakers
An yew kno Abe Spinks woz a powrful
egzorter
An he let foks pray an speak az he orter.

Yew remember when we yooster sing
Till we'd make that ole log skule hous
ring
Uv korse yew remember Uncle Rube Skot
Fer in the amen korner he alwaze sot
With Barkus an Zorney Joab good bruth-
ers
With voises like lions a prayin fer uthers
Not givin the seekers a minit uv rest
A prayin bi turns til each morner woz
blest
With Ant Ruby Stork an Ruth Vanoles
Laberin with seekers instructin uv soles.

Our fotherers an mothers in Izril ware thay
But sich zelus workers air a passin away
Thars scarce anuf left uv sich workers alive
Tew suport in good shape the drones in
the hive
No restraint on us then nor yit on the plase
We injoid our freedum an sang uv free
grase.
Twoz a haloed spot that skule hous tew me
Fer twoz thair frum mi sins mi sole woz
sot free.

Twant the logs nor florin nor chinkin yew
see
Nor roofin whot maid it so sakrid tew me
Twoz the prezence uv Jesus
Which thare eye did find
His luv in my sole
His pease in mi mind.

There eye jind with the rest
In prazin his name
And in hevin eye hope
I'll be dooin the same.

Elder Spinks woz a preechin
Uv the grate judgment day
And a kollin fer mourners
Sayin tew sinners hasten away.

Spoke in teers uv the judgment
Uv heven and uv hell
But on God's grate kompashun
He mostly did dwell.

Spoke soothin tew oll
Whoоз soles ware distresst
And prade for us seekers
Till we woz oll blesst.

He woz a pintin tu Jesus
The nite eye woz blesst
Tew the mourners bench
Eye kame along with the rest.

My sins woz a mountin
It seamed tew me so
That mi gilt before God
It wood sink me tew woe.

Az guilty and helpless
Eye fell at his feet
Thare he shode his kompashun
And saved me kompleat.

While money with some
Air the prinsiple thing
And preechin uv smooth things
Tew draw rich peopple in

He woz a singing each day
Az he trudged on his way
No foot of land do i pozess
No kotage in this wilderness.

And its plane as eye rite
This letter tew nite
Hoo that angles fer big fish
Passin leetle ones by
Will fetch up at length
With a vary small fry.

Oh the hims and chunes we youst to sing
When furst we lurnt to praze our king
An tew stur up yer pure minds
Eye must rite yew sum lines
Jist a few fer a sample
Eye supose will be ample.

How teajus an tastless the ours
When Jesus no longer eye see.

Am eye a souljer of the kross
A follerer of the lamb?

Kum thou fount of every blessin
Chune my hart tew sing thy praze.

When eye kin reed my title kleer
Tew manshuns in the skize
I'll bid a-jew to every feer
An wipe my weepin eyes.
Kum ye siners pore an kneedy
Week an woundid sik an soar.
Kum humble siner in hooz brest
A thousin thots revolve.
Frum oll whot dwel belo the skize
Let the kreaters praze arize.
Oh tell me no more uv this worlds vane
store
The time fer sich trifles with me now is
oar.
And a skore more uv uthers
Deer sisters and bruther
You'll remember we youst to sing
Then our souls mounted hire
In a charryot of fire
Az we woz a prazin our king
Seech as
Kum let us anoo our jurny persoo
And
I'll praze mi maker while i've breth
Eye hope to praze him after deth.
But sich singin as tha hav nowadays
Tiz fur frum the spirt uv worship an praze.
Sum dandys an flerts they'l go and hire
Put em together an kall em a quire
Then thay'l perceed tew yell an holler
Jsit like a noo peanner skoller
No chune eny more'n a pig a squeelin
No understanding ner sperit ner feelin
No worship frum beginin tew endin
Tiz a mockin uv God an only pertendin.
Them murders uv muwsik
Whot tha kall a quire
Shood be maid tew dew penance
A while in hell fire
Than thay'd kum out
Tew sing uv God's praze
An tew tell uv his luve
And his wonderful waze
Not tew giggle an sho thare fine kloze
An not tew sing words whot nobody noze.
Not tew be worshippt
But tew worship the Lord
An tew sing in the sperit
Az we're taught in his word.
Tho worldlings in the congregation may
sing
Yet a godless quire is a damnable thing.

Tis a horrible krim
And a henious sin
Tew be murderin the mewzik
Whot the angels jine in

We shood sing in the spirit
With good understandin
Az the skripters dew teeche
An az God is kommandin.

But seech noofangled wayz
Az tha kontrive nowadaze
Leegs and juneyer leegs and seech
Hoo noze which frum tuther or tuther
frum which.

But we'll kall tew our minds
The daze whots gon by
When our old preecher met
With yew and with eye.

Oh he wuz a holy gost preecher
An his life wuz a every day teeche
Trew religin he taught wuz pure luve
Faith an hope tew karry our spirits above
Sed saints shood kno ther sins fergiven
An reed ther tytle kleer tew hevin
Whare we awl do hope tew meat at last
When life an awl its toils air past.
If we foller his example an teechin we no
We shal sea him again whar the blod washt
go

On kanans fare an blewmin shore
Whare we awl shal meat
At our Lord Jesus' feet
Never tew die again no more.

Well that good man's work is dun
His battle fought, his rase is run.

He was wise in the skripters
Tho not a grate skoller
But he rests frum his labers
And his works shal foller.

He is dwellin now with Christ
Which we kno is far better
Is at home with his Lord
While I'm a ritin this letter.

Is free frum al sorrow
Al pane an al kare
Tew bask in the sunshin
Uv Jesus luve thare.

With Abryham Eyesik
An Jakup uv old
With profits an marters
Waukin streets uv pure gold.

Or with Eliy and Enick
In charryots uv fire
He is rangein that sitty
Tew which we aspire
Farewell holy gost preecher
We shal meet yew up hire.

Konfrens has sent another man
An we must do the best we can
We feer he may not do much good
He seams tew be a stuk up dood
He's warin offal stilish klose
An jirks the hare beneeth his noze
His ize air lofty an no teers
Of lufe in vois or looks appears
He reeds an essy stid uv preechin
An givs us milk an wotter teechin.

Tiz quite plane ontew me
An tiz plane ontew yew
The ods ut thare iz
Twixt the old an the noo.

While the old wuz kollektin
Uv ams fer the poor
The noo one goze off
On a leckterin toor.

Tew git lots uv mony
He leckters a while
Tew trig up his dotters
An his wife in fine stile.

The old preecher sot
By the sick man's bed
An prayd fer the orfans
When ther father wuz ded.

But it realy is troo
In his study the noo
Is konsealed from each i
Hid in his books as shor az yer born
Like a shoat in the ry
Like a steer hid in the korn.

Fokes rap at his dore
Hoo air burdened with sin
But he's a studdyin his surmen
So tha kannot kum in.

He's no time to vizit
With yew in yer hum
Yit on Sundy in chirch
He is glad yew hav kum.

When meeting iz out
An yew start fer the dore
He skampers his best
An gits thare before.

No mercy has he
Fer the poor gronin siner;
Hoos sole is a yurnin
Fer the lounge an fer dinner.

With simperin looks
He seases yer hand
An fergitin his books
He kontinues tew stand.

He squeezes an touks
Till the siner is sad
But when he lets go
He's rejoisingly glad.

Yit meny brite thots
Hez that preecher yew see
Hez az smart az a whip
An quite chipper iz he.

If smartnis woz oll
That the skripters requires
Then God ud be pleased
An we'd hav our dezires.

Tho its late now yew sea
Yit it volves upon me
Tew rite more uv our meetin an preecher
Well he kums with his craw
Chuck full uv the law
He aint a good doktrinal teecher.

Yet sometimes he duz well
Tauks uv hevin an hell
Sez fer sin Crist opened a fountain
Sez it air wiked tew sin
Then he'll tell whare he's bin
In Yewrup an klum a hy mountain.

How threw kollige he passt
An gradated at last
Tells us awl tew git a good lurnin
Tauks a while az he shood
Sez religin is good
But nuthin's kompared tew good lurnin.

Tauks much uv hy skules
Makes us awl out az fules
Whot haint a hy skule eddykashun
Tells sumthin thaths funny
Then axes fer mony
Tew trig his self up fer his stashun.

Then he tauks sum uv prayr
Tells how folish it air
 Tew be led by the spirit in prayin
Tells us all whot to say
Cuts us short when we pray
 Now be breef (an it goze fer a sayin).

Now be breef just a word
Pleeze stan up fer yer Lord
 Now hes got the klassreatin agoin
I will chaw yew a kood
Tiz a small one but good
 Now suck it but dont ye git tew chawin.

Dont be wagin yer jaws
Tho yew feel that the kaus
 Is so good that yer busoms air a swellin
Tho yew grately rejoice
Dont yew lift up yer voice
 Quench the spirit dont give way tew yer
 feelin.

Yew must be very quiet
Remember I say it
 No excitement allowed in this meatin
Don't be moved by the gost
Uv the furst penty kost
 Tiz myself whots a runin this meatin.

So he sets az a lord
Blames or prazes each word
 Takes up the time uv the sisters an
 bruthers
Jist a word jist a word
When yew speek fer yer Lord
 Be very breef now fathers an muthers.

Now kums the weak uv prayr
Yes, its kum i'll deklare
 But eye spos'd we shood olways be
 prayin
Still we've had a long snooz
And must rouse up eye spouse
 An prepare fer sum extras hez sayin,

Well the week of prayrs past
An the vivles kum at last
 But folks don't ketch on tew the vivle
We don't know whot tew dew
We've a vanglist in view
 But our preecher takes him fer a rivile.

Sez the meatin's oll rite
An the evnins air brite
 Go tew the hyways and go tew the heges
Foks air livin in sin
Go an gather them in
 Go thro the town an go roun its edges.

Our foks feel the kneed
Uv a vivle indeed
 Pray urnest an give worm exertashun
Then the preecher duth rize
Lookin foolishly wize
 Jist like he woz lord uv kreashun.

Sez yew must not appear
Tew mean ennything here
 Keep kool an the ice'll be meltin
An hooever gits warmed
Will at once git informed
 Az fanatiks tha'll git a good peltin.

Whot tho Jesus our Lord
Tot this trooth in his word
 Sayin oll yew my desiples air bruthers
An so teeches Saint Paul
Thare is work for us oll
 Egsort each soz tew eddyfy uthers.

But our preechers retortin
He wil have no exzortin
 Yes he seams tew dispise profysying
Fer he will not allow
This skripterul rule now
 Tho for it the foks air a kryin.

Sum air temted tew say
Git off frum that hay
 Sum ax him tew exchange with a
 stranger
But without an exkuse
He iz firm tew refuse
 He acts like a dog in a manger
Fer his akshuns dew say
It shal run in my way
 Treats each one az tho hez a baby
Like a wet nurse is he
With hur spoonful uv tea
 Maid uv katnip or peppermint maby.

No difference he sez
Twixt an infant uv daze
 And a person uv experience in dooin
Jist a word he will say
Tew the heds which air gray
 Tho thays skillful an zelus an knowin.

In hisself hes a host
Hed have squelched pentakost
Wonce we thot we had got it a goin
In his absens wed prade
Sung, exjorted an sed
The pentykost winds air a bloin.

Yes we thot we had got it
It woz enterin the town
But he straddled its back
An rid it kleen down

Tho we peted an coaxed it
An axt it tew stay
Like Balum he smote it
An drew it away.

Tho the table woz spred
As the savior haz sed
That preecher gits rite up on the table
Disregarding our wishes
He steps in our dishes
And in evry ons mess will he dabble.

Hes perzistin tew mum
Fer each person a krum
Thus the spirit is greeved and quencht
And our soles now air pained
Fer awl that we had gained
Frum our grasp by that preecher wuz
wrencht.

He took Jesus'es krown
An trampled it down
Throde his self rite on top uv the meetin
Yes he steps with his feet
Whare we drink and we eat
Yes he fouls whot we'r a drinkin an
eatin.

If he'd uv bin Peter
He'd a stopt in short meter
The rejoicin whot brot foks together
That shoutin an prazin
So disturbin an brazin
Awl that nois an konfushun an bother.

Now he gits up an stans
Sayin pleeze raze yer hans
Tis the way tew the kindum uv hevin
Tis a smoll thing to dew
An eye ax it uv yew
Raze yer hans an yew air fergiven.

Instid uv his sayin
Bow yer neez and be prayin
Repent an beleeve az he orter
Like a dunts thair he stans
Sayin raze up yer hans
He aint az good az a onlarned egzorter.

Now foks loiter an linger
All's at a stand
Length a girl with swelld finger
Raises her hand
Tiz a vyle sez he an he cuts up a kaper
Brutherin be uv good cheer
Fer the vivle is here
Yew shal see it next weak in the paper.

Thair air teers in her i
Still she don't pra ner kri
Thar's a offal big bile on her hand
She is chuck full uv feelin
Her bile is a bealin
Bows her hed she aint able tew stand.

Teers fall now like rane
So extream is her pane
Preecher's more jubylent than ever
Sez she'z got a blessin
Tho her bile's more distressin
Ryth's with pane whispers "never eye
never."

Poor girl olmost raved
Preecher sez she is saved
She's astonished at hearin his sayin
She woz olmost a dyin
But woz not a kryin
Fer misry or seekin salvation or prayin.

She sez preechers wont li
So i'm reddy tew die
And its kumd thout enny searyus fealin
Yes its kumd thout sekin
Thout prayin or speakin
Thout renounsin mi woltzin or realin.

Doxology must be sung,
Now wag every tung,
Praze God frum which oll blessins dew
flow.
Girls hans full uv pane,
She kant jine in the strane,
But he hoopt her up now, eye tell yew so.

Whot a vible, foks sed,
Az the papers tha red,
We must giv that grate vivlist a kall;
Folks in church hadn't felt,
No, ner tasted ner smelt
(Sept the preecher), skäse enny vivle
at all.

Foks thot us in klover,
But the vible blode over,
'Twant enny vivle at all, yew kin sea;
Girl's a-dansin an flirtin,
Her fingers quit hurtin,
Preecher phuled hur, but didn't phule me.

Well, it's late, an eye spoze
Eye must kum tew a klose,
An member i'm a-prayin fer yew;
Eye pra mor'n eye rite,
Pra fer yew da an nite,
An eye ax yew tew pra fer me, tew.

Uv korse you'll kno beter
'Ntu sho foks mi leter;
It mout git tew the elder uv the distrik;
And he mout send us a wus,
Then we'd be in a muss,
Tu konseal it frum him, be vary strict.

If he heers the complaints
Uv us folt findin saints
Aginst our hi lurned noo preecher.
Then he'll be out uv yewmer
When he heers the roomer,
Fer hi lurnin with him makes the
preecher.

And i'm a standin in phere
We'd git nun fer nex yeer,
Which ud still be inhansing our curse;
Fer if no preecher kame
Fer tew take oll the blame,
It wood be tu onnatrul fer urs.

Well, goodbi, fer this time,
Eye hev rit this in rime,
Koz i spoozed ut yewed like it the best;
Well, its late an eye'm dun,
Now be shoor an rite sune,
Eye must klose up an go tew mi rest.

Mi ritins quite poor,
Yew'l exkuse, i'm shoor,
Eye ain't much with a pen, i must own;
But from whot foks air tellin
Eye am O. K. at spellin,
Let mi good spelin fer pore ritin atone.

Eye give yew mi address,
And send yew a "God bless,"
 Be shoor an rite plane tu her an tu me;
Fer if yer ferget it,
Eye wont never git it,
 An i'll be a-waitin yer leter tew sea.

Now, if this shood miskary,
Or if it shood tarry,
 Yew will plese to at once let me kno;
An i'll rite yew a nuther,
Deer sister an bruther,
 And i'll kum an will fech it to you.

This in a hurry, yew sea,
Frum your luvin phrend, me.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT RIDER CAME.

In the backwoods of Ohio,
 In the days of long ago;
When religion was religion,
 Not a dressy fashion show;

When the spirit of the Master
 Fell in flames of living fire;
When the people did the singing,
 Not a trained artistic choir.

There was scarcely seen a ripple
 In life's gently flowing tide;
No events to draw the people
 From their daily toil aside.

Naught to set the pious spirit
 Of the pioneers aflame,
Save upon the rare occasion
 When the circuit rider came.

He usually was mounted
 On the sorriest of nags,
All his outfit for the journey
 Packed in leather saddlebags.

And he traveled with the Bible
 Or the hymn book in his hand,
Reading sacred words or singing
 Of the happy promised land.

How the toiling wives would glory
In the dinners they would spread,
And many a hapless chicken
Or a turkey lost its head.

And the gleamy ax was wielded,
In the sturdy hand of dame;
For it was not very often
That the circuit rider came.

And all the whole settlement
Would be ringing with the news,
That there would be meeting Sunday,
And we'd "taller" up our shoes.

And we'd brush our homespun dress suits,
Pride of ev'ry country youth;
And we'd grease our hair with marrow
Till it shone like golden truth.

- And the frocks of liney woolsey
Would be donned by all the girls;
Who heated up old fire pokers
And made their corkscrew curls.

They were scarcely queens of fashion,
But were lovely, just the same;
And always looked their sweetest
When the circuit rider came.

We have sat in great cathedrals,
Triumphs of the builders' skill;
And in great palatial churches,
Neath the organ's mellow thrill;

But they never roused within us,
Such a reverential flame
As would burn in that log schoolhouse
When the circuit rider came.

—By JAMES B. ADAMS, in St. Louis Christian Advocate.



HOW WE ARE GETTING ALONG.

Perhaps your readers won't refuse
Some little items of the news.
I trust they'll think it right and fair
To make our notes with theirs compare.
At least, it won't be very wrong
To tell them how we get along.
We send them gratis this bit of news,
Some people will read it, tho' some may refuse.

"Make your paths straight," the Bible doth say,
"Lest that which is lame be turned out of the
way."
But, like boys, now on stilts and then on the
ground,
Ourselves in such postures we often have
found;
Oft find ourselves lame and not very strong,
And still we go limping and hobbling along.

Some of us are idle, our duties we shirk,
While some, with both hands and jaws, are at
work.
Then again, we grow weary and tired of our
labors,
And our tongues get at work on the faults of
our neighbors.
Sometimes we go wrong, sometimes we go
right;
Sometimes in the dark, sometimes in the light;
Sometimes we go up, sometimes we go down,
Much like the roads which we travel to town.
Sometimes we are sad, sometimes we've a song;
Now, that is the way we are shacking along.

We each have our fault, it is easy to see,
And we trust you are doing much better than
we.
To do better than we, we confess there is
room;
We are scrubbing away with the same old
broom.
Every day we resolve to amend our lives,
And, of course, we would—but then—such
wives!
When we married, those angels were beautiful
things,
But soon we discovered they were minus their
wings;

Then we said, "We are doing the best that we
can!
And if anything's wrong, you must blame
Mary Ann!"
Then she snatches us bald, blames us with the
wrong;
So, now, you can see how we're shacking
along.

And some of our folks are after the dollar,
Some chasing humbugs whom, like Dowie,
they foller.
You may ask why they do so; that is easy to
tell,—
The fool-killer hasn't been round for a spell.

You may say when he comes he will surely
get me,
But I'll be on my guard and be watching to see;
I'll be looking demure and keeping quite cool,
So the killer won't notice that I am a fool;
I'll point to some fools, and tell him to see,
So the fool-killer won't be a-staring at me,—
Try to save my own life. You think it is
wrong—
But that is the way we are ambling along.

While neglecting our privilege and duty in
prayer,
The faults of our neighbor are our principal
care.
With the beam in our own eye, we've no time
to bother;
We are after the mote in the eye of our
brother.
In this, we confess, we are most of us wrong,
But still 'tis the way we are bobbing along.

Some are cussing, some discussing our preach-
er,—
But he keeps proclaiming God's love to His
creature.

We hinder the work 'mong our friends and
neighbors,
So our preacher reaps but little fruit of his
labors.
Some stray from the church and find fault with
the rest;
Neglect a plain duty, and remain thus un-
blessed.
And some of us, like Uzzah, much pains are
taking:
Put our hand on the cart to keep it from shak-
ing.

In this we are doing quite wrong, and 'tis said
That some of our people, like Uzzah, are dead.
It is natural, it seems, for some to do wrong,
But that is the way we are limping along.

Perhaps you would like the writer to say
What words some people should use, when
they pray.

Well, from what we have seen and from what
we have heard,
About this way, I think, their prayers they
should word:

"We are coming again with lip service, oh,
Lord!

Our lips talk to thee, but our hearts not a word.

With hearts far away, with our lips we draw
near,

But we're making a speech for the people to
hear.

To judge people harshly, of course, it is wrong,
But that is the way we are shacking along."

You can't always tell, when mixed with the
crowd,

(For some folks are humble, while others are
proud)

Tho' we think we can tell the goats from the
sheep;

Yet we only surmise by the company they
keep.

We are sheep, or else goats, away down in the
heart.

In the day of accounts Christ will set us apart,
But, take us together, we're a great motley
throng,—

Like Cripple Dick on a stick, we hobble along.

There are those to serve God much abler and
older,

Our preachers and deacons each have a broad
shoulder;

Our duties and labors we will lay upon these,
While we sail to the skies on beds of ease.

We are loving our ease much better than work,
And so, shunning the Cross, our duties we
shirk.

Of course, you will say, in this we are wrong,
But that is the way we are dodging along.

We are now in the vale, then again on the
mount,

Springs of comfort all fail, we're again at the
fount.

A zigzag course we are taking of late,—
Still, we say, we are bound for the pearly gate.

Our working spell's short, and our sleeping
spell's long,
Oh! it's fearful the way we are shacking along.

Our King in the skies is holding our crown,—
He bids us look up, but we're still looking
down.

He offers to help us in winning the prize,
But our ears are quite dull, and heavy our eyes.
It is plain that in doing this way, we're to
blame,
But we are doing so, all, just the same.
I trust you'll go right, where we have gone
wrong,
Since I've told you just how we are limping
along.

We have guide book and compass to show us
the way,
But still we are often found out of the way.
If we'd look to our ways, we'd have better sail-
ing,
But we're watching to see our brother's worst
failing.
We know we should be living in love with all
others,
But we are biting the backs of our sisters and
brothers.
We have Bibles, to show us the right from the
wrong,
But we choose our own ways, and go shacking
along.

Since our lives and our ways are laid open and
bare,
You can see what kind of a people we are.
Our faults in our faces have often been hurled,
Yet we're very much like the rest of the world.
You can scarce pick us out when mixed with
the throng,
For we try to keep step as we're marching
along.

I have shown you our failings and faults in
my letter,
You ought to spur up, now, and try to do bet-
ter,—
Since you have our failings and faults to dis-
cuss,
You know you ought to do better than us.
I have shown you each step where we have
gone wrong,
So you need not, like us, go zigzagging along.

We've discovered ourselves, and the picture is
true,—
May we hope that the case is much better with
you?
But whatever your lives, ours mostly are
wrong,—
And I've told you just how we are limping
along.

Perhaps your folks can pray better than we;
Better try it a hitch, and then you can see.
It won't take very long; do try, if you please,
Enter into your closet and get down on your
knees.

When you return to your work, you will carry
a song,
As we travel toward Zion, prayers boost us
along.
Some pray not at all,—their known duty they
dodge,—
While some people's prayers in the belfry do
lodge.
Still, some of us pray with our hearts to the
Lord;
We express our desires and we mean every
word.
Some whistle their prayers, or pray in a song,—
So now you can see how we are getting along.

If the piety of our people you are inclined to
doubt,
Remember I've been putting our worst side out.
Though we sometimes are baffled and foiled in
the fight;
Yet, I think, in the main, we mean to do right.
Of our goodness, of course, we don't feel very
proud,
For we're too much inclined to run with the
crowd.
When we follow the crowd, we are apt to go
wrong,
And that explains why we've been limping
along.

There's a highway cast up, for us to walk in,
But we've some of us walked in the broadway
of sin.
May we turn back again from the road of death,
And follow our Lord in the narrow path!
Set our faces toward Zion, with a joyful song,
And never again be seen limping along.

EXPERIENCE AND EXHORTATION.

My friends, I've been writing some verses,
Making pictures of folks with my pen.
My dreams and my story rehearses
The schemes and the doings of men.

I have told of the dens of destruction,
Of the mischief the dramshop has done.
Of those who, on the day of election,
Kick over the good they have done;

Who bow to their parties, make idols,
Tread principle under their feet;
Of the Demon who rais'd those billows
That are wrecking the "Ship of State."

Of the olden time zealous preacher,
And the new one, so full of pride,
And of those who have left their Savior
To follow a prophet that lied.

I've told how I met Prohibition,
And what he was aiming to do!
Of the scheming politician,
How he lived on license fees, too;

Of the wars people wage for the traffic,
Of municipal schemes he employs;
By the house of ill-fame and the dramshop,
To ruin our girls and our boys.

I wrote of O'Shane and Malony,
And of Tim Malony's good wife;
The plea which she made against dramshops,
Yes, for home, for children and life;

Of a man who brought to the market
What he call'd a new kind of grain,
Which he said was so greatly demanded,
And said 'twas discovered in Maine;

Of the beast which came from the ocean,
And crawled through the country and town;
How unmoved the people beheld him,
As he gulp'd their offspring down;

Of the dream of an ape about him;
Of the raiders who came to make war,
Of officials who pled for the monster,
That the life of the beast they would spare.

Many things in my dreams I've been telling
 Of sorrow, of discord and strife;
Of the waif who hated dramselling,
 Which blighted and ruined his life.

How I dreamt that I went through the city;
 How I traveled from town to town,
Seeking some one to join me in pity,
 To help put the dramseller down.

There are many more things I've told you,
 In my allegorical dreams;
To consider these evils I've called you,
 Yes, tried to awake by my dreams!

But, friends, I've said little or nothing
 Of the joys of my Christian life;
How the Lord has been my companion,
 And has saved from the world's mad strife.

Altho' I've given you an inkling,
 That the Savior of sinners was mine,
Now, I'll tell how I sought and found Him,
 And obtained His favor divine.

For to save and to rescue sinners
 From their habits, their sins and strife,
By preaching, by praying and dreaming,
 I have given the years of my life.

What my Savior has done for my soul
 Is what I now wish to record;
How he cleans'd and made my heart whole,
 When my burdens I cast on my Lord.

When I threw myself down at His feet,
 All burdened with sins and defiled,
How my Jesus in mercy did meet!
 How He bless'd me and made me God's child!

My sins, like great mountains, did rise,
 And it seem'd I was certain of hell;
But my precious Lord answer'd my cries;
 With love my poor soul He did fill;

Gave me the oil of joy for sadness;
 And clothed with the garments of praise;
How He changed my mourning to gladness;
 And for tears He put smiles on my face.

Oh! how precious Christ was to my mind!
 His presence did fill with good cheer.
His speech as the low whispering wind,
 My soul was attentive to hear;

Like the voice of the gentlest wave,
When it kisses the banks in its flow,
But it seem'd He was mighty to save,
Tho' He spoke in a whisper quite low.

And at length I discovered His form.
His visage, I saw it was marr'd.
On His head was a crown made of thorns;
His back by the lash-whip was scarr'd.

His limbs were exposed and half bare;
His raiment was stain'd with His blood.
His generation, who shall declare,
He was stricken and smitten of God.

With His looks of compassion and grace,
He ravished my heart like a dream.
Such loveliness appears in His face,
His features with gentleness teem.

Cruel wounds in His hands I did see;
And a spear had pierced His side.
And I knew He was wounded for me—
For me He had suffer'd and died.

In His eyes was the sweetness of heaven,
And mercy beam'd out in His face;
He spake and my sins were forgiven;
His breath was the odor of grace.

Then I gazed till His visage grew bright,
And a radiance of glory did lend;
His garments were glist'ning and white.
Then I knew it was Jesus, my friend.

Then I threw myself down at His feet,
And told Him to take my poor heart.
When He enter'd, I felt Him so sweet,
I was sure that we never would part.

I am happy while Jesus is mine,
Tho' I'd nothing but hunger and cold;
But without Him, in sadness I'd pine,
Tho' possessed of a house full of gold.

'Tis not for the tongue of a mortal
To tell what I felt in my soul,
Of heaven, methought 'twas the portal,
Nor could I my feelings control.

I said, "I will tell it to others,
Who're burdened with sorrow and sin;
I'll begin with my sisters and brothers;
I'll tell them how Jesus came in."

My heart became soft when I yielded,
Tho' before it was stubborn and hard;
The wounds of my conscience were healed
As soon as I trusted my Lord.

My fears and my doubts all subsided
As soon as I felt Jesus' blood,
And I pitied all those who derided,
For I saw in what danger they stood.

It is easy to pray now for sinners,
E'en such as before I did hate;
People noticed the change in my manners,
Said, "Something has happened of late."

Yes, something has happened to me;
Christ has taken my burdens away;
He has opened my eyes for to see.
I am happy by night and by day.

I love now to tell this sweet story,
For it is so gloriously true;
What He did for me, a poor sinner,
He's willing for others to do.

I'll be praising my Lord forever,
Who's shown me my sins are forgiven;
Who bled to procure me God's favor,
To save me, and bring me to heaven.

Many years I've been telling this story,
What Jesus has done for my soul;
And I hope to be singing in glory,
While the years of eternity roll.

Yes, I'll sing of His mercy who saved me,
When sinking and ready to die;
How He bled on the cross to redeem me,
And bring me to mansions on high.

I'll be vieing with saints and with angels,
In heavenly strains will I tell
Of the Lamb, which on Calvary suffer'd
To save poor sinners from hell.

Now, sinner, I wish to persuade you
To turn from your sins ere you die.
"Oh! come to His arms while He calls you,
While His offers of Mercy are nigh!"

Ere the Angel of Death serve on you
His summons, thus fixing your doom.
'Tis the day of salvation now for you;
Oh! heed while your Savior says "Come!"

In love to the souls of poor sinners,
I invite them to turn while they may;
I'd say to them, "Tarry no longer,
Oh! why should you longer delay?

"Why stay away forming excuses?
An excuse is no reason at all;
But 'twill lessen your chances of heaven,
And harden your hearts; that is all.

"Your lives will flee like a shadow,
That's lengthening over the ground;
Ere the darkness of death overtakes you,
Oh! seek while your Lord may be found."

Take the cup of salvation now offered,
'Twas purchased for you, at great cost.
To make a way for you he suffer'd;
Why slight dying love, and be lost?

Why trifle and trample on mercy,
While in need of that mercy you stand?
Planting thorns in your own dying pillow,
Why bar your own soul from that land?

I entreat you, lay hold of His mercy,
While the scepter of mercy you see;
Accept of the cup of salvation
Christ purchased, and offers you free.

Sinners, trifle no longer with heaven,
Come while it is still called "today."
To your lips, the cup He is pressing,
Oh, take it, nor dash it away!

Kiss the Son now, lest He be angry,
Lest you grieve, when from you He turns;
Lest from the way you perish forever,
When His wrath but a little doth burn;

Lest you be lamenting forever,
When the summer and harvest are past,
Nor He offer thee life again ever,
While the years of eternity last.

Oh, come, while you may be accepted!
Have your sins washed away in His blood.
In the arms of His love be protected,
With the sons and the daughters of God!

Behold! thy dear Lord in the garden,
Sweating blood in great drops from each
pore;
While the sins of the world lay upon Him,
Meek Lamb, all our sorrows He bore.

" 'Tis the cup which my Father hath given,
And shall I not drink it?" said He,
"That the sins of My foes be forgiven,
He hath laid all those sins upon Me."

Behold, now, thy Savior, poor sinner!
How He groans upon Calvary's tree;
Hear the prayers which He offers for pardon!
Hark! sinner, He's praying for thee!

Yes, for you and for me, he hath suffer'd,
That we from our sins might be free;
Meekly bearing His load, Jesus offer'd
Himself as a ransom for thee!

Come, trust and acknowledge your Savior;
Confess your dear Lord before men,
So when He shall make up His jewels,
Your Lord will confess your name then.

When the wicked and all who reject Him
Shall be told to depart into hell,
Then all who accept and obey Him,
With Jesus forever shall dwell.

Have a home in those heavenly mansions,
And join with that numberless throng;
Praising God and the Lamb for redemption.
"He hath loved us and died," be our song.

"He hath loved and died to redeem us,"
All the armies of heaven will sing;
"Cast our crowns at His feet who loved us,
And crown Him forever our King."

I must bid you "Adieu" now, sinner;
But I'll still continue to pray
That your heart be softened by mercy
And your feet be led in God's way.

So when life's short journey is over,
And our bodies are laid in the tomb;
We in blood-washed garments forever
May dwell in our heavenly home;

Walk the streets of the "Heavenly City,"
And bathe in the "Rivers of Love."
With Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
Find a home in the mansions above.

Where no sickness, no sorrow, nor death
To annoy or molest any more;
No serpent, with poisonous breath,
To tempt on that heavenly shore.

Look away to those heavenly mansions,
Which Jesus has gone to prepare!
Set your feet in the road to that city,
Oh, say, will you meet me up there

Where the "Tree of Life" is blooming,
Bearing fruit every month of the year;
Where the smiles of our God are beaming;
His hand wipes away every tear.

I will bid you farewell, dear sinner,
Till we meet in the Judgment Day;
Of the prize, if you'd be a sure winner,
You should enter His service today.

I will take that act as a promise
That you'll help to answer my pray'r.
By faith, running the race with patience
To the end, you'll meet me up there.

EASTER SUNDAY.

'Tis spring-time, and the rippling rill
Is singing now beneath the hill;
'Twill join the stream which runs the mill,
Rejoicing on its way.
All creatures seem their time to know,
The farmer to his field doth go,
Prepares the ground his seed to sow,
In hope of reaping day.

The trees and shrubs now bud for bloom,
Nature is rising from her tomb,
Is putting off her somber gloom;
Spring birds their songs employ.
The fields put on their robes of green;
Are dressing gaily, like a queen;
Our hearts are gladdened at the scene,
It seems a thing of joy.

We hear the humming sound of bees,
While birds are singing in the trees,
And many pleasing sounds like these
And pleasant human voice.
A presage of the time to come,
When saints shall rise from slumbering tomb,
To heaven's brightness from their gloom
Forever to rejoice.

With glad acclaim all nature sings,
All beasts and birds and creeping things;
Frail insects with their gauzy wings,

Enjoy their transient stay.

All this life and joy and bloom
An index is of what's to come
Beyond the limits of the tomb;

Presage immortal day.

Yes, high above material things,
Of gurgling brook, of bird that sings,
Of budding trees and grass that springs,
E'en all we see and hear,
The power which drove away our gloom,
The Almighty Christ who burst the tomb
And made our hopes to bud and bloom,
And filled us with good cheer.

Come, let us send a tidal wave
Of praise to Him who burst the grave
And manifests His power to save,
And made great Easter Day.
Our hope within the veil is cast,
Where our forerunner, Jesus, pass't;
And Faith, our cable, holds us fast,
Rejoicing on our way.

Our gifts and selves today we bring;
Our sweetest songs on Easter sing
In honor of our Risen King,
Who triumphed o'er the grave.
'Tis meet we should be glad today;
Our voices join in joyful lay;
Christ triumphed over death today,
With mighty power to save.

He makes our hopes to bud and bloom,
Christ left a lantern in the tomb,
And all is light where once was gloom,—
We now can see our way.
Elysian fields appear in sight;
The land is beautiful and bright;
For Jesus is Himself the Light,
The sun; He makes the day.

The Marys start at break of day,
Now they are talking on their way;
Say, "Who shall roll the stone away?"
But what a glad surprise!
Two angels sitting, clothed in white,
With faces shining clear and bright
(From glory land had made their flight),
Greet their astonished eyes.

"You seek for Jesus," angels said.
"Why seek the living 'mongst the dead?
Your Lord is risen, as He said.
 See where His body lay!"
They ran to bring the Easter word;
To tell of Christ our risen Lord,
Now swell the notes, touch every chord,—
 Christ lives! 'tis Easter Day!

Yes, Christ has risen; that is true,
But does His spirit dwell in you?
Is your soul risen with Him, too?
 Do you live for Him today?
Have you renounced the world and sin,
And idle words which yours have been?
Does Jesus dwell and reign within?
 Then yours is Easter Day!

And you may carol like the bird,—
Your songs of praise each day be heard,
And testify by life and word
 That Jesus lives in you.
Go spread the tidings everywhere,
To men in darkness and despair,
That Christ has risen; go declare!
 Let them have Easter, too.

WHAT THE DIFFERENCE IS.

Two ministers from conference went
To different fields, where they were sent.
Each with different purpose and intent;
 One for souls and one for self.
Inspired by the Spirit from above,
With a sense of duty and of love
In his field of labor one did move;
 The other worked his field for pelf.

The Rev. Please Men's soliloquy,—
"This is blue Monday; let me see!
What next Sunday's text shall be.
 I must avoid offense to give;
I will avoid each Scripture text
Which would fastidious hearers vex.
What subject shall I preach from next?
 I must be careful. I must live!

"I dare not touch a single sin
Which a paying member indulges in.
I'll set that down, firstly, to begin.

 Yes, I'll adopt it as a rule.
I'll go and ask the leaders pat
What they desire, then give them that.
My purse will then be growing fat.
 If I don't do so, I'm a fool!

"The subject is getting quite perplexed;
What shall I take for my Sunday text,
Which folks will like and not get vexed?
 The subject of worldly conformity?
" 'Twas for plain preaching, tho," he said,
"That John the Baptist lost his head.
I must preach smooth things, too," he said;
 If the people's lap-dog I would be.

Now, if I take some other text
To enforce religious duties next
The backward members will be vexed.
 I fear that it will raise a storm.
I cannot preach on duty, I see,
Nor yet on worldly conformity;
Else people will set down on me,—
 To people's wishes I'll conform."

He continues his soliloquy,
"What shall next Sunday's subject be,
So people will be pleased with me?
 Nothing which offense will give.
" 'Gainst living in pleasure," reads a verse*
No, that's a subject I dare not rehearse,
Else they'll box up wife and order a hearse.
 It will not do, for I must live!
(*See I Timothy, 5:6.)

A flowery essay I will read,
Tho' 'tis not just what people need;
'Twill please them, tho, it will, indeed;
 'Twill culture and refine them, too.
But on what theme now let me see!
I'll talk on "Respectability."
Yes, that is just the theme for me;
 I'll talk on that—that's what I'll do!

New ways and styles I, too, will dub,
I'll make the church a social club;
Our church will then be called the Hub.
 Aristocrats we then shall be.
Games and amusements we shall find
(Things suited to the carnal mind);
Leave sober, serious things behind;
 Give parties, too; that just suits me!"

But what the fruit of this knavish clown?
The midweek meetings all went down,
While worldliness increased in town.

In piety the church made no advance.
The membership are falling off;
Others worldly styles now doff;
The godly mourn; outsiders scoff;
Some members, too, play cards and dance.

But how about the godly man
Who worked upon a different plan?
Said, "I'll preach the Word, the best I can;
That is what I'm sent to do."
So taught the people what is right,
'Gainst worldliness he made a fight;
Warned folks with tears both day and night;
Reproved unruly members, too!

He pointed to the Savior's blood;
To Jesus as the way to God;
The path the Holy Prophets trod,
And said, "No other path will do!"
He warned his flock all sin to shun;
With patient faith the race to run,
And see that duties all were done,
Toward God and all men, too!

He sought the souls which went astray,
And turned their feet into the way
Which leads to God and endless day,
And gave to God the glory.
It seem'd to be his chief delight
To guide his people's feet aright;
To keep his garments pure and white,
And tell Redemption's story.

"She that lives in pleasures, too," he read,
"Will soon be formal, cold and dead;
Will severed be from Christ, our head;
Will lose all joy in prayer.
That worldly lusts we must deny,
And on our Savior keep an eye;
To tread His footsteps we must try;
Must have a constant care.

Now, for results! We find they were;
That the midweek hour for social prayer
Found the members mostly there,
Quite promptly in their places.
Some sinners to the altar came,
While wandering souls God did reclaim,
And all rejoiced in Jesus name,
And grew in all the graces.

Now, this is what I've sought to do,—
To introduce those men to you.
The one was false, while one was true,
 Which far pastor would you choose?
One led his flock to worldliness,
The other taught his holiness;
Christ's life on them sought to impress,
 No sin in them did he excuse.

One led to pleasures, pastimes, sin,
And other lusts that's near akin;—
Instead of Jesus formed within
 He broke the branches from the Vine;
Taught them in worldly ways to tread,
Withheld the Word, the living bread,
And gave them chaff and husks instead;
 Such husks as Satan feeds his swine.

The flocks, of course, will follow well
(Up to heaven or down to hell)
The leading sheep that wears the bell,—
 He leads toward one or t'other place.
He represents the King of Kings,
Who is sufficient for these things?
Not angels with their flaming wings,
 But men endued with heavenly grace.

Men only, who are called of God,
Whose souls are cleansed in Jesus' blood—
Such men alone can do us good—
 Can build us up in truth and grace.
God does endue men from above
And fires their souls with zeal and love;
Such men alone our hearts can move,
 And turn us from our carnal ways.

No man should run whose heart is cold,
To feed the flock, the Savior's fold,
But called of God, like saints of old;
 None other can so useful be.
Let him with gifts, with grace and love,
Who hears the Spirit from above,
And feels his inward impulse move,
 Say, "Here am I, send me! send me!"

Now, him who on himself doth take
A shepherd's place, for lucre's sake,
Will but a hireling shepherd make,
 Who cares not for the lambs and sheep;
The flock he values for its fleece,
For selfish motives seeks increase.
"Peace! Peace!" he cries, "when there's no
 peace."
When he should watchful vigils keep.

The wolf doth come the sheep to slay,
While the idle shepherd is at play
At some silly game (perhaps croquet),
When he should make the sheep his care.
But the good shepherd guards his fold,
As David did, in days of old,
From wolves, from hunger, and from cold;
To watchfulness adds song and prayer.

Now, I have questions, one or two,
Which I will now propound to you,—
“Are you a shepherd false or true?”
Come, tell us what your motives are.
You have beneath your care a flock,—
Do you lead for shelter to the rock,
Or are you just a stumbling block?
Come, now, I’ve put the question square!

I ask—but answer not to me,
For I am not the Judge, you see;
Answer to God, for it is He
Who’ll call us to the judgment bar.
To all mankind He has desires;
He’ll give to each what law requires.
Angelic joys or hellish fires;
And He knows who the faithful are.

Oh, yes; that time is coming when
The Lord will judge the sons of men;
All nations stand before Him then,
All give a strict account.
Their anguish then no tongue can tell,
When God shall say, “Depart to hell!”
With Satan and his imps to dwell,
While saints to glory mount.

The shepherd then, who led astray
His flock into the downward way,
Must meet it in that awful day—
Must meet his final doom.
The faithful shepherd, too, wil’ meet,
And joyful, too, each saved one greet,
With shoutings at the judgment seat,
To hear Christ say, “Well done!”

Will join with that unnumbered throng
Of saints and angels near the throne,
Then join with them the immortal song
In that grand eternal home.
Each unsaved soul I now entreat,
Prepare by grace your doom to meet,
Before we reach the judgment seat—
Prepare for joyful doom.

To every one who reads my rhyme,
I'd say get ready now, in time,
For the coming judgment, so sublime,
With joy, and not with grief!
Repent of unbelief and sin,
And now the better life begin!
Seek Christ and purity within!
Seek God in true belief!

THOUGHTS ON CALVINISM.

There is a reprobation plan
(Somehow it did arise
By the predestination clan)
Of horrid cruelties.

The plan is this: They hold a few
Are foreordained for heaven;
They hold the rest accursed crew
Can never be forgiven!

They boldly teach God has decreed
Whatever comes to pass.
Some to be damned; some to be freed,—
And this they call free grace!

This iron bedstead they do fetch
To try our hopes upon,
And if too short, we must be stretched,
Cut off, if we're too long!

This is a bold Satanic scheme,
It suits the serpent well,—
If he can make the sinner dream
That he is doomed for hell.

Of if he can persuade a man
Decrees are on his side,
Then he will say without delay,
“The thing can't be denied.”

He tells one sinner he's decreed
Unto eternal bliss.
He tells another he can't succeed,
For he is doomed to miss.

The first he bindeth fast in pride;
The second in despair.
If he can only keep them tied,
Which way he does not care.

(But I can see it plain enough,
That is only Satan's bluff.)

No evil can from God proceed;
 " 'Twas only suffered; not decreed!
As darkness is not from the sun
 Nor mounts the shades, till he is gone."*

When we condense John Calvin's plan
Of God's decrees, ordained for man
(Let those believe the stuff who can,
 But we the horrid stuff deny),
'Tis what the serpent told to Eve,
The lie with which he did deceive,
That she might sin and still would live,
 To make man fall, he told the lie.

In substance, Calvin makes God say,
"No odds how far from me you stray;
How low you sink, how long you stay,
 The thing is fixt by firm decree.
Whatever comes to pass, indeed;
Yea, every act I have decreed;
You need not to your ways take heed;
 'Tis nailed as tight as it can be.

Ere heaven or earth was made,
Or foundation of the mountains laid,
I nailed this fast and it has stayed,—
 You never can escape from me.
It makes no odds what you may do,
For I've decreed your action, too.
Have fixt your words and works for you;
 You cannot break my firm decree.

Since you belong to the elect,
I'm bound to show to you respect;
Your soul's salvation can't be wreck't.
 By fiat you belong to me.
'Twas fixt before the world began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
'Tis part of my eternal plan.
 You cannot change my firm decree.

That's Calvinism, plain and strong,
Which Hardshell Baptists pass along.
But freewill Baptists say 'tis wrong.
 They say, " 'Tis rank fatality!"
They say the Lord has made man free
To act, and choose what he will be;
To follow Christ or from Him flee;
 Hence, man's responsibility.

*The lines above are Lorenzo Dow's.

And if not so, 'tis plain to see
That man a mere machine must be,
'Thout either praise or blame is he;
Without responsibility;
But God has taught us we must give
Account of how we act and live,
That a reward we shall receive,
In justice and in equity.

If what John Calvin says is true,
That "Tis decreed what we must do.
And we must suffer for it, too,
And that to all eternity."
It sets God in a horrid light,
Consigning man to endless night
For doing what he only might;
Just what He had decreed to be.

Reflecting on the Lord's decrees
(As Calvin calls them, if you please,
For that's the light in which he sees),
He places man in horrid plight;
Says God decreed each person's act,—
All that he says and does, in fact;
Yes, everything, to be exact;
Then damns him for it—Is that right?

But modern Calvinists have it mixt;
Tho' by decrees the thing is fixt,
The gospel lets them in betwixt.
They say, "It is a proven fact
That man, tho' bound, is free to act."
But a man with half an eye can see,
If man is bound by firm decree
To act, he never can be free!

And it is plainly to be seen,
There's no such thing as go between.
Decrees make man a mere machine;
Machines, to act, are never free.
The man that's bound by firm decree
To go to hell eternally
Can't be partly bound and partly free.
That looks plain enough to me.

They set God forth with hideous features,
Playing Bo-peep with His creatures;
Strip him of all sincerity,—
Make Him bind them by a firm decree,
Then call them, "Children, come to me!"

They change God's Word into a lie,
So men will hate the Lord and die.
'Tis Satan's doctrine, that is why,
 To drag folks down to endless night.
Such hellish doctrine I despise,
It ne'er descended from the skies,
For God is good, and just, and wise.
 Shall not the Judge of all do right?

Now, when poor sinners they invite,
They leave decrees all out of sight,
And say, "You may come home tonight!"
 Say, "Jesus calls, come home today!"
Decrees, of course, are frightful bait!
And so they preach the gospel straight,
Leave out their fixt decrees and fate;
 Say, "Christ is calling, come away!"

The general tenor of God's Word
Proclaims Him as a righteous Lord
(This truth the Bible does record),
 Who hateth all iniquity.
To all His creatures He is good;
For every man Christ shed his blood,—
Would save each sinner, if he could,—
 Would save, if man would yield, to be.

He rose and triumphed o'er the grave.
He lives with wondrous power to save;
Saves all who will salvation have.
 He would not have the sinner die.
Is calling sinners, too, to come,—
He welcomes all, and makes them room,
And warns the wicked of their doom,
 Oh, sinner, hear His dying cry!

He calls all men to cease from sin,
And spreads His arms to take them in;
His dying love all hearts should win,
 But Satan tempts us to delay.
Would Satan ever tempt at all?
If Christians could not sin and fall?
He seeks our ruin, that is all,—
 To sin, and then be cast away.

Satan is busy every hour
Seeking whom he may devour.
All he gets within his power
 He is aiming to destroy.
He has many servants, and they do
His dirty drudgery for him, too;
He is laying snares for you,
 Man or woman, girl or boy.

What do Calvinists think God meant
By commanding all men to repent?
(While their frail lives to them are lent.)

Did He do it in pretense?
He puts it plump, and plain, and square,—
“Commanded all men everywhere,”
Exempting no one anywhere.

Will they impeach Omnipotence?

John Calvin thinks God’s Book does lie,
God meant a few, the rest passed by,
Says God decreed, to a single man,
Just who He’d save and who He’d damn;
Has fixt it by a firm decree,
Just who the saved and damned should be.

Their knees are weak, their hands hang down,
They will not strive to win the crown;

Think God’s decrees have nailed them down;
With idle hands and sluggish feet
Are going to the judgment seat,
Where ruined souls, perchance, they’ll meet,—
They might have brought to Christ with ease
Had they not trusted in decrees.

Some one has written lines like these,
‘Bout Calvin’s doctrine of decrees:

“You can, and you can’t,
You shall, and you shan’t;
You will, and you won’t,
You will be damned if you do.
And you will be damned if you don’t.”
Decrees are fixt so tight on you,
There’s naught your helpless soul can do.

But God, in speaking unto man,
Reveals to us a different plan.

He tells us that we should, and can;
He does not say, “I’ve made decree
What every act of thine shall be,
But all the blame I’ll lay on thee.”

“I’ve made decree which you can’t help,
That you must sin, you little whelp!
I’ll damn you for it, you must know,
For My decrees to hell you’ll go,—
Must stay in hell forever, too,
For doing what I made you do.”

Calvinism, when boiled down,
Takes all the glory from God’s crown.
Blasphemes His name; His truth belies;
Shuts out the light from Reason’s eyes.
It blinds men’s eyes so they can’t see
God’s love and impartiality.
Christ died for all; but such can see
That all means part by a decree.

"God will have mercy on whom He will."
Come, think you who they be?
'Tis every one who loves His son
 And from his sins doth flee.
'Tis every one that doth repent,
And truly hates his sin;
'Tis every one that is content
 To turn to God again.

"And each one he will be hardeneth."
Come, think you who they be?
'Tis every one who hates His son,
 And from the cross doth flee.
'Tis every one that in sins persist
 And do out stand their day,
Then God in justice leaves e'en them to
 Their own hearts' lusts a prey.

1 Tim. 2:4—"Who will have all men to be saved."

2 Peter 3:9—"God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentence."

Ezekiel 18:23—"Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked."

Love is God's eternal nature,
Is loving, too, to every creature.
Christ bears His image in every feature,
 Who tasted death for every man.
And sent His followers to proclaim
To all conditions just the same
A pardon free in Jesus' name.
 This is Jesus' gospel plan.

Go climb the steeps and cross the wave,
Go tell He lives with power to save,
Who rose and triumphed o'er the grave.
 Proclaim to all a Jubilee!
Go quickly now, the tidings bear!
Go publish freely everywhere,
For men are dying in despair—
 Tell them all power belongs to Me!"

This gospel preach to every creature;
This is its peculiar feature;
Impartial love is Jesus' nature.
 "He died and rose to save us all!"
A faithful saying this, and true,
Christ came to save poor sinners, too;
Is willing and able this to do;
 Extends His hands and makes the call.

1 Cor., 8:11: "The weak may perish, for whom Christ died."

Hebrews, 10:29: "The blood wherewith He was sanctified."

Hebrews, 10:39: "Those who draw back unto perdition."

This fact is plain; can't be denied;¹
They may perish, for whom Christ died,
And those who once were sanctified²

May "Draw back unto perdition."³
God's promises are always sure,
To endless ages must endure.⁴

To those who keep their garments pure,
Faithfulness is the condition.

St. Peter tells us how to secure,
To make our own election sure,
That we may to the end endure,

That we from grace may never fall;
That we should seek in grace to grow,
Add virtue to our faith and go
And keep the fire of love aglow,

And so says John, and James, and Paul.

Why teach, "Let no man take thy crown,"⁵
If God's decree has nailed it down
So tight, you can't incur God's frown?

Will modern Calvinist tell why?
Why say, "Make your election sure,"⁶
By adding all the graces pure,
So we may to the end endure?

If it's decreed you cannot die?

It seems that Paul must watch and pray,
Lest he become a castaway,⁷
For what does he this sentence say?

Of course, he need not, but he may.
Our Lord had said to us before,
The salt that's lost its saving power
Is good for nothing any more;⁸

The worthless stuff we cast away.

¹1 Cor. 8:11. ²Heb. 10:29. ³Heb. 10:39.

⁴2 Pet. 1:10. ⁵Rev. 3:11. ⁶2 Pet. 1:10. ⁷1 Cor. 9:27. ⁸Mark 9:50.

There was a time, there must have been,
When worthless salt 'neath feet of men
Had power to season in it then,

Which Jesus says, the salt has lost.
"Lord Jesus, I will trust in thee,
For thou alone hast made me free,
If others trust in a decree,

I fear they'll do it to their cost."

God's Word I read, and I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace,
The gospel precepts teach no less.
Then I must strip me for the race.
I find that I must watch and pray,
And strive by mercy every day
To keep the straight and narrow way;
Thus win the prize through sov'reign grace.

When in debate, mid heated wrath,
Calvin procured Servetus' death.
His feet were out of Jesus' path;
He did not to His ways take heed.
It seems the two were in a strife,
When Calvin rose in anger rife,
Like Cain, he took his brother's life,
And said, "'Twas what the Lord decreed!"

Because he cannot Him confute,
Nor silence him in the dispute,
Rose up and slew him, like a brute;
Was not ashamed to own the fact.
Servetus to the stake he sent,
Made murder clinch the argument;
It seems he never did relent,
But thought the Lord decreed the act.

God's Book, of course, condemns the act,
A law against murder did enact;
'Gainst murder in the heart, in fact;
Against every kind of evil.
God speaks in thunder from the skies,
While Abel's blood for vengeance cries,
Murder is wrong. No one denies.
'Tis not of God, but of the devil!

But Calvin says a secret will
God has decreed, and must fulfill,
Which made him poor Servetus kill,
Contrary to the Written Word.
But that's a thing I really doubt,
For how could Calvin find it out?
Secrets don't often stalk about.
Calvin's creed belies the Lord.

We take God's Book, His written word,
Of the three-one thrice holy Lord
(Forever be His name adored)
There He reveals Himself as true.
Yea, true and righteous, altogether
His word will stand the test forever.
'Tis like Himself, it changes never;
Tells what we may and may not do.

Unto our feet it is a light,
It always shows the path that's right;
Warns us to shun the ways of night,
And it is safe to follow, too.
'Tis here we make our final stand;
Go follow Christ, is the command,
The holy road to Canaan's land.
What He commands, 'tis safe to do.

The secret things are for the Lord,
But things for us are in His Word—
Things written there can't be ignored.

We follow that which is revealed.
The Bible is an open book,
And when with prayer we in it look
It shows each winding path, each crook—
Shows narrow path to Eden's field.

Though Calvinists make quite a fuss
O'er secret things which they discuss,
'Tis things revealed belong to us—

Belong unto our children, too!
Those are the things to do by grace,
To walk in all His righteous ways,
And run the whole celestial race,
And shun the things forbidden, too!

Thy word, Almighty Lord, where'er it enters in
Is sharper than a two-edged sword, to slay the man of sin;
Thy word is power and life; it bids confusion cease;
It changes envy, hatred, strife to love, and joy, and peace.
Then let our hearts obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Let all its fruits, from day to day, be in us and abound.





PART THIRD.

AN ADMIRABLE LOVE LETTER BY
A BACHELOR, JIG PIGGLE-
JEE, TO MISS PEDEE.

Dear Madam:

I wish to make some statements true
To tell how much I think of you.
Whene'er your beauty I behold
I prize you more than I do gold.
I admire your form,—admire your face,
The smile which o'er your features plays,
Your charming voice, and winning ways,
Your movements, too, so full of grace.

With admiration on you I gaze,
I dream of nights and muse by days.
Your beauty charms my soul always.
Thus while admiring and gazing,
And while musing and praising,
My affections are carried away, with you,
And I notice that you are aware of it, too.

For I noticed that you noticed that I noticed
you,
And I noticed that you noticed that I noticed,
too,
That you noticed that I noticed you,
And how very bashful then I grew
And wished I was more handsome, too,
When I noticed that you noticed that I noticed
you.

Sometimes my mind is filled with pain
For fear my musings might be vain;
Anon my mind is filled with cheer,
And banished, all my pain and fear.

Alternating between the two,
Which ever way shall tip the scale,
If I shall win, or I shall fail,
Depends entirely all on you.

Some say I'm a bachelor, getting old.
Well, perhaps, but I will be bold
To call you my dear, my darling—my dove!
And discover to you, tho a bach, I'm in love.
You're the first I have loved in all my life,
And I wish you, my darling, to become my
wife.

Please take some paper, clean and white,
On which your answer, please to write.
'Twill take but little time you know
To answer "yes," or answer "no."
If you say "yes," then I shall sip
The nectar you press to my lip.

But sad the tho't, if you say, "no"!
'Twill fill my cup with grief and woe.
You hold the scales in your own hand,
Can sink my hopes, or make them stand.
Please think of my fate, as you think of your-
self,
Would you be an old maid that is laid on the
shelf?

If my suit is denied, dear love, after all,
And I am compelled to keep bachelor's hall,
I will purchase a place adjoining your lot
And will build me a residence close to your cot.
I'll live close by your side, what ever you say,
And will haunt with my presence by night and
by day.

My love, dear madam, is constant and true,
And now, I will look for an answer from you.
Please answer my letter, without fail,
And answer it quick, by returning mail,
And oblige your lover, me,
Hon. Jig Pigglejee.

Well, now, I'm glad to give you Miss Pedee's
report.

She concluded to marry Mr. Pigglejee for
sport.

Said, rather than be courted all her life,
She thought she had better become Jig's wife.
She said it was plain he would never give up,
But would hang on and growl just like a bull-
pup.

So now she has sold her corner lot;
Has moved to his residence, out of her cot.
So Miss Pedee is now Jig Pigglejee's wife,
'Twas the only way to end the strife.
They now are living a sociable life,
She plays on the organ, he plays on the fife.
They now have children, obedient and good,
To do up the dishes, and bring in the wood.
And now, my friends, to you it is plain
That by dogged persistence, his suit he did
gain.

It is wisdom, then, to continue a suitor;
None but a cowardly fool would shoot her
(Because he doesn't happen to suit her),
No, none but a fiendish brute, sir.

If you've a sweetheart, be persistent and true,
Jig Pigglejee sets an example for you.
True love is a cord that will bind her fast
And constancy wins her love at last.

Have courage, then, my bachelor brother!
If your suit is denied, then try another.
For every Jack, there is always a Jill,
And if one won't come, some other one will.

This truth to man is now well known,
That it is not good to "bach" it alone.
God made the woman to be man's wife,
To help him along in the journey of life.
But men want wives for different ends,
When they go out to court, sir.
One wants a wife, like Pigglejee,
To marry him for sport, sir.
Dick wants a wife to mend his clothes,
She must do it, too, to suit, sir.
For if she don't, or if she does,
He'll treat her like a brute, sir.
Tim wants a wife for his own lust,
To sing, and play, and laugh sir.
Tho he is bad, she must be good,
Must be his better half, sir.
Ned wants a wife to do the work,
While he sits round and snores, sir.
He gets his pipe and takes a smoke,
While she does up the chores, sir.
Jack wants a wife to sing his praise,
And give him a good name, sir.
If anything gets out of fix,
Wants her to bear the blame, sir.
But, sirs, sometimes she feels his taunts,
Tho he thinks it is a sin, sir.
For while her fingers darn his socks,
Her tongue is darning him, sir.
God made the wife to help the man,
But not to do it all, sir.
And if each one will do their part,
'Twill save them many a brawl, sir.
True love is always meek and mild,
Will patiently forbear, sir.
While want of it brings discord in,
And selfishness makes war, sir.
Before you wed be sure you love,
Love is the rule of heaven, sir.
'Tis mutual love binds two in one,
And makes life's pathway even, sir.
Love is the chiefest grace of all,
Love lightens all our labor.
But want of love will tire you out,
And tire your wife, and neighbor.
Let us conclude this subject now,
By summing up the matter.
If you love a girl and love her hard,
Then throw some kisses at her.
Don't rush at her with too much haste,
Don't throw from finger tips, sir.
But lay your arm about her waist,
And dash them on her lips, sir.

No cold advances toward her make,
 Don't feign to be above her, sir.
You cannot win her heart or hand,
 Till she believes you love her, sir.
You need not make a cage for her,
 Before you try to grab her, sir.
When she's convinced your love is true,
 No other chap can nab her, sir.
Your bird convinced that you are true,
 She will not tell you "no," sir,
She will not leave, nor fly away,
 But will follow where you go, sir.
I know some things about a girl,
 I'll tell one thing to you, sir,
Don't sling your kisses all about,
 But pay them where they're due, sir.
If in her presence you delight,
 And hold her on your lap, sir,
Then she will never take to flight,
 Nor flirt with another chap, sir.
Another thing I'll tell to you,
 Please bear it well in mind, sir,
What ever treatment you give her
 She will give you the same kind, sir.
Now when your bird becomes your wife,
 Don't let your love cool soon, sir.
But through the years of your married life,
 Prolong the honeymoon, sir.
Don't lash her with your limber tongue
 For that will never do, sir,
Else you will find her tongue as long
 And just as limber, too, sir.
If you don't prove your love is true,
 Remember what I've said, sir!
Then she will turn her back on you,
 And kick you out of bed, sir.
If you are always kind to her,
 She'll be a loving wife, sir.
But if you fret and scold at her,
 'Twill stir up brawls and strife, sir.
Perhaps you'll think I'm just a sport,
 And ask me how I know, sir.
Well I have been all through the mill,
 And found out how things go, sir.
God made the wife for you to love,
 He placed her in your hands, sir,
To love and cherish all your life,
 Then heed the Lord's command, sir.
If you obey and live in love,
 The Lord will be your friend, sir.
Then love her as He loved the church—
 He loved it to the end, sir.
'Tis good advice I give to you,
 Don't throw it all away, sir.
Or else your conduct you will rue,
 I bid you now good day, sir.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

In such a place, at such a time,
I write a letter, dear, in rhyme.

My lady love, I'd have you say
What time of night, or time of day,

On what corner, on what street,
You will be pleased with me to meet.

Together with me, ride or walk,
And have a confidential talk.

In what arbor's safe retreat
Both occupy some cozy seat.

I'd like to know your plans for life;
You see, I'm looking for a wife.

As you are rich and handsome, too,
My thoughts are dwelling much on you.

I'd like to have you feel quite free
To plainly state your mind to me.

Be pleased, my dear, to answer soon,
I'm anxious for the honeymoon.

As I believe you good and true,
You'll know what I expect of you.

You see, I've written this in rhyme;
Good-bye, my love, no more this time.

P. S.

If you're disposed, my love, to write,
Invite me over there tonight.

I'll esteem it as a favor great,
And surely I'll reciprocate.

YOURS IN LOVE.

II

She did, and now they both are one;
The preacher tied them tight;

Both hustled for the honeymoon,
And both think each all right.

If any man who reads this tale
To take a wife would like,

Go write a letter to your gal,
Yes, a model letter write.

Go find a girl of your own mind,
Both think about alike;
Propose to her to live "combined,"
Then both go on a strike.
You've no excuse to bach it now,
Or live a single life,
Since I have told to you just how
To take yourself a wife.
When you and she are both combined,
Together hitched for life,
You must be gentle, true and kind,
To keep a gentle wife.
Tho' you and I may never see
Each other in this life,
The secret I have shown to you,
So get and keep a wife.

SENATOR PETTUS' ANECDOTE.

Mr. Pettus, a United States Senator from Alabama, makes fun in Congress by telling an anecdote, which I, in part, render into verse.

Pettus, the aged statesman, says,
"You remind me of my boyhood days,
And a sermon of an old-time preacher;
You get things very badly mixed;
'Tis hard to get them rightly fixed;
You're such a bungling teacher."

He sharpened up his native wit;
At his opponent makes a hit.
He said, "That preacher took a text,
But," said, "it seemed, he couldn't find it.
He looked awhile and got perplexed,
Then said, 'Well, never mind it.'

"Said, 'As nigh as I can mind today,
My text it reads about this way:
Now Enon, he had seven sons;
Great strapping lads, I do declare,
And all these sons did milk a bear.'"
That's how the Pettus story runs.

"Whatever commentators say,
There seems to me no better way
To solve this text than common sense."
The preacher then went on, and said,
'Now, Enon he was sick abed;
 The doctor came at his expense.

"The doctor, as he came and went,
Prescribed some milk for nutriment.
Now, all those sons, which milk a bear,
Were still at home and in the house.
So they ran out to milk the cows,
 But could not find them, I declare.

"The doctor says, "Now, boys, be quick!
Enon, your dad, is very sick."

Those boys were good; yes, sir, they were.
They crossed the fields and ranged the wood,
Went everywhere and hunted good,
 Those seven sons which milk a bear.

"They hunted good, I tell you now,
But could not find a single cow;
At last they find a big she-bear.
They tackle her and hold her tight,—
Yes, sir, they did, with all their might;
 Those seven sons which milk a bear.

"They had a time of it, they had,—
You see, the beast was mighty mad,
But they were spunky lads, they were.
They said some milk their Pa must have,
For nothing else his life would save.
 Those were brave sons which milk a bear.

"They all surround and grabbed the bear.
Now came with them the tug of war;—
One grabs the critter by the tail,
Another holds her by the jaws;—
Four others hold onto her paws;—
 Another milks her, in the pail.

"She struggled hard, she raved and tore,
(She never had been milked before.)
They held her tho' and milked her there.
'Twas woodchuck case, you'll see at once,
As plain as day, else you're a dunce,
 With Enon's sons which milk a bear.

"They hold the critter like a vice;
Her toes, though, wiggled once or twice.
These boys had orter all been there,
'Tis plain to me and plain to you,
The Bible says so, and 'tis true,
 These seven sons did milk a bear.

"They'd vowed against the brute, and said
They'd milk her, if it killed her dead.

So kept their vows and milk't her there.
They warn't no tenderfeet from town,
Which caught the beast and held her down,—
'Twas Enon's sons which milk a bear.

"A picnic it was, oh! you're just right,
These girls were never hugged as tight
As them seven sons of Enon were.
'Twas Enon's sons, you'll please take heed,
No other chaps would na'r done the deed,
Except Enon's sons which milk a bear.

"She reared, and tried to climb a tree,
And tried to bite and tried to flee,
But they were strapping lads, they were;
They got her where she could not flinch,
So tight she could not budge an inch,
Brave seven sons which milk a bear.

"They robbed her cubs and milked her clean;
Such milking bee was never seen,
But they were mighty strong, they were.
They feared Dad Enon he might die;
So held her tight and milked her dry,
Brave seven sons which milk a bear.

"They bear the milk unto their dad.
I tell you he was mighty glad;
And they were happy, too, they were;
And now, good folks, I'm glad to tell
That Enon he got stout and well,
To bless those sons which milk a bear.

"Now, it had come to light of late
That it was all a thing of fate,
They could not help but milk her.
The thing, of course, is plain to see,
The preacher says it had to be,—
For these seven sons were born to milk her.

"That Bible story's rich and rare,
'Bout Enon's sons which milk a bear.
The preacher then kneel'd down and said:
'Thank God for His preserving care
O'er Enon's sons which milk a bear,
Else she'd have killed them youngsters dead.'

"The preacher now gets up, and stands,
And holds aloft and spreads his hands,
'We'll be dismissed (with heads all bare).'
His congregation then disperse,
While with each other they converse
'Bout Enon's sons which milk a bear.

"He could not find the text, he said,
So they went home and read and read,
For Enon's sons which milk a bear.
They read their Bibles, book by book,—
In every verse for text they look,—
But could not find it anywhere.

"Well, I must stop and tell you now,
That preacher, he was off, somehow.
Yes, sir, he was; I do declare.
'Twas Nahor's sons, all eight of them,
Big strapping fellows, full-grown men—
Eight sons to Nahor, Milcah bare!"
(Genesis 22:23.)

"These senators," said Pettus, then,
"Are just about as knowing men,
In laws and government affairs;
No more correct and no more wise
Than him whose fancy wove those lies
About Enon's sons which Milcah bare."

He says, "Those statesmen need no more,
But wings of eloquence to soar,—
No facts, nor figures, do they need,—
Need nothing, only just to soar,—
Just stop their ears, and rant, and roar,—
To sense and logic pay no heed.

"If in oratory we take pride,
Then we must lay all facts aside,—
All public interests of the nation.
All we want is to rise and soar;
We want that bad, but nothing more,—
Nothing in all this whole creation."

So Pettus tells another tale,
It seems that it was rather stale;
It has been told so often;
Takes courage, tho, for one to tell
A story people know so well,
But, still, some hearts may soften.

Says party policy rules their acts;
Imagination serves for facts;
To self they bow,—self is their shrine.
"Me, my son John, his wife and mine,
Oh, Lord! bless only just us four,
And not one single person more!"
Thus pray these selfish, scheming men,
They stop at self and say, "Amen!"

At Pettus' story all were pleased;
They laughed to think the lads got squeezed.

They call his anecdote a gem;
But I must make a sad report,
For, tho' he made them so much sport,
They turned our hero down, those men.

Though Pettus did his compeers hit,
They laugh't at his sarcastic wit.
And his story I will not assail,
Though it be lacking in detail.

Where lack of detail
Leaves your minds in doubt;
My rhyme will help
The hoary statesman out.

That preacher who wove
In his fancy those lies
About milking 'a bear'
Should have been more wise.

Now, the Bible is true, and the Bible is good,
Through inattention oft it is misunderstood,
And then it is changed, as the story grows,
From as black as a crow into three black
crows!

A preacher remarked in his sermon one day,
"We should not believe all we hear people say;
Should I say the moon is made of cheese, you
know,
My saying it would not make it so."

But a listless hearer, getting it mixed,
To peddle it out, the thing she fixed,
Then told throughout the neighborhood,
"That preacher's not one bit of good;
He is round a-telling lies like these—
Says the moon is all made out of cheese!"

Some, hearing it, thought the man a fool,
And stayed from church and Sunday school.
So let us read God's Word with care,
And be attentive when we hear.
We'll never read it anywhere
These seven sons did milk a bear.

Nor preacher telling lies like these,
"The moon is all made out of cheese!"
The attentive reader always knows
That as black as a crow, isn't three black
crows.
Nor makes folks think the preacher a fool,
But invites them to church and to Sunday
school.

For the wayside hearers who don't understand,
Like the stony ground, or the thorny land,
No good shall reap in the judgment day
From the good seed scattered along their way.

But the attentive hearers, like unto good land,
Who hear with the heart, and who understand,
"Shall reap from thirty to a hundred fold,"
A harvest in joy; far richer than gold.

"JOB'S TURKEY."

Once on a time, with his father was walking,
An inquisitive lad, who thus began talking:

"When a person is poor, the people all say,
'As poor as Job's turkey,' what makes them, I
pray?

When Job was so rich, it is shocking to me
How his fowl should a byword of poverty be.

How poor was this bird, and what made him
so thin,
That the world is making a proverb of him?

For, whoever is poor in any degree,
Is called just as poor as Job's turkey, you see.

Come, now, and explain this thing, if you
please;
How Job's turkey was poor in such different
degrees.

If you answer me well, you are a clever old
chap,
And a feather, of course, it will be in your cap.

Say, was he as poor and as slim as a rail?
Were the feathers all gone except one from his
tail?"

Thus they talked as they walked,
Both the lad and his dad.
Now the lad was quite clever, and his dad
faltered never;
Still, walking and talking the two were to-
gether;
Of, Job's turkey they talked while together
they walked.
They talked as they walked of his one ragged
feather.

Well pleased with the question, his father then
said:

"Of course, holy Job and his turkey are dead.

But as poor as Job's turkey is an adage, you
see,

And it means just as poor as a person can be.

That Job's turkey was poor, there's no one can
doubt;

But the cause of his poverty none can find out.

Perhaps 'twas the cyclone which destroyed
Job's sons

That blew all the meat from the old turkey's
bones,

And left him with legs like the legs of a quail,
While but one ragged feather remained in his
tail;

Or, for aught we can tell, Job's turkey was
born

On the day the Sabeans came and took all the
corn;

And left him to starve, with the rest of the
chickens;

Perhaps that's what made him as poor as the
dickens."

Thus they talked as they walked,
Both the lad and his dad,
For the lad was quite clever, and his dad fal-
tered never.
Still walking and talking, they two were to-
gether;
Of Job's turkey they talked while together they
walked;
They talked as they walked of his one ragged
feather.

Now, Job's three handsome daughters may
have run off his fat,
Each seeking a feather to put in her hat.

For, so poor was Job's turkey, he scarcely
could hobble
To the barnyard fence, where he leaned up to
gobble.

So poor was Job's turkey, so sad was his fate,
He'd no pole for to roost on, no shelter, no
mate.

He ran in a flock by himself, all alone,
No picking had he but the pure gravel stone.

And so weak was his voice he could scarcely
stay put,
And he staggered and fell when he attempted
to strut.

Thus they talked as they walked,
Both the lad and his dad,
For the lad was quite clever and his dad fal-
tered never.
Still walking and talking, they two were to-
gether.
Of Job's turkey they talked as together they
walked.
They talked as they walked of his one ragged
feather.

"But who is as poor as Job's turkey?" you ask.
My lad, 'tis the fellow who carries a flask.

And he who to license the dramshop doth vote.
It will clothe him in rags instead of a coat.

Though he for warm boots in cold weather
doth wish;
Yet the toes of his shoes will gap like a fish.

Though he strut like a turkey, he may stagger
and fall,
And the man in the ditch is the poorest of all.

Of courage and manhood entirely bereft,
No respect for himself nor his friends has he
left;

No honor, no morals, no money, nor home,
And kicked from the dramshop, at midnight, to
roam,

With wounds and with bruises, and muddled
and murkey,
He fills up the proverb, "as poor as Job's tur-
key."

Thus they talked and they walked,
Both the lad and his dad,
For the lad was quite clever, and his dad fal-
tered never.
Still walking and talking, they two were to-
gether.
Of Job's turkey they talked as together they
walked.
They talked as they walked of his one ragged
feather.

DAME RUMOR.

This was written during the courtship of my grandson, George A. Potter and Miss Lida Cook, who afterwards married and are now man and wife.

As people did their vigils keep
And I was dozing off to sleep,
Dame Rumor came and spoke to me
And said, "I bring some news for thee."

You all know Rumor pretty well
And here is what she had to tell:
"Two artisans of different trade,
The one a man and one a maid.

"His trade a potter, hers a cook,
Quite wishful at each other look,
But what those looks do really mean,
Remains in future to be seen."

Dame Rumor came again one day,
And this is what she had to say:
"That potter's wooing of that maid,
To learn and take away her trade.

"Or else, perhaps, he'll have the vim
To coax her up to cook for him.
If such a thing should chance to be,
'Twill make a jolly cooking bee.

"If his trade she takes, becomes a potter,
Or he turns cook and carries water,
They'll have two trades, so both must work,
And neither have excuse to shirk.

"Some signs of it of late are found
With him she loves to potter round."
Dame Rumor then did shake her head,
"I've plenty more such news," she said.

She guesses and conjectures, too,
And often what she says comes true;
But true or not, I'll write it down,
So I can tell it in the town.

"Should they join partnership for life,
He take her trade 'twill cause them strife,
To run two trades makes lots to do,
'Twill keep them out of mischief, too.

"If she should take his trade and name,
Then she'll go pottering round the same.
If he takes hers, becomes a cook,
Their trades exchange, how odd 'twill look!

"Yet it will give them lots to do,
For cooks are scarce and potters, too.
Both trades are now in good demand,
Good wages both of them command.

"Should they combine, it may insure
A dozen potters, maybe more.
Should that result from such combine,
'Twill lower wages every time.

"To potter for him, she must run,
And he do cooking just for fun.
'Twill be so cheap they'll neither like,
'Tis feared they may go on a strike.

"Should he strike her, she'll have the vim
To flare right up and strike at him.
So we must wait a while to see
What the result of it will be.

"Meanwhile you'll keep an anxious look
Both at the potter and the cook,
For potters always work in clay,
And cooks make doughnuts day by day."

If the cook and potter do combine,
As Rumor tells us in her rhyme,
If their clay and dough, they chance to mix,
Both trades to spoil, get in a fix,

'Tis what combines are apt to do,
Get some folks in a bad fix, too;
But small combines are pretty good,
If people run them as they should.

Let cooks and potters have a care,
Lest they spoil both the broth and ware.
'Tis what no tradesman e'er could wish
To spoil the broth, or mar the dish.

Let her knead dough, let him mix clay,
Then they'll go joyful on their way.
So let the potters and the maids
Themselves combine, but not their trades.

'Tis plain to all 'twill better look
For him to potter, her to cook.
Each tradesman will the better like
His partner and avoid a strike.

"If two should try the wheel to turn,
Or two to cook, the cake will burn.
Let her do cooking, him keep shop,"
Right here Dame Rumor made a stop.

But, as she'd told it over twice,
They'd better take the Dame's advice;
Let cooks make cakes, potters make dishes,
According to Dame Rumor's wishes.

Now, when the potter and the cook
Do at Dame Rumor's verses look,
They'll act, of course, to suit themselves,
Put cakes and dishes both on shelves.

But if the potter ne'er should make
A dish for her, nor her a cake;
Or if the cook ne'er takes the potter
To help her cook, or carry water,

Dame Rumor might as well be dead
For all that she has ever said
About those tradesmen, cook and potter;
We'd have fared as well without her.

But there must be something in Dame Rumor,
Her eyes did twinkle so with humor.
Perhaps she's made a true report;
She'd hardly talk so much for sport.

She's caught our ears to hear her tale,
We'll watch those tradesmen, without fail,
And watch them close, without a doubt,—
Know for ourselves how they come out.

When all the facts we've seen and heard,
We'll write again or send you word.
Tell why the potter and the cook
So often at each other look.

When from my revery or dream
I rous'd me up, how strange it did seem!
Dame Rumor'd made of me a fool,
For both those folks were teaching school.

Still both the potter and the cook
Do wistful at each other look,
And each is acting all the time
As if intending a combine.

And if those tradesmen join together,
Mix one trade up with the other;
Get themselves all mix't up with doubt,
Dame Rumor's rhymes may help them out.

Since this paper flings out to the breeze
Its columns for such tales as these,
Of course its readers won't refuse
This little item of the News.

I give this news, dear friend, to thee,
As Rumor told it unto me.
I know not if 'tis false or true,
But simply pass it on to you.

If Rumor's story you'd correct,
To any part of it object;
If both those arisans you find
Their trades to swap are not inclined,

And if the potter and the cook,
When they do at each other look,
Are meaning nothing all the time,
Then you may burn Dame Rumor's rhyme.

But if her story does prove true,
As I have told it unto you;
Then both the potters and the cooks
Will soon combine, that's how it looks.

A RHYME IN A PENCIL.

You will wish, I am sure,
To know how I procure
These rhymes, and you will think it a pity,
When I tell you this rhyme
Which you've read isn't mine,
Tho I wish that it was, it's so witty.

But I must really decline
To own it as mine,
For I made not the rhyme, simply found it;
For the thing I did pick
From the middle of a stick,
With the wood glued tightly around it.

Must have come from his head
Who put in the lead,
From the pencil I am sure that I drew it.
"Something is in it," I said,
"Which the cap on its head
Was intended to hide, and I knew it."

It never grew in the wood,
I'd examined it good.
I could see in less than a minute.
I conjectured and said,
"It is mixed with the lead,
Which the maker of pencils put in it."

So I tried for a time
To thump out the rhyme;
Then I shook it, and squeezed it, and bit it.
But nary verse could I get.
I must try with my wit,
Or else I will have to quit it.

"There's some way to do it,"
I said, and I knew it.
Then I said I would cut up a caper.
So I whittled the wood
And tapered it good,
Then held the point down on some paper.

Then out gushed the rhymes,
With the news of the times.
'Tis a fact, and I wish you to note it.
From my pencil it came,
And is called by my name,
But in the pencil it was when I bought it.

Circumstance, it is true,
Had a little to do;
But the maker of pencils forethought it.
Just like him to know
What this pencil would do.
I just held to the pencil which wrote it.

So, if you're not a dunce,
You'll acknowledge at once
'Tis the truth which I've told you about it.
I just held to the top,
Let the little end flop.
'Twas the end that I whittled which wrote it.



SUNNY DAY AND BLOOMING MAY.

(His name is Day; her name is May.)

"There is no month for me like May,
The month when birds are singing gay.
No song so sweet, so sweet, nor tune,—
Not e'en sweet month of roses, June.
So says her lover, Sunny Day,
No month for me but Blooming May."

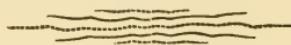
"All things are beautiful and bright,"
Says May. "There really is no night,—
For all is light when Sunny Day
Comes round, says 'Blooming Little May!'
All things are looking bright and gay,
And all my nights have turned to Day.

"The month of May is much the best,
Obliterating all the rest,"
Says her bright lover, Sunny Day.
"There really is no month but May."
She whispers, "Lover Sunny Day,
With you my nights are passed away.

"Come, best, let's play a little game!
I'd like to change somewhat my name,
For since my nights have passed away,
I'd like with you to be a Day.
I'd always be your darling May,—
Come, speak up quick; what's that you say?

"I thought you would, that just suits me.
Ha-ha, Ha-ha, Te-he, Te-he,
My cup is full as it can be."
Now all his months have turned to May,
Since all her nights have turned to Day.
Oh! happy Day! Bright Blooming May!

Miss May Richards, after reading Dame Rumer, asked the writer to contribute a poem for her and her lover, Mr. Bert Day. Suffice it to say, they are now man and wife.



PIONEER DAYS.

Charles McEwen, or "Uncle Charley," as he was familiarly called, was a native of Vermont, but became a pioneer in the early settling of McLeod County, Minnesota, where he followed dairying and farming as a joint occupation for a livelihood. Being a man of parts, he became extensively known and famous in his calling as a cheese and butter maker. He was remarkably gifted in story telling, and, having a retentive memory, he invariably had a fund on hand suited to every occasion, subject, and circumstance. He was also elected to and served a term in the legislature of Minnesota with honor to himself and with credit to his constituents. A few years ago the Hutchinson Independent opened its columns to the early settlers of the county for articles of reminiscence of those early times. This opportunity was responded to by several, and a number of interesting articles appeared. And among others, "Uncle Charley" wrote interestingly of the crisis of 1857 and subsequent years. He told how the early settlers had to go barefooted, and in the absence of bridges had to wade sloughs, attend court and other public gatherings barefooted. "Uncle Charley" mentioned the different ages of the world: the iron age, the stone age, etc., and in making comparisons he called that period "the barefooted age." He finally concluded his article by remarking: "I guess I was born so." After reading his article, I wrote "The Barefooted Age," but without a thought of having it published until "Uncle Charley" requested its publication in the Hutchinson Independent.—The Author.

"Uncle Charley" Pioneering, or "The Barefooted Age."

Uncle Charley, it is said,
Took it into his head
That he'd like to be born in barefeet;
So came upon life's stage
In the barefoot age,
Which agreed with his notions complete.

It is just as I say,
Had it all his own way,
So was born barefooted from choice.
He was born without shoes,
So he could wade in the sloughs,—
Splash about in barefeet with the boys.

Since the event comes but once,
He'd have been a great dunce
To be born in the world with shoes on.
So he kicked off his shoes
And did stoutly refuse,
So you see it was all his own choosing.

We'll suppose Uncle Charley
Has put the thing squarely,
When he calls it "The Barefoot Age."
Well, 'tis much better to be
Born barefooted, you see,
Than not to be born at all (I'll engage).

In an event of that kind,
You will bear in your mind,
He'd missed many things small and greater;
Such as riding on teeters
And fighting mosquitos,
And of acting as state legislator.

'Twould deprive him, in truth,
Of his childhood and youth,
And the things which came later in life;
Blotted out all his sporting,
His pastimes and courting,
And the pleasure of taking a wife.

Making butter and cheese
And such as these
(Which he's made by the ton) is his glory;
And tho born in bare feet,
He's an expert, complete,
In telling the folks a good story.

He was born, it is said,
With a tale in his head,
And he knows how to fix it and shape it.
All honor to Charley,
He brings it out squarely;
Charley tells it, but he does not make it.

Tho his stories are funny,
Still he asks not for money,
For he's seeking no person to rob.
He is honest, tho poor,
When he comes to your door,
It is never to put up a job.

By the course of events
He must soon go from hence,
For his age is now telling its story,
But his friends humbly pray,
Uncle Charley may stay
Till he is well fitted for glory.

When he's gone, those who stay
Will for many a day
Be rehearsing the stories he's told.
Folks will tell what he's said,
Even after he's dead,
Be ruminating his stories of old.

And so let us all try,
By God's grace, ere we die,
To live lives which will tell a good story;
That will preach to the people,
Like the bell from its steeple,
Lives inviting them onward to glory.

'Tis acknowledged by friends
That Uncle Charley transcends
All others in telling a story.
It's not so with me,
(To this you'll agree),
For in yarning I never sought glory.

I was born, tho, 'tis said,
With a rhyme in my head,
Tho I never have posed as a poet.
I've chronicled the times,
And have done it in rhymes,
And in time I may let people know it.

'Spouse I came on life's stage
In the barefooted age,
But can't say I did so from choice.
Born barefooted, 'tis said,
But, my! wasn't I mad!
And protested by raising my voice.

Soon as I got the news
That I'd come without shoes,
I squalled like hen caught by owl.
Oh, so sad I did feel!
How I did kick and squeal!
Like a dog in a trap, I did howl.

'Twas the first time I cried,
And if folks have not lied,
I began then a series of squalls.
As the story now goes,
Began stubbing my toes
In a short time, and had many falls.

To put the thing squarely,
If (like Uncle Charley),
I'd have had the thing all my own way;
If I'd had my own choosing,
I'd have come up with shoes on,
After the barefooted age passed away.

While bare feet make me sad,
It's a token of bad,
And did put me in a terrible plight,
Naught suited him better,
A shoe was a fetter,
To go barefooted was Charley's delight.

Since it is as it is,
Since my life's so like his,
In splashing along through life's sloughs;
Not much odds, you will see,
Betwixt Charley and me,
Since we both were born without shoes.

Both been tired and jaded,
As through trials we've waded,
And walked o'er the rough places in life.
Both had plenty of sorrow,
No occasion to borrow;
We have each been bereft of a wife.

While he's gifted in story,
And verse is my glory,
Perhaps each in his way is excelling.
It is right, you'll agree,
That each person should be
Improving his gift in his calling.

To Uncle Charley and I
The time's drawing nigh;
The last ebbing days of life's span.
Each has walked three-score years
In this life's vale of tears;
The full term that's allowed unto man.

Rather welcome death's reign
Than take over again
All these steps of the journey of life.
We have both many friends,
And when life's journey ends,
We shall rest from its turmoil and strife.

Little odds 'bout our feet,
Or the rebuffs we meet,
Or how we come up on life's stage.
The account we must give
Will be, How did we live?
What's the example we've set for our age?

Have we made our paths straight,—
Walked the road to that gate
Which leads to the Kingdom of Heaven?
Have we striven by grace
To run patient the race,
Been forgiving as we'd be forgiven?

"THE COMING WOMAN."

Friends, of course, I'll not refuse
You an item of the news,
But I 'sposed, of course, you'd heard,
Or else I'd sent you word,
'Bout a visit from a cousin,
Just one out of a dozen.
Com'd dress't up, don't you 'spose!
Wear'd shoes with pointed toes!

You've heard that she was comin',—
Heard of the comin' woman?
Well, yes; I 'sposed you had,
And 'sposed you would be glad,
Since she is our relation,
Belongs to this whole nation.
Well, she's poked in her long nose,
Wears shoes with pointed toes.

Yes, the comin' woman's come,
And gone off on a bum,
But she came in from the West,
And, sir, she's up and dress't.
Yes, sir, she's a wearing clothes,
And dress't up, don't you 'spose?
Yes, wearing stylish clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

I 'sposed from what I'd heard,
She'd be nude, like a young bird.
'Spoded we'd see a horrid beast,
From somewhere 'way down East!•
'Stead of coming from the West,
All fixed up in her best,
A-wearing handsome clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

She'd come straggling, like a fright
('Stead of riding on her bike),
But, sir, 'tis not a hoax,
She's looking just like folks!
She came to us last night,
Sitting straight up on her bike;
Came in a-wearing clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

And, sir, as sure as fate,
The man has missed his mate,
And he's after her, I 'spose,
For he's poking up his nose.
Yes, he's coming close behind,
And is sure his match to find.
He's struck on them fine clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

Yes, sir, I guessed it right,
For the man is now in sight.
Yes, he's coming on a strike,
And he'll overtake her bike.
He runs up by her side,
And asks her may he ride
With her and her fine clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

She said, "If you're inclined,
You may get on behind;
I'll help you to get on!"
He did, and both are gone.
Of course she took the lead,
And he followed her, take heed,
With his arms around her fine clothes,
Both skipt, but, where? Who knows?

Since the coming woman's come,
Now the folks are "singing dumb"!
But the question now is vext,
"What will be coming next?"
For no one ever guessed
That the woman would be dressed;
That she'd come in wearing clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

Folks ask, "What next is coming?"
Say, it cannot be the woman
(Since she has come and skipt).
Perhaps 'tis nondescript.
Some folks conjecture, maybe,
That the coming thing's a baby,
That 'twill come up wearing clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

That she'll play on the pianna,
That, perhaps, we'll call her Hannah.
She'll go wheeling through the land
With curling iron in hand.
Some silly air be humming,
As she goes around a-bumming,
And a-wearing stylish clothes,
And those shoes with pointed toes.

But there's some presage or omen
That she'll be the coming woman;
Go 'round a-making calls
And lecturing in halls;
That she'll have an education,
Be an honor to our nation;
Go wearing decent clothes,—
Take her man along, who knows?

Of course she will be kind,
Let the man ride on behind.
'Twill be but little bother
To act just like her mother.
As she comes to fill her place,
She'll adopt her mother's ways.
She'll come in wearing clothes,
And shoes with pointed toes.

But, of course, she'll be improving,
As she goes about a-roving.
Folks will talk about her coming;
Call her the "coming woman."
While she's nothing but a girl,
And just begins to whirl
About in her fine clothes
And shoes with pointed toes.

Whatever folks are doing,
She'll be coming and a-going,
For she's never on a stay,
But always on her way,
Be the girl and coming woman
(Or else come and go a-bummin'),
But always wearing clothes
And shoes with pointed toes.

MY WRITIN' MASHEEN.

This from the Mizpah Message: Mr. Walter J. Potter, on receiving a typewritten letter from his father, wrote him inquiring who was doing his writing for him. And received the following in reply as an answer to his question:

Yu axt hoo woz a-runnin mi ritin masheen.
Y it's runnin itself, it R plane 2 B seen,
Eye jist set it on a table, a stand or a shelf,
Put mi fingers on the keys an it runs itself.

Jist as sun'e eye B gin 2 fumble the keys,
Y it rites itself, an it does it with eeze;
An it rites jist as plane as 1, 2, 3,
Only stammers when it sez it's aaA, bbB, ccC.

Oltho when eye furst seed mi Lambert, eye sed
There wozen't a grane uv cents in its hed,
But az sun'e az eye kommenst 2 make mistakes
& seed how it chuckles, how its hed it shakes;

Eye sed, "Its the cutest thing that ever eye C,"
Whot tho it woz a-pokin its fun all at me,
An when eye seed it a-ritin, eye sed,
"There's a-plenty uv cents in mi Lambert's
hed."

Eye bot this masheen fer 2 rite mi letters,
An it duz it well, tho it sumtimes stutters.
Now, sens eye hav told U this much, U kin C
Hoo it iz whot iz duin my ritin fer me.

'Tiz mi Lambert masheen, which eye bot in
town,
Whot ketches mi thots an is a ritin em down.
U C, jist as sune az the thing's on a shelf
An ey'm a techin the keys, it's a ritin itself.

Tho I have 2 wotch or 'twill make me bother,
Koz it sumtimes runs 2 wirds 2 gether.
Tho it sumtimes stutters, as eye woz a-tellin,
Yit mi ritin masheen R O. K. at spellin.

It R "jack-in-a-pinch," as U often hav hurd,
Fer mi hands R so shaky eye kan't write a
word
With pensle or pen, it R plane to B seen,
So I've words of praze fer me ritin masheen.

Perhaps when I tell whot it kost U will laff.
Wel, it kost jist twenty 1 dolers & a haff,
But sens eye kin rite with it, but kooden't
without it,
It R a blesin 2 me, an no 1 kin dout it.

I'm a helpin it rite, am a duin mi best,
Tho it's a-makin uv me the but uv a jest.
Eye kin bare the insults uv mi Lambert, U C,
Bekoz it's a duin mi ritin fer me.

An it helps me along with mi ritng so nise,
Eye wooden't B without it fer twice its price.
Koz now eye kin rite 2 mi children & phrens,
& U kin C whot kumfert ontu me it sens.

Tho it niddles & noddles & kuts up a caper,
Makes many mistakes & spiles sum paper,
Eye stil keep it on the stand or the shelf,
B koz it's a duin mi ritin itself.

Eye that eye wood write U sum eytums B 4,
Soze U wooden't B axin about it no more,
An ive maid it az plane as yer a, b, c,
Tiz mi Lambert whot R duin mi ritng fer me.

Tho sum don't keer a snap whot tha ete,
& sum wood suner hav garbage than mete.
Yit most peopple, U kno, R tasty & nise,
& ete nuthin unless it R kivered with spise.

Eye reed the message an think it R nise
An mebby U kin sprinkle this in fer spise;
But if not, U kin keep these verses fer fun,
An soze U wil kno how mi ritng R dun.

Now, this ritin R dun bi mi Lambert & me,
An how wel we hav dun it, yerself U kin C.
If U want it dun beter'n wev dun on the shelf,
U kin git up on yer ere & kin du it yerself.

THE PETRIFIED WOMAN.

This refers to the marriage of Mr. Emerson Stone to Miss Elsie Chadwick.

There's a tragedy, friends, if folks haven't lied;
Miss Elsie Chadwick has been petrified.
They say that Miss Elsie is now a stone,
That Emerson this cruel work has done.

That he worked on her head, then worked on
her heart,
On her body and limbs and on every part.
While Emerson was playing his tragical game,
They say that he changed and hardened her
name.

While others declare that Elsie was bent
On being a stone, that she gave her consent.
While some blame that preacher, the Rev.
Scott,
Say he turned her to Stone while tying the
knot.

Scott says he just tied the two into one;
Says that Elsie is it, and that it is a Stone.
Now, I cannot tell which one is to blame,
But I suppose they all had a hand in the game.

I congratulate each and wish them good cheer,
May they walk hand in hand for many a year!
When the journey of life, with its toiling is
o'er,
May each have a home on the heavenly shore.

The bride asked me for a poetical contribu-tion.—The Author.



N. B. BARLOW PRINTING CO.

N. B. Barlow Printing Co., Chicago, Ill.:

Sirs:—Please excuse my writing you in regard to printing my manuscript. You were recommended to me over a year ago by the New Voice Publishing Company, and I, of course, supposed that you were English printers; but, imagine my surprise and chagrin, when I received an answer in an Oriental or foreign language; or whatever it was, there was nothing that I could read.

I had to exclaim, "Jee-whiz!

What a world this is!

All a deception and a fiz!

And so the Voice I must quiz.

Who would have believed

The New Voice would have deceived,—

And my spirit so grieved?

Who trusted it so and in it believed.

It beats the whole creation,

And my second wife's relation.

They came round with such palaver

That I decided not to have her,

So she's running farrow still

And I suppose she always will.

The Chinese language is dead to me,

And just the same the Japanese.

I cannot tell in which you wrote,

And so, you see, I'm in a boat.

English alone I understand,

No other speech can I command.

The scribbling way in which you wrote,

'Twas that which put me in a boat.

An arranuensis you should choose,

Or else should ask me to excuse,

I hardly think you would refuse,

Nor that you meant me to abuse.

My job is gone, you've lost it quite,

Because in English you don't write;

Your writing I don't understand,

And so must take the parting hand.

I'll now be trudging on my way,

To N. B. Barlow bid good-day;

But I have it still in my mind

That an English printer I must find.

Yours truly,

G. D. POTTER.

HUTCHINSON SUNDAY BASEBALL.

This was written for the Hutchinson Independent Times:

If we have rightly been informed,
The city's morals have been stormed.
That the officials did keep still
Makes civil people feel a chill.
What are laws good for, anyhow,
When the officials break their vow?
That it's much better all around,
Where law and order does abound,
All civil people will allow.

It seems the rabble of the town
Rose up to trample order down;
Some legal man (no sand in craw)
Advised the boys to break the law;
Said, "Go ahead and play the game!
I'll see you through it, just the same."
Threw back his head, with loud guffaw,
"Who cares a snap for civil law?"
You'll guess the pettifogger's name.

Officials sworn to keep the law
(Nor lift a hand, nor wag a jaw!
While lawless crowds the laws defy);
They stultify themselves and lie!

They've given lawlessness a boost,—
Their chickens will come home to roost.
Our Savior told us long ago
That we must reap the kind we sow,
And reason says, "'Tis right and just."

Then Hutchinson, in harvest time,
Will surely reap a crop of crime.
Who sows his lot to evil deeds
Will only reap a crop of weeds.
Some silly people think they can
Break all the laws of God and man,
And then escape results the same
As though they were not in the game;
Think to escape, but never can.

Another thing that's looking worse,
A man with money in his purse,
Wagging his tongue and lantern jaw,
Advised the boys to break the law.
"If into court they do bring you,
I'm with you, boys; I'll see you through."
And I suppose he would the same,
Although I have not learned his name;
'Tis sure that he was in it, too.

There was someone, they tell us, though,
Whose hands are often in the dough.
They say she did herself quite proud,
Confronting that great lawless crowd.
Possessing zeal and courage great,
Which no man in the town can mate;
Armed with Stars and Stripes and law,
Thinking the rabble crowd to awe;
Our heroine is Lilly Slaight.

Though while in size our Lilly Slaight
Will hardly score a heavy weight,
She rises up and puts to shame
Big men with high official name,
Who wag their tongues and hairy jaws,
Advising folks to break the laws,—
Such counsel civil people hate,
And shout "Hurrah for Lilly Slaight!
A champion of our civil laws!"

A change of rulers you must have
(If the credit of your town you'd save);
Men who regard the oath they take,
Support the laws of sovereign state;
Want officers which pains will take
To keep their oath, for conscience' sake.
Who'll face the fire and do them proud,
And hold in check the lawless crowd;
Some note of civic order take.

Six days the laws doth give to man,
In which to work and play and plan;
This is the law of God and man.
And all should keep the laws who can.
Those laws reserve one day of seven
To cease our works and worship heaven.
The law a lavish deed hath done!
(Reserving to the Lord but one)
Rogues steal the one reserved for heaven!

Men sworn and paid to keep the laws
Now plead the lawless rabble's cause.
If thieves should steal the mayor's coat,
They'd find themselves in leaky boat.
The mayor'd cry out, "Stop the thief!"
Would stop him, too; that's my belief.
He'll get his coat back, if he can,
And punish the offending man.
Say, "He stole from me! the devilish thief!"

'Gainst sumptuary laws they'll prate
And tell how all such laws they hate.
In their own eyes they are quite good,
Would have us think so, if they could;
But while they prate (please make a note),
Themselves are in a leaky boat.
By ridicule they show their hate
Against the zeal of Lilly Slaight,
Who'd rescue Christ's one Sunday coat.

In summing up the whole result,
We'll see just who was in the fault.
Brave Lilly struck the culprit's track
And strove to get the one coat back.

To civil law he showed his hate
(You see, his insolence is great),
He jeered at Lilly, told her nix
(Altho before that he had six).
He snubbed the law and Lilly Slaight.

'Tis time my parable to close,
And stop my rhyming, I suppose;
To lawlessness I've shown my hate,
Respect for law, and Lilly Slaight!

STRICTURES ON THE RAM'S HORN.

But who is Sylphen, of whom you speak,
With so much gall and brass in his cheek?
Who is making a noise outside of the city;
This outside saint, who is making complaint
Against God's people; and has he no pity?
What cheer does he bring, and what does he
seek?

And is this worldling presuming to stand
Betwixt the deep sea and the old solid land,
Without a foundation, building on sand?
Is it Ishmael of old, mocking God's saints?
Why not come inside to make his complaint,
Or is he afraid of religion's restraint?

He's a shrewd business man in the world, say
you;

So was Judas that kind of a business man, too.
But he made a bad bargain, that's what he
did do.

Each person will find at length his own level,
But you say he has faith; so has the devil,
And yet his is up to all kinds of evil.

He objects to our financial system, no doubt;
And there is where Judas' trouble broke out.
Thus indignation was scattered about.

He sees, from outside, the church and its sin,
But he is too good and too shrewd to come in.
That won't stand the test; the stuff is too thin!

Like a dog, round the city, is he making a
noise,
Smirching the church; making sport for the
boys.

The kind of a thing that the devil enjoys,
But can this Sylphen you speak of expect
That he can deceive the very elect?
Or that the Church of God can ever be
wrecked?

Oh, no! 'tis to fill worldly minds with doubt,
To hinder those entering and keep them out.
He cannot expect true Christians to rout,—
He will show us things as we see them, you
say?

Well, then, we don't need him; just send him
away.

We shall see them the same as tho he did stay.

'Twill be read by people with interest, you
think.

Perhaps so, by people who live on a stink.
Some folks will feast on a weasel or mink.
Some folks feast on the sins of God's people;
Feast their souls on carrion beneath the
steeple;
The kind of a feast Satan makes for his people.

Will you be a cat's-paw for this cunning old
ape?

Take up his reproaches and lick them in
shape?

An outside Christian is most surely a fake.
It makes all the difference there is in the world
Against which city your missiles are hurled;
In support of what cause is your banner un-
furled?

Is it Jerusalem or Jericho you are marching around?
Against whose walls does your Ram's Horn sound?
Beneath whose banner do you wish to be found?
Say, who is your Captain? Tell who is your King?
To what shrine or what altar your incense bring?
Say, what is your song, and whose praise do you sing?

I have met in my life many such fellows,—
'Tis outside of the yard that the mad bull bellows.
This fault-finding Sylphen, I scarce have a doubt,
Were he inside the church, would soon be kicked out.
Our people are asking us who, then, is this,
Who comes to the church with a Judas kiss,
And who gives it a stab with a serpent's hiss?

If born of the Spirit, the church is his mother,
To her sons and daughters he'll be a brother,
The hypocrite fumbles the Eve of another.
Will the lame teach us how more graceful to walk?
Must we go to the dumb to learn how to talk?
Use charcoal to make a mark white, like chalk?

Will the blind show the tints of the beautiful bow?
To the dumb to learn of sweet sounds must we go?
To the dead to learn how to breathe? You'll say, No!
While this saint of the world is making a bluff,
Why will you consent to peddle his stuff,
And help him to handle God's people so rough?

Now, this is the reason I am asking you why;
Between God and his saint the relation is nigh;
He who toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye.

Suppose that he poses as a very wise sage,
To take up the offering puts him in a rage.
'Tis why he is out of the church, I'll engage.

The waste of the ointment he may think is a sin,

Because the money don't jingle for him.
He would have his money-bag filled to the
brim!

If Sylphen loves God, then why does he prate?
And why 'gainst his church is his spleen so
great?

Most surely he loves, or else he doth hate.
Whoever loves God will love Christians, too.
Use His love as a mantle to cover them, too.
That is what love will prompt him to do.

When Saul stood outside he breathed out
slaughter
Against disciples, man or woman, son or
daughter,

And thought he was doing just as he ought to.
But when he met Christ and saw his own sin
He went to the church and tried to get in;
And it is still so today as it ever has been.

I have met with noisy dogs by the score,
That would stand outside, to lick a saint's sore,
But I never have heard of Sylphen before;
And doesn't he know that the church has a
door?

Perhaps he has made his exit from it,
And returned, like a dog, to lick up his vomit.

But who is Sylphen? I will ask you again,
Who is watching the church to find its sin,
And who finds it so smutty that he cannot
come in?

Say! Why does he bark at Christians so loud,
While he stands with the outside rabble, the
crowd,
With blasphemous skeptics, the lewd and the
proud?

Perhaps you and he think you have found
A very small patch of neutral ground;
Where he can sling his aversions around,
Betwixt the devil and the deen, deep sea.
Where he can act irresponsibly free;
But there's no such place, nor ever can be.

He is making his chance of fellowship slim,
It comes, it seems, with a bad grace from him,
To find fault with us, and he in the world's
swim.

It is easy enough for us to see through it,
Must be out of sorts with the church or he'd
not do it;

He is needing salvation; that is all there is to it.

Sylphen, for Shimei will make a grand mate,
Whose heart was filled with such bitter hate;
Whose cursing came down on his own hairy
pate.

Tho he cursed as he ran along the hillside,
Threw stones at the people, their King did
deride;

'Twas thus that the hosts of the Lord he de-
fied.

Will the Ram's Horn help Sylphen to scatter
his dust

And the stones he throws? Do you think that
you must?

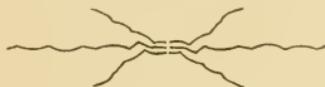
Remember our motto: " 'Tis in God that we
trust."

A giant Philistine defies Israel, 'tis said,
But David, the stripling, will take off his head,
And stand on his carcass, and shout when he's
dead!

Now, up pops Sylphen, looking foolishly wise,
Fingers and thumbs in church people's eyes,
Fumbling for motes, which he esteems as a
prize.

While the Ram's Horn prologues his deeds to
the skies.

Perhaps he's exalting his hero for fun,
Just a-trolling out line, to give him his run;
Well knowing that he is Belial's own son.
This is my critic; I will send it to you,
And with it I send my compliments, too;
So, now, Mr. Ram's Horn, I will bid you adieu!



THE MUSKEETER.

Has that horrible creature,
That frightful man-eater,
That old bloodthirsty beast,
Come around you for a feast?
Have you ever seen or heard,
Or your anger e'er been stir'd
By that voluptuous creature,
The carnivorous Muskeeter?

Should he come around you buzzin',
Whispering wants a cozzen,
Just let it be understood
That beast is after blood,
For a swindler, sure is he;
You can prove that fact by me.
That beast, that horrid creature,
Is a real human-eater.

You hear the brute sing? 'Nuff said;
Get right after him, Ed,
With your revolver and gun;
Strip your ccat off and run.
Engage in battle for life!
Help your partner, your wife!
You'll have lots of fun
Fighting that old Muskeeter.

Just listen to me now, Ed,
If you would kill the brute dead;
Don't start in just for a spurt;
That way you can do him no hurt;
But go in to fight for life;
Join the brigade! with your wife.
Don't let that varmint eat her,
But help her to smudge the 'skeeter.

Don't strike and then run away—
That is only children's play!
If you wish this beast to hurt,
Strip off your socks and shirt,
For, if you just lightly slap—
Just give him tip for tap,
He'll just as like as not
Bite you in another spot;
The pesky old Muskeeter.

If you'll take my advice,
Don't strike just once or twice,
Nor stand and let him bite,—
Go for him day and night!
Go now, and help your wife,
She is in a dreadful strife.
You will need a self-repeater
To help dispatch that 'skeeter.

And when you've killed him dead,
Pulled off his legs and head,
The first warm cloudy night
That 'skeeter'll howl and bite.
Nine lives, just like a cat,
He has; and more than that;
And a very hearty eater
Is this pesky old Muskeeter.

Although him you never hired,
Tho of him you are tired;
He'll be putting in his bill,
And that against your will.
Now, this is what he'll do,
He will howl and bite you, too.
A bloodthirsty human-eater
Is this carnivorous 'skeeter.

Don't trust him with your wife,
No; do not for your life.
For he's a real trickster, Ed!
That's what the folks have said.
When you're sitting by your bride
He'll slip up by her side
And kiss her; bite her,—eat her,
The impudent Muskeeter.

This horrid beast is not afraid,
He'll tackle any man or maid.
Tho soft his voice (his looks are mild)
That beast will bite a little child.
In him compassion has no place;
He'll bite and blotch a baby's face.
Yes, a real baby eater
Is the backwoods Muskeeter.

If, in the maddened strife,
He's too much for man and wife;
If he makes you two much bother,
To help you, get some other.
If he proves too much for three,
Then send post-haste for me;
I won't let the varmint eat her;
I have killed a many a 'skeeter.

Judging from the mischief done,
That 'skeeter must be more than one.
Where'er we go we find him nigh,
Himself he seems to multiply.
This elf is singing everywhere,
Her siren songs now fill the air.
This old backwoods muskeeter
Surely is a self-repeater!

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

Reared in cities, trained in schools,
Supposing farmers to be fools,
The village weekly issues rules.
The editor, with lofty air,
Thinking it a thing quite nice,
Offers farmers his advice.
And this he does, not once or twice,
To pick the hayseed from their hair.

He takes it on himself to show
The farmer how good crops to grow;
What kind of seed, and when to sow,
What kind of stock he ought to keep;
Just when and how to feed his swine,
That he may keep them looking fine;
What kind, and when, to buy his twine;
And when he ought to shear his sheep.

When plowing time comes rolling 'round,
Instructs him how to plow his ground
(His knowledge seems to be profound),
Tho he has ne'er a furrow ploughed
(Wisdom, it seems, was with him born).
Tells when to plant and till your corn.
If you disobey, he looks forlorn,—
Still, of his wisdom he seems proud.

Tells when to keep or sell your wheat,
And how to salt and save your meat.
His knowledge seems to be complete.
He knows it all; and something more.
He'll tell you, too, the very day
That you should mow or stack your hay;
Or when it should be mowed away;
No one was e'er so wise before.

He tells them how to work and thrive;
What breed of horses they should drive;
And how their honey bees to hive.

That he knows lots, can't be denied.
He tells what kind of coop to build;
With breed of fowls it should be filled.
How not to let the eggs get chilled—
And lots of other things beside.

He often seems disposed to show
What kind of garden seeds to sow;
How cultivate to make them grow.

Oh, he is wise beyond degree!
The farmer's wife he's glad to show
Just how to make the house plants grow,
And all the flowering shrubs, you know.

His wisdom just astonishes me.

He tells the housewife how to make
Her puddings, and her pie, and cake;
How much flour, and eggs, and spice to take.

He tells her how her rugs to spread.
It seems that he would never tire
Of telling how to start a fire;
Or just what kind of help to hire,—
Or just how long to bake her bread.

He tells the farmer's wife, you know,
Just how long to set her dough,
And how to use the garden hoe.

He prints it all off plain enough;
Just how to sweep and dust the rugs,
And how to doctor fleas and bugs,
And how to manage tramps and thugs.

And lots of other kinds of stuff.

Tells how the boys and girls to charm,—
To keep at home and out of harm.

Tells everything about a farm—

That he thinks farmers ought to know.
Tells farmers' wives (and daughters, too),
Just how their kitchen work to do.
How to crochet, to knit, and sew,
And how to dress, "to look just so."

The farmer thinks it would be nice
To sell his grain at going price.
The editor gives his advice!

Proceeds with reason now to show
That there's a shortage in the crop,
Price can't go down; it must go up.
He fills the farmer now with hope—
Convinces him it is too low.

Some farmers take his bad advice,
So hold their grain and lose on price.
And this has happened more than twice.

May happen with some dupes again.
When he has proved himself a fake,
Next issue calls it a mistake,
Which any other man might make;
But farmers' loss is buyers' gain.

That editor is wondrous wise,
His wisdom towers toward the skies;
But slips a cog sometimes and lies,

And sometimes at the farmers' cost
(Tho he himself will sure pretend—
To be the hayseed farmers' friend);
Advises him almost 'thout end.

Yet farmers by it often lost.

Yet week by week he still proceeds
To tell the farmer what he needs.
Just what machines, what stock, what breeds,
What kind of wagon he should run.
His barn and sheds how he should build,
And how his silos should be filled,
And how his rats may all be killed!
Guesses—and tells him just for fun.

He must print something. "No excuse,"
Since farmers pay him for the news.
He has to do so; can't refuse;

Must tell them what is coming next.
Must tell the farmer what to do,
And the best methods to pursue.
Wants them to get a hump on, too.
So farmers now must not be vext.



THE GOOD TIME IS COMING.

Nos. 14:21—"But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

Psalm 46:9—"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth. He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder. He burneth the chariot in the fire."

Psalm 72:8—"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Zechariah 9:10—"And the battle-bow shall be cut off and He shall speak peace to the heathen, and His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

There's a good time coming, by the prophets long foretold,
When Zion in her purity the world will then behold
Her God and King in majesty shall shed on her His light:
In loveliness and beauty, His church be clad in white.

The good time is coming, seen by holy men of old,
When men will live like brothers,—one Shepherd and one fold;
When Christ shall reign in triumph, from the river to the sea
And Earth shall hail with gladness her glorious Jubilee.

The good time is coming when old Satan shall be bound,
And all shall hear with rapture the gospel's joyful sound;
When all earth's hills and valleys with hallelujah ring,
And over all the kingdoms, Christ be universal King.

The good time is coming when bloody war shall cease,
And all men live together in a universal peace.
No more the cry of hunger! no more the curse of rum;
But love and peace and plenty when the reign of Love is come.

The good time is coming, and it is not far away,—
Lo, see those beams of morning, just breaking into day!
Then let us pray and labor! let none be idle, dumb,—
But toiling in His vineyard we'll help His kingdom come.

The good time is coming, for we labor not in vain.
Satan shall be vanquished and Christ the Lord shall reign.
Oh, brothers, then take courage, take faith the mighty shield;
The two-edged Sword and Spirit,—God's Word, shall win the field.

The good time is coming, tho His raiment's stained with blood,
Christ will conquer all the nations and bring them back to God.
With our lamps all trimmed and burning and walking in the light
We will wait for His returning to reign, for 'tis his right.

The good time is coming and the Father will employ
The means he has appointed, all evil to destroy.
The gospel leaven, working, will surely bring the day
When the world shall be enlightened,—wrong and error pass away.

The good time is coming,—for our Advocate with God
Is pleading now the merit of His own precious blood.
Christ conquered when He fell,—He triumphed when He rose;
He spoiled the hosts of hell and trampled on His foes.

The good time is coming,—for our risen Lord has said,
“Go tell to all the nations ‘He lives who once was dead.’”
He sends his heralds forth in all the world to tell,
“He burst the bands of death and spoiled the power of hell.”

The good time is coming; for his heralds now
proclaim
That God will grant a pardon to believers in
His name.
To all the world His messages of mercy now
are sent;
'Tis God's command to all the world that all
men should repent.

The good time is coming and the day is close
at hand,—
For the nations all give promise to heed the
Lord's command.
The day star now is risen, with luster all di-
vine,
Sure token of the rising sun which everywhere
Shall shine.

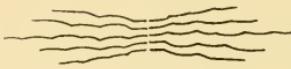
The good time is coming,—let us testify and
pray
'Till He ushers in the glory of the millennial
day,
When earth with all her millions to Jesus bows
the knee;
All nations own their Saviour and shout the
Jubilee.

The good time is coming; all the angels round
the throne
Proclaim that all the kingdoms do belong to
Christ alone.
While earth with all her millions joins th'
angelic songs;
Angels and men ascribe the praise to whom
all praise belongs.

The good time is coming, the brightest and
the best;—
The seventh trumpeter proclaims the world's
Sabbatic rest.
A thousand years without a war,—the Scrip-
tures are quite plain.—
The old usurper shall be bound, and Christ the
Lord shall reign.

The good time is coming, yes, 'tis coming right
along.
His watchmen, all rejoicing, together join the
song.
"Oh! glory hallelujah for the time is drawing
nigh
When the saints of every nation shall all see
eye to eye."

Yes, the time is coming soon, by prophets long
foretold,
When the Church of God in purity the world
will then behold.
When righteousness shall fill the earth as
waters do the sea;
For God has taught it in His Word and, surely,
it must be.



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